

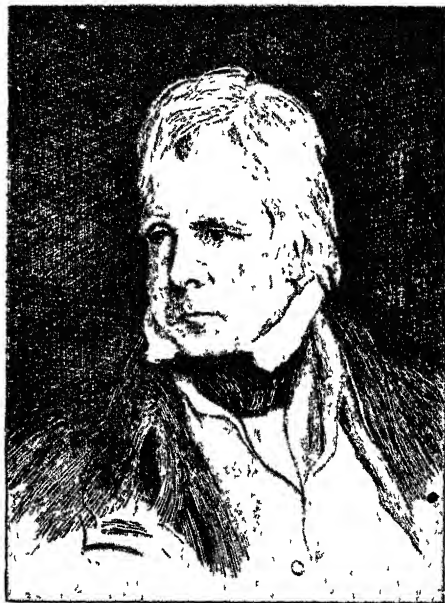


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Marmion



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*From an etching by H. G. Webb from Landseer's portrait in the  
National Portrait Gallery, London*

# M A R M I O N

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

EDITED

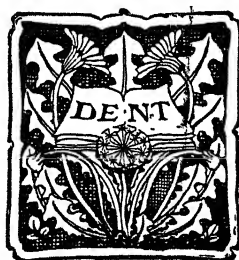
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION, NOTES  
AND GLOSSARY

BY THE

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WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



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*Kelso Market Place 1790*

From a drawing by Mr Herbert Railton, as it was when the town was visited by Scott. It was here, in the large house behind the Cross, that James Ballantyne printed the first volumes of the *Border Minstrelsy*.

# Introduction

## LIFE OF SCOTT

**Birth and Childhood.**—Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh in 1771, the ninth child of a Writer to the Signet or Scottish solicitor, and the descendant of a long line of fighting and sporting ancestors. "Auld Wat of Harden" was his distant ancestor, and his great-grandfather was that ardent Jacobite referred to in the Introduction to *Canto VI.*, who was nicknamed "Beardie," because he would never cut his beard after the banishment of the Stuarts. At the age of eighteen months the boy had an illness, ending in a life-long lameness. He was sent to live with his grandfather at Sandyknowe, a farm near the ruined tower of Smailholm. The shepherd, the "aged head" of \* C. 180, used to take him about the hills by day, and in the evening he would sit by his grandparents and hear from them the old legends and ballads of the Borderland. For such a child the neighbouring country teemed with interest. The Tweed runs near at hand, with Dryburgh Abbey and Melrose on its banks. To the north are the Lammermuirs, to the south the Cheviots; Selkirk and Yarrow, Kelso and Jedburgh are all within a few miles. Feudal castles and peel-towers, ruined abbeys and monasteries covered the neighbouring country. At this early period of his life Scott was filling his retentive memory and eager fancy with fruitful impressions of the romantic past.

**Education.**—At the High School of Edinburgh he did not distinguish himself. Of Greek he achieved no knowledge; in Latin he made some headway, and was

The Introductions to the Cantos are indicated by A, B, C, etc.

remarkable for hitting the sense of a passage where better scholars failed. In and out of school, however, his character was marked by life and energy. He read eagerly the poetry and the tales of Romance. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* was his favourite book; next to it he read most eagerly Shakespeare and Spenser. He joined prominently in all the sports of his schoolfellows, and his lameness seems scarcely to have troubled him. His interest centred in the Borderland, and he made many excursions by himself or with others to the abbeys and castles along Tweed, Ettrick and Teviot. He says of himself at this time: "The romantic feelings which predominated in my mind naturally rested upon and associated themselves with these grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents, or traditional legends connected with many of them, gave to my admiration a sort of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big for its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially when combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, became with me an insatiable passion, which, if circumstances had permitted, I would willingly have gratified by travelling over the globe." He was now sent to the University of Edinburgh, and at the age of fifteen apprenticed in his father's office. He disliked the drudgery and confinement of the work, but forced himself to it, and succeeded in getting a good working knowledge of the law. His father did indeed reproach him with being better fitted for a pedlar than a lawyer, so persistently did he trudge over all the neighbouring counties in search of the beauties of nature and the historic associations of battle or legend. The legal episodes in his novels show a keen interest in law no less than the writer's skill in making them readable. He might doubtless have risen high, perhaps to a Judgeship, had not literature, happily for the world, claimed him. He was called to the Bar, and in 1806 became Clerk of Session, a permanent officer of the Court at Edinburgh. He had obtained also the appointment of Sheriff (County Judge) of Selkirkshire, and it was in the discharge of his duties there that he took a house at Ashestiel on the

Tweed. In 1797 Scott had married Mademoiselle Charpentier, the daughter of an exiled French Royalist.

Early Attempts at Verse-Making. — His first



Residence of Scott from 1804 1812.

*Canto I Introduction.*

serious attempt in poetry was a translation of Burger's *Lenore*, a ballad of a wildly supernatural kind. It attracted some attention by its vigorous description of the spectre's horsemanship. In January 1802 a work was published which summed up the results of his frequent visits to the romantic Tweed and its basin. The *Minstrelsy of the*

*Scottish Border* was a pronounced success, Scott's new ballads, written in imitation of the old, e.g., *Gadyow Castle*, being specially praised. The elaborate notes, full of humour, insight and taste, show his historical industry and knowledge, his delight in calling up the feudal past, and his intimate sympathy with the full, free life led by his Border ancestors. The work was clearly that of a man who knew every inch of the country, the history of the obscurest peel-tower, the minute incidents of every family feud. His own ballads appealed at once to the general taste. He understood well himself the quality which made them popular. In one of his diaries he says:—"I am sensible, that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition, which pleases soldiers, sailors and young people of bold and active dispositions."

**The Lay of the Last Minstrel.**—His next work, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, was at first meant to be included in the last volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*, as one of the studies in the antique style, but soon outgrew the limits of such a study both in length and in the freedom of its manner. The subject was the legend of Gilpin Horner, the goblin page.

**Marmion.**—Scott's greatest poem, *Marmion*, appeared in 1808, when he was thirty-seven. It was followed by *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Vision of Don Roderick*, *Rokeby*, *The Bridal of Triermain* and *The Lord of the Isles*. *The Lady of the Lake* depends for its interest entirely on the story. It gives a foretaste of the great sequence of romances which were to follow the dried-up springs of poetical inspiration. *Rokeby* is written in the heroic metre, that is, rhyming couplets of lines, each ten syllables in length. In *The Bridal of Triermain* an attempt is made at more manifold harmonies of sound and greater subtlety of character painting. This poem was published anonymously, Scott's purpose being that the public should attribute it to Erskine, a friend ultimately raised to the Bench as Lord Kinneder, and a man of very

fine taste. He was Scott's trusted adviser on all literary matters, and it is into Erskine's mouth that Scott, in C, puts the supposed exhortation to himself to choose more classical subjects for his poems.



Mr Wade's Cottage

The above is from a drawing by Mr Herbert Railton. The cottage was Scott's country residence from the date of his marriage until his removal to Ashiestiel.

**Purchase of Abbotsford.**—The comparative failure of *The Lord of the Isles* warned Scott that new fields must be tried. The expenses of his home had been gradually increasing, as he seems to have had little regard for money in itself, and Mrs Scott could not be called thrifty. In 1812 he had left Ashiestiel and bought for £2000 a place



five miles lower down the Tweed, on which was to rise the splendid pile of Abbotsford. The estate covered some hundred acres, but was constantly added to by Scott, whose great desire was to be a territorial magnate and found a family. So he bought largely and hastily, when he ought to have been keeping a strict eye on his printer and publisher, the Ballantyne Brothers, of whom something must now be said. The printing firm was in the hands of the elder brother, James, while John managed the publishing side. They were simply creatures of Scott, who had given them their start, and who made them print and publish what he pleased. He was always wanting to do literary jobs for friends, and so advised the publication of all sorts of unsaleable books. Thus, all through 1813 and 1814 Scott was kept in constant fear of bankruptcy by the ill success of John Ballantyne & Co. It was at this point that *Waverley* appeared, and for a time averted the day of reckoning.

**Life and Works of Dryden.**—The period of his life before the publication of his first romance had been, as we saw, one of great poetical activity. But this did not complete the circle of his industry. He wrote a *Life of Dryden* and edited his works in eighteen volumes, and carried out a number of historical and antiquarian studies, such as, *Somers's Collection of Tracts*, *The Secret History of the Court of James I.*, etc. Besides all this he began his heavy work on the edition of Swift. The field of romance, therefore, had been prepared by deep studies in the less known side of historical and antiquarian lore.

**The Waverley Novels.**—In 1805 he had begun a Jacobite story and cast it aside; in the summer of 1814 he resumed and completed it almost at a single beat. *Waverley*, published anonymously, was a complete success. Of the three volumes, the last two were finished in three weeks. Thus was *Waverley* written, and with it began that long series of romantic fiction, singularly equal in level and interest, which ended very shortly before his death. His poetry

now sinks into the background ; only one poem was written after *Waverley*—*The Lord of the Isles*. It is not the purpose here to dwell on the prose work of Scott, nor will any attempt be made to specify particularly the qualities which make his romances the best of their kind in any language. Till near the close of his career Scott never avowed his responsibility for any of the novels of the series. But no special keenness of literary judgment was needed to see the close relation of the prose work in the *Border Minstrelsy* to the prose novels. What surprised the public most was the speed with which the books followed one another. What was in reality most remarkable was the historical insight and knowledge with which he painted not merely the life of his own time and country, but that of days long past, and of scenes long distant. His books show a singular combination of sober sense and romantic passion, most visible in those that concern the Stuarts and the Jacobites. The *Waverley* Novels are romances in that for the most part they are built on the life of the distant romantic time. They are, on the other hand, singularly modern and realistic in that they portray the business of life better than its sentiments. "Scott," says Mr Hutton, "needed a certain largeness of type, a strongly-marked class-life, and, where it was possible, a free, out-of-doors life, for his delineations. No one could paint beggars and gipsies, and wandering fiddlers, and mercenary soldiers, and peasants and farmers and lawyers, and magistrates, and preachers, with anything like his ability. . . . The domestic novel has nothing of the tonic influence, the large instructiveness, the stimulating, intellectual air of Scott's historic tales."

**The Financial Crash.**—We have seen that he had left Ashiestiel for Abbotsford in 1812. Money was wildly spent in the effort to create a large landed property. Scott was of course prosperous at this time. His novels, poems, biographies, his Sheriffship and his Clerkship of the Court of Session, brought him a large income. In 1820 he was made a baronet and signalised the honour by making large additions to Abbotsford. The whole

expenditure on the place amounted to about £76,000. Production of novels had to be speedy to meet the heavy expenses of the life of Abbotsford. The later novels were all published by Constable. John Ballantyne had died in 1821 and left nothing but debts. Constable was always making advances to Scott for future work, sometimes for volumes not yet begun. In 1823 the liabilities incurred began to get serious and the novels were selling less freely. Soon after Constable's business failed for £256,000, and with it fell the printing-house of Ballantyne for £117,000. "The immediate cause was the system of accommodation between the firms of Ballantyne and Constable. Sir J. Gibson Craig, who was thoroughly acquainted with the facts, throws the chief blame on Scott" (*Dictionary of National Biography*). Whatever blame Scott may deserve henceforth his action was heroic. He resolved not to become a bankrupt, but to carry on the business for the benefit of his creditors. "I will," he says, "be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds . . . to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself." Lady Scott died soon after; his younger daughter was in weak health; and his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, doomed to an early death. Rheumatism began to trouble him. Still the heroic pen poured out novel and article with the old vigour of style and firmness of touch. His *Life of Napoleon* entailed vast labour. The *Tales of a Grandfather* was more warmly received than any of his books since *Ivanhoe*.

**The Beginning of the End.**—A paralytic attack, however, near the beginning of 1830, foretold the dissolution of his powers under the strain. Meanwhile, the great debt gradually diminished; but it became imperative to visit a milder climate, and the Government placed at his disposal a frigate, on which he visited Malta, Naples and Rome. Weaker than before, he returned home, travelled from London to Leith by steamer, thence by carriage to Abbotsford, where he longed to be. On 21st September 1832 he died quietly in the presence

of all his children. "It was so quiet a day," says Lockhart, "that the sound he best loved, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt round the bed." At his death the principal of the debt amounted to £54,000, against which there was a life insurance of £22,000. £30,000 was advanced by Cadell on the security of the copyrights, and was finally paid off in 1847. The debt was thus discharged, the hero had accomplished his task, and his Abbotsford was secured to his family. The founder of the house was spared from seeing the extinction of the family on the male side.

**Character.**—Enough has been said to show the main elements of Scott's character. Descended from a long line of Border ancestors, many of them wild marauders and moss-troopers, Scott always gives us the impression of a man born out of his age and only a writer by accident. He had all the spirit and fire of his forefathers, and, if he could not go a "foray on the English side," he entered heart and soul into more interests than would fill three men's lives. All manner of sport and exercise was a delight to him; the volunteer movement found in him a very warm supporter. He had a quick eye for Nature's changes and for all out-of-door life, for scenery, especially when made human by a ruined castle or abbey. Animals loved him instinctively and he loved all animals. Children drew to him at once. Friends found him constant and always warm. Among his best friends were and are the readers of his books. Before his voyage to Naples in his last year, Wordsworth wrote a fine sonnet which expresses the love and reverence in which not only his countrymen but the world held him.—

"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height :  
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain  
For kindred Power departing from their sight ;  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain  
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.

Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ,  
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,  
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope."

# Marmion

1. **Date of Composition.**—*Marmion* was commenced in November 1806 and published early in 1808. Constable offered him a thousand guineas for the poem shortly after it was begun, and without having seen one line of it. This drew from Byron the sarcasm, "To yield his Muse just half a crown a line." The period of its composition was a very happy one in Scott's life. Many of the more energetic descriptions, and particularly that of the battle of Flodden, were composed in the saddle, while he was in training with his volunteer company in the autumn of 1807. The poem was written slowly for one, of Scott's speed in creation. "I had formed," he says, "the prudent resolution to endeavour to bestow a little more labour than I had yet done on my productions."

## 2. Marmion and History.

"Mine is a tale of Flodden Field  
And not of history."

"The present story turns upon the private adventures of a fictitious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, because the hero's fate is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led to it . . . Any Historical Narrative exceeded his [the writer's] plan of a Romantic Tale."

These two quotations, one from Canto VI. and the other from Scott's *Advertisement* to the first edition, might seem to forbid any inquiry into the historical character of Scott's poem. But a historical poem and novel must be true to the general lines and spirit of the time it depicts, however much the writer may choose to use freedom in details. We shall find that Scott, while closely reproducing the spirit of the feudal time, allows himself, for purposes of effect, several legitimate deviations from chronology. Before speaking of *Marmion* specially we may say that Marmion, Clare, Constance, De Wilton are

fictitious, James, Angus, Lindesay, Surrey and the English leaders, and Lady Heron are historical; while the supernatural part is of course legendary. Scott drew on different sources for his material. Some of these he mentions in the poem itself. He scatters the poem with antiquarian lore as in the stories of the "Elfin King," the "Messenger from Heaven to James IV.," etc. Much of his historical material is due to Pitscottie, the old Scottish Chronicler, and he also drew on the writings of Sir Ralph Sadler, which he had edited.

Marmion then is a purely fictitious character. In early times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay, in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, a follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these possessions was held by the honourable service of being the Royal Champion. The direct male line became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in the reign of Edward I. A descendant on the female side claimed the office of Royal Champion, but it was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke.

**3. Anachronisms in the Poem.**—Subjoined are a few deviations from the chronology or facts of actual history, some of which Scott points out in his notes.

- (a) Lady Heron was not known to James till after he entered England. Her husband's name was William (not Hugh), and at this time he was not at Norham, but in prison in Scotland.
- (b) There were, as Scott himself says, no nuns at Whitby and Tynemouth in Henry VIII.'s time, nor long before it.
- (c) The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious.
- (d) Alexander III., in Canto III., l. 413, speaks of his sword as "the gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand." But Richard I. died in 1199, many years before Alexander III. was born. In l. 455 Alexander III. sees in vision "feil Edward," said then.

- to be fighting in distant Palestine. But the vision was in 1263 and Edward was not king till 1272, nor did he go on his crusade till 1270.
- (e) Angus in actual history accompanied James IV. to Flodden, and remonstrated so freely upon the impolicy of fighting that the king said, in anger, "if he was afraid he might go home." The Earl burst into tears and retired accordingly. Both his sons fell.
- (f) Sir David Lindsay is introduced in the character of Lion Herald sixteen years before he obtained that office.
- (g) De Wilton is mentioned as having known Martin Swart, who was killed at Stokefield in 1487. Flodden was fought twenty-six years later. De Wilton, then, must have been at least more than forty years old in 1513. But Clare and Wilton are said to have loved in infancy, so she must have been of nearly the same age, and therefore rather elderly for a heroine. This is a real blemish in the plot and due to inadvertence.

These anachronisms are historically interesting, but do not interfere with the value of *Marmion* as poetry or as story. The feudal spirit is rendered correctly, the natural descriptions are true and convincing, the Scottish army with its different sections and equipment lives before us, and the battle-piece of Flodden presents the varying fortunes of the fight better than the clearest map or most elaborate account.

4. **Some of the Characters.**—*Marmion* is a complex character and only partly convincing. The combination of mean felony with so many noble qualities was severely commented on at the time. Byron's witty lines must be quoted :—

"Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,  
The golden-crested, haughty Marmion,  
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,  
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,  
The gibbet or the field prepared to grace ;  
A mighty mixture of the great and base"



Scott admitted the justice of the criticism, but chose, as he said, "to let the tree lie as it had fallen." There is an air of unreality about Marmion as a character; but twice he seems to live before us—once when he converses with Sir David Lindesay, and again in the last scene of his life. Scott wished that his end should seem to atone for the bad deeds of his life, and the last scene shows us the death of the remorseful strong man who has fought well for his country.

De Wilton and Clare cannot be said to live and breathe before us. The former is much more interesting as the Palmer; as soon as he reveals himself his personality begins to lose distinctness. Clare is somewhat insipid and cold, and it comes on us as an inconsistency when we find her play the ministering angel on Flodden Field. The character of Constance is the most lifelike of the purely fictitious creations. Love drives a gentle nature to the worst crimes, and fires her with a marvellous courage, as in the scene of the hidden chamber. Though deficient in the moral sense, she attracts our keen interest.

In the historical character Scott moves on firmer ground. His sketch of James IV., for example, the hasty, headlong, but generous and chivalrous king, is as sound a piece of painting as his portrait of James I. in *The Fortunes of Nigel*. Angus, loyal to Scotland, but impatient with the king, furious with Marmion's treachery, but showing him hospitality, and generously allowing him a brave warrior; Lindesay, picturesque and shrewd, yet kindly and large-hearted, enjoying the life of the court, yet hot against the vices of the age—these are both convincing presentations, because both are in their main points historical.

5. **Merits of the Poems.**—*Marmion* is generally regarded as Scott's best poem. We have seen that *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* suffered from having its groundwork in an unmanageable fairy legend. *Marmion*, on the other hand, is a coherent story told with force and fulness. But narrative is not sufficient to make a poem; some "criticism of life" also is wanted, and *Marmion* is beyond the *Lay* in giving a deeper insight into life and manners,

in leaning less on the incidents and more on romantic feeling and great social and historic features. In this connection the Introductory Epistles must be regarded as integral with the poem itself. Scott himself was sensible that many of the subordinate and connecting parts of the narrative were flat, but would never make any serious attempt to do away with these imperfections. "Perhaps," says Lockhart, "they heighten by contrast the effect of the passages of high-wrought enthusiasm which alone he considered in after days with satisfaction." The poem is certainly one of "purple patches," but it will always be read for its truly accurate picture of the late feudal time. Reserving for future mention the battle-piece, we may say that nowhere does Scott describe Nature better. His eye was very keen and his perception of colour was very delicate, as well as his mere sight. As Ruskin has pointed out, his landscape painting is almost all done by the lucid use of colour. The Introductions afford several striking examples, *e.g.*, the wintry November scene at Ashiestiel (A): the picture of lone St. Mary's Loch and the Yarrow scenery (B): the winter tempest (C): and the bright picture of Christmas in F. Norham, Crichtoun Castle, Tantallon, Holy Isle in the poem itself are all touched with a firm and knowing hand under the direction of a clear eye. The crowning piece, however, is the view of Edinburgh from Blackford Hill, into which he pours the additional fire of patriotic pride. The description of the Scotch encampment near Edinburgh is often quoted as proving the truth of Ruskin's remark :—

"A thousand did I say? I ween  
Thousands on thousands there were seen,  
That chequered all the heath between  
The streamlet and the town ;  
In crossing ranks extending far,  
Forming a camp irregular ,  
Oft giving way where still there stood  
Some relics of the old oak-wood,  
That darkly huge did intervene,  
And tamed the glaring white with green "

"Scott," says Ruskin, "looks at Nature neither as dead

nor merely material, nor as altered by his own feelings, but as having an animation and pathos of its own, wholly irrespective of human presence or passion. . . . It is not the lover's passion, making him think the larkspurs are listening for his lady's foot; it is not the miser's passion, making him think that dead leaves are falling coins; but it is an inherent and continual habit of thought, which Scott shares with the moderns in general, being, in fact, nothing else than the instinctive sense which men must have of the Divine presence, not formed into distinct belief. . . . And thus, as Nature is bright, serene, or gloomy, Scott takes her temper and paints her as she is; nothing of himself being ever intruded, except that far-away Æolian tone, of which he is unconscious; and sometimes a stray syllable or two, like that about Blackford Hill, distinctly stating personal feeling, but all the more modestly for that distinctness, and for the clear consciousness that it is not the chiming brook, nor the cornfields, that are sad, but only the boy that rests by them; so returning on the instant to reflect, in all honesty, the image of Nature, as she is meant by all men to be received; nor with comment of far-fetched thoughts, but with easy thoughts, such as all sensible men ought to have in such places, only spoken sweetly; and evidently also with an undercurrent of more profound reflection, which here and there murmurs for a moment, and which, I think, if we choose, we may continually pierce down to and drink deeply from, but which Scott leaves us to seek, or shun, at our pleasure."

6. **The Versification.**—Scott uses in *Marmion*, as in many of his poems, an eight-syllable line of four iambs, hence technically known as the Iambic Tetrameter. The *iambus* is a metrical foot consisting of a short and a long, e.g., the word *désire*. If *x* be taken to mean an unaccented, and *a* an accented syllable, Scott's normal line might be represented by the symbols *4x a*. This metre forms the structure of much minstrel poetry, and is now known by the name of the Romantic Stanza. As a variation we have the short line of six syllables, or three feet, represent-

able by *3x2* and called the Iambic Trimeter. This will be found chiefly in passages of vivid description, where the change adds vigour to the flow of the stanza. Many effective examples are to be found in the last canto, especially in the battle-scene. In Canto II., ll. 524, 525, we find the Iambic Dimeter or four-syllabled line of two iambs. Sometimes a heroic couplet is found, *e.g.* :—

“His own Queen Margaret, who in Lithgow’s bower  
All lonely sat and wept the weary hour.”

Additional rapidity is at times attained by the insertion of extra unaccented syllables, *e.g.* :—

“Have drúnk/the múnks/of St. Bóth/an’s ále,  
And dríven/the beéves/of Láú/derdále/”

Monotony is avoided by frequent use of the trochee (— 0) for the iambus. Sometimes this is due to emphasis, *e.g.* :—

- (1) “*Fix’d* was/her loók/and stérn/her air/  
(2) *Glánces*/beneáth/his cowl.”

Sometimes we find a spondee (— —) in passages of solemn emphasis, *e.g.* :—

“*Hígh múnks*/of ná/tive príde/and fórcé/.”

Sometimes again we have the omission of an unaccented syllable, giving the line greater weight and impressiveness; *e.g.*, in the Abbot’s sentence on Constance :—

U “Sís/ter lét/thy sór/rows ceáse ;/  
U Sín/ful bró/ther párt/in peáce !/”

[These two lines might equally well be taken as a variation into a trochaic measure of four feet, minus the last syllable.]

The beginning of Sir David Lindsay’s tale affords an example of the genuine ballad metre, where tetrameters and trimeters occur alternately, the second and fourth rhyming, sometimes the first and third, *e.g.* :—

“Of all the palaces so fair  
Built for the royal dwelling  
In Scotland, far beyond compare  
Línlithgow is excellíng.”

[The extra syllable in the second and fourth line is common in the old ballads.]

With regard to rhyme, Scott's tetrameters usually rhyme in couplets. Often three lines have the same rhyme, e.g. :—

" Amid the plumage of the *crest*,  
A falcon hover'd on her *nest*,  
With wings outspread, and forward *breast*."

Occasionally four have the same rhyme. The shorter lines or trimeters rhyme together, though often at some distance. These trimeters never occur in the Introductions, but in these we have an occasional Alexandrine, or iambic line of 12 syllables at the end of a passage, e.g., A, 283 :—

" Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty line."

See C, 206, 207, for two Alexandrines concluding a passage. (Scott's rhymes are often very weak, and it is a useful exercise to find illustrations of this point.)

7. **Scott and Homer.**—An elaborate comparison and contrast was drawn between the Greek and the Scottish poet in Matthew Arnold's essay *On Translating Homer*. Scott himself never consciously belonged to Homer's school of poetry. In the note prefixed to *Marmion* he calls that poem a "Romantic Tale," and disclaims all idea of attempting "Epic Composition." If we are careful to distinguish form from spirit, the unlikeness in form is obvious. The short, frequently jerky and breathless line cannot reproduce the customary noble movement of Homer. The nature of the hexameter, and the richness of the Greek vowel sounds, enabled the old Greek epic poets to maintain a certain level of stateliness even in the parts of the poem which were of necessity less interesting. In passages of mere enumeration Homer does not become prosaic; on the contrary, skilful and sonorous use of proper and local names may elevate these into examples of poetical form. A battle accelerates the movement of the line and finds the bright speed of the vowel sounds adequate. On the other hand,

as regards Scott, Arnold points out that "his style has an inherent inability for maintaining the Homeric level of nobleness; it necessarily shares that defect with the ballad form on which it is founded." He proceeds to criticise the jerkiness of Scott's style. But there are passages in which Scott attains Homeric dignity, e.g., in *The Lady of the Lake*, where the career of the Fiery Cross is described and the magnificently-sustained description of the battle of Flodden in *Marmion*.

Resemblance of spirit is of more importance. Scott's intimate acquaintance with the history, legend and antiquities of his country has been indicated. Both Homer and Scott realise with entire vividness the heroic age before them. Whatever the state of Greece was when the Homeric poems were composed, to Homer the preceding age is of more moment; for example, whatever people may have occupied Phthiotis, to the poet that region is interesting only as the home of Achilles. Similarly to Scott, Norham and Newark are not mere ruined Border castles, but his imagination recalls the former keeping watch and ward over the Tweed, and the joyful hunting-train issuing from Newark. Both poets were in touch with the past at every point, and so they come to resemble one another in the spontaneity and the naturalness with which they reproduce it. In a sense, then, Scott is more Homeric than a confessedly epic poet like Milton. A literary epic like *Paradise Lost* is composed for cultivated readers, and depends for much of its charm on beauty of style in and for itself and on literary allusions. Milton's rich harmonies of sound and movement are conscious throughout. He sees an object through the glass of accumulated learning. Homer sees his objects with the clear, naked eye of primitive man. So too with Scott; his purely visual imagination enables him frequently to produce the convincing effects of truth, e.g., in the description of the view from Blackford Hill, especially in the line,

"Which tamed the glaring white with green,"

describing the effect of the forest on the sea of white tents.

Professor Jebb sums up as follows on this question.—“Nowhere else in modern literature could anyone be found who, in an equal measure with Scott, has united these three conditions of a true spiritual analogy to Homer—living realisation of a past heroic age; a genius in native sympathy with the heroic; and a manner which joins the spontaneous impusé of the balladist to a higher order of art and intellect.”

8. *Marmion's Journey*.—With reference to this we cannot do better than quote a passage in full from Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. Mr Guthrie Wright relates a conversation he had with Scott during the composition of *Marmion*. “At that time he was writing *Marmion*, the three or four first cantos of which he had with him, and which he was so good as to read to me. As he good-naturedly asked me to state any observations that occurred to me, I said in joke that it appeared to me he had brought his hero by a very strange route into Scotland. ‘Why,’ said I, ‘did ever mortal coming from England to Edinburgh go by Gifford, Crichton Castle, Borthwick Castle, and over the top of Blackford Hill? Not only is it a circuitous *détour*, but there never was a road that way since the world was created!’ ‘That is a most irrelevant objection,’ said Sir Walter; ‘it was my good pleasure to bring Marmion by that route, for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned and the view from Blackford Hill: it was his business to find his road and pick his steps the best way he could. But, pray, how would you have me bring him? Not by the post-road, surely, as if he had been travelling in a mail-coach?’ ‘No,’ I replied, ‘there were neither post-roads nor mail-coaches in those days; but I think you might have brought him with a less chance of getting into a swamp, by allowing him to travel the natural route by Dunbar and the sea-coast, and then he might have tarried for a space with the famous Earl of Angus, surnamed Bell-the-Cat, at his favourite residence of Tantallon Castle, by which means you would have had not only that fortress with all his feudal followers, but

the Castle of Dunbar, the Bass, and all the beautiful scenery of the Forth to describe.' This observation seemed to strike him much, and after a pause he exclaimed, 'By Jove! you are right. I ought to have brought him that way;' and he added, 'But before he and I part, depend upon it, he shall visit Tantallon.' He then asked if I had ever been there, and upon saying I had frequently, he desired me to describe it, which I did; and I verily believe it is from what I then said that the accurate description contained in the fifth canto was given—at least, I never heard him say he had afterwards gone to visit the castle; and when the poem was published I remember he laughed and asked me how I liked Tantallon."

9. **The Introductory Epistles.**—These have often been criticised as breaking the unity of the story. Southey says of them, in a letter to Scott.—"The Introductory Epistles I did not wish away, because, as poems, they gave me great pleasure; but I wished them at the end of the volume, or at the beginning—anywhere except where they are." This was the general opinion at the time of the publication of *Marmion*. In point of fact, they were not originally intended to be interwoven in any fashion with the tale. They were announced early in 1807 to be published in a separate volume. More recent criticism takes a more favourable view of the setting of these epistles. They show us admirably Scott's circumstances and feelings while he wrote the different parts. "We have," says Hutton, "a picture not only of the scenery, but of the mind in which that scenery is mirrored, and are brought back frankly, at fit intervals, from the one to the other, in the mode best adapted to help us to appreciate the relation of the poet to the poem." Viewed in this light the description of St. Mary's Loch in B, apart from its intrinsic merit as a nature-picture, illustrates the poem itself by showing us the silent scenes from which Scott drew his inspiration. The eulogy of Pitt and Fox in A shows the same warm, national feeling which pervades the poem itself. The poetic qualities of *Marmion* owe much to his upbringing, as sketched in C. The



sketch of Edinburgh in E, and the defence of legend as a source of poetry in F, have obviously much connection with the poem, while the picture of a Scottish snowstorm in D is one of Scott's tersest and strongest pictures from Nature. "Are there any pages," says Lockhart, "among all he wrote, that one would be more sorry he should not have written? They are among the most delicious portraitures that genius ever painted of itself—buoyant, virtuous, happy genius—exulting in its own energies, yet possessed and mastered by a clear, calm, modest mind, and happy only in diffusing happiness around it."

10. **Flodden Field in Marmion.**—Scott's description of the battle is perhaps his finest piece of work in poetry, and has always been admired. Of it Jeffrey, otherwise a severe critic of *Marmion*, says.—"From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden Field to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing and no intervention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious. . . . There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in short, in which he never stoops his wing nor wavers in his course, but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained and lofty movement than any epic bard that we can at present remember." In addition to the vigour of the description, the progress of the battle is presented with the accuracy of a writer on tactics. Scott had taken extraordinary care to master all the details of the struggle by frequent visits to the scene.

The chroniclers estimate James IV.'s army at 100,000. It was a heterogeneous array, but well-equipped, and especially strong in artillery. The quixotic king wasted time in starting and also after he crossed the Border, and meanwhile the army dwindled to half its original size. Henry VIII. was in France at the time, but Surrey rapidly collected an army in defence and brought it up into northern Northumberland. The army contained very few nobles, but was a strong force of infantry, archers and billmen. Surrey found the King posted on Flodden Hill or Edge, with his back to Scotland and

the Tweed, the Till on his left, a marsh on his right, and his artillery in front — a position which enabled him to wait the enemy's attack. Finding James too strongly posted, Surrey continued his march with the main body northward along the right bank of the Till to the bridge at Twisel (Twizel, Twizell), about a mile from the confluence of Till and Tweed. Here he crossed with his command: smaller parties had already crossed at points higher up the Till. Obviously James should have attacked him during the march, and especially at the crossing of the narrow one-arch bridge, his artillery could have done deadly work and easily demolished the structure.

But James, instead of using his artillery, descended to meet the English. The English advanced in four divisions. On the right were the sons of the Earl of Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight-Marshal of the army. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire and Cheshire. Lord Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. On the Scottish side, the left wing, consisting of Borderers, was commanded by Huntly and Home; James himself opposed Surrey in the centre, while Lennox and Argyle, with the Highlanders, faced Stanley.

When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntly and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral kept his ground: Dacre advanced to his support, while Home's men, chiefly Borderers, separated and began to plunder. Huntly is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first charge, and Home is charged with treachery in the Scottish accounts. Meanwhile the Admiral pushed forward against another large division of the Scots, headed by the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, both of whom

were slain and their forces routed. The English were decisively successful on the left, for the Scottish right, consisting of undisciplined Highlanders, under Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the severe execution of the



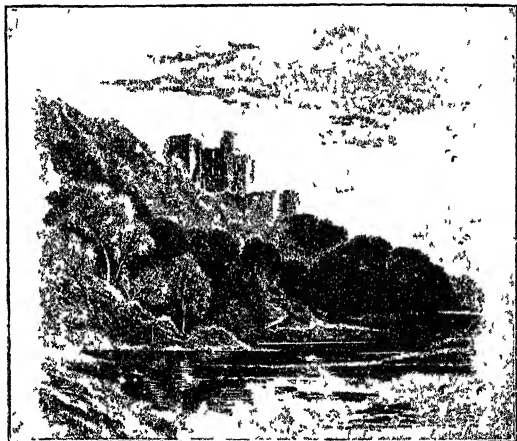
SCOTTISH SOLDIER OF THE  
SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey, who faced each other in the centre, were engaged in close and dubious conflict. At one time a vigorous charge of James, supported by Bothwell, endangered Surrey's standard, but Stanley, in the flush of victory, appeared on the Scottish flank and rear, James's division, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces, for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men, but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry and even clergy. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note.

James did not deserve a victory, though he wilfully threw away his chance of one. The expedition was morally unjustifiable and lacked vigour in execution. It has been pointed out that the army dwindled to half its original size before the conflict began. His strategy was also entirely at fault, while Surrey made the most that could be made out of a bad position. The battle was fought on 9th September 1513.

# ii. Chronology of Scott's Life and Chief Writings.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1771. Birth (Aug. 15).                               | 1820. <i>The Abbot</i> .                                |
| 1796. Translations from<br>Burger.                   | Becomes a Baronet.                                      |
| 1797. Marriage.                                      | 1821. <i>Kenilworth</i> .                               |
| 1799. Sheriff of Selkirkshire.                       | <i>The Pirate</i> .                                     |
| 1802. <i>Minstrelsy of the<br/>Scottish Border</i> . | 1822. <i>The Fortunes of Nigel</i> .                    |
| 1805. <i>The Lay of the Last<br/>Minstrel</i> .      | 1823. <i>Peveril of the Peak</i> .                      |
| 1806. Clerk of Session.                              | <i>Quentin Durward</i> .                                |
| 1808. <i>Marmion</i> .                               | <i>St Roman's Well</i> .                                |
| 1810. <i>The Lady of the Lake</i> .                  | 1824. <i>Redgauntlet</i> .                              |
| 1812. Abbotsford bought.                             | 1825. <i>The Betrothed</i> .                            |
| 1814. <i>Waverley</i> .                              | <i>The Talisman</i> .                                   |
| 1815. <i>The Lord of the Isles</i> .                 | 1826. <i>Woodstock</i> .                                |
| <i>Guy Mannering</i> .                               | Failure of Constable<br>and the Ballantynes.            |
| 1816. <i>The Antiquary</i> .                         | Death of Lady Scott.                                    |
| <i>The Black Dwarf</i> .                             | 1827. <i>Tales of a Grand-<br/>father</i> , 1st Series. |
| <i>Old Mortality</i> .                               | <i>Life of Napoleon</i> .                               |
| 1818. <i>Rob Roy</i> .                               | <i>The Surgeon's<br/>Daughter</i> .                     |
| <i>The Heart of Mid-<br/>lothian</i> .               | <i>The Highland Widow</i> .                             |
| 1819. <i>The Bride of Lammer-<br/>moor</i> .         | 1828. <i>The Fair Maid of<br/>Perth</i> .               |
| <i>The Legend of Montrose</i> .                      | 1829. <i>Anne of Geierstein</i> .                       |
| <i>Ivanhoe</i> .                                     | 1831. <i>Count Robert of Paris</i> .                    |
| 1820. <i>The Monastery</i> .                         | <i>Castle Dangerous</i> .                               |
|  | 1832. Death (21st Sept.).                               |



NORHAM CASTLE ON THE TWEED

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone"

*Canto I stanza 1*

# M A R M I O N

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST

TO

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, Esq

*Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest*

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,  
November's leaf is red and sear .  
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,  
That hems our little garden in,  
Low in its dark and narrow glen,  
You scarce the rivulet might ken,  
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,  
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through :  
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen  
Through bush and brier, no longer green,      10  
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,  
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,  
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,  
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red  
Upon our Forest hills is shed ;  
No more, beneath the evening beam,  
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam ;  
Away hath pass'd the heather-bell  
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath-fell ;      20

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes  
with the defeat of Flodden, 9th September 1513.

Sallow his brow, and russet bare  
Are now the sister-heights of Yair.  
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,  
To shelter'd dale and down are driven,  
Where yet some faded herbage pines,  
And yet a watery sunbeam shines :  
In meek despondency they eye  
The wither'd sward and wintry sky,  
And far beneath their summer hill,  
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill :  
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,  
And wraps him closer from the cold ;  
His dogs no merry circles wheel,  
But, shivering, follow at his heel ;  
A cowering glance they often cast,  
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

30

My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,  
As best befits the mountain child,  
Feel the sad influence of the hour,  
And wail the daisy's vanished flower ;  
Their summer gambols tell, and mourn,  
And anxious ask,—Will spring return,  
And birds and lambs again be gay,  
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray ?

40

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower  
Again shall paint your summer bower ;  
Again the hawthorn shall supply  
The garlands you delight to tie ;  
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,  
The wild birds carol to the round,  
And while you frolic light as they,  
Too short shall seem the summer day

50

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings ;  
The genial-call dead Nature hears,

And in her glory reappears.  
But oh ! my country's wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate ?  
What powerful call shall bid arise  
The buried warlike and the wise ; 60  
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,  
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel ?  
The vernal sun new life bestows  
Even on the meanest flower that blows ;  
But vainly, vainly may he shine,  
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine ;  
And, vainly pierce the solemn gloom,  
That shrouds, O PRIDE, thy hallowed tomb !

Deep graved in every British heart,  
O never let those names depart ! 70  
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,  
Who victor died on Gadite wave ;  
To him, as to the burning levin,  
Short, bright, resistless course was given.  
Where'er his country's foes were found,  
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,  
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,  
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,  
Who bade the conqueror go forth, 80  
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war  
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;  
Who, born to guide such high emprise,  
For Britain's weal was early wise ;  
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,  
For Britain's sins, an early grave !  
His worth, who, in his mightiest hour,  
A bauble held the pride of power,  
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,  
And served his Albion for herself, 90



Who, when the frantic crowd amain  
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,  
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,  
The pride, he would not crush, restrain'd,  
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,  
And brought the freeman's arm, to aid the freeman's  
laws.

Had'st thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,  
A watchman on the lonely tower,  
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,  
When fraud or danger were at hand ; .100  
By thee, as by the beacon-light,  
Our pilots had kept course aright ;  
As some proud column, though alone,  
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne :  
Now is the stately column broke,  
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,  
The trumpet's silver sound is still,  
The warder silent on the hill !

Oh think, how to his latest day,  
When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey, .110  
With Palinure's unalter'd mood,  
Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;  
Each call for needful rest repell'd,  
With dying hand the rudder held,  
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,  
The steerage of the realm gave way !  
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,  
One unpelluted church remains,  
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around  
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound, .120  
But still, upon the hallow'd day,  
Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;  
While faith and civil peace are dear,  
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—  
He, who preserv'd them, PRRR, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,  
Because his rival slumbers nigh ;  
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,  
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.  
For talents mourn, untimely lost, 130  
When best employ'd, and wanted most ;  
Mourn genius high, and lore profound,  
And wit that loved to play, not wound ;  
And all the reasoning powers divine,  
To penetrate, resolve, combine ;  
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—  
They sleep with him who sleeps below :  
And, if thou mourn'st they could not save  
From error him who owns this grave,  
Be every harsher thought suppress'd, 140  
And sacred be the last long rest.  
*Here*, where the end of earthly things  
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;  
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,  
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;  
*Here*, where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant notes of holy song,  
As if some angel spoke agen,  
" All peace on earth, good-will to men ; "  
If ever from an English heart, 150  
O, *here* let prejudice depart,  
And, partial feeling cast aside,  
Record, that Fox a Briton died !  
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,  
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,  
And the firm Russian's purpose brave,  
Was barter'd by a timorous slave,  
Even when dishonour's peace he spurn'd,  
The sullied olive-branch return'd,  
Stood for his country's glory fast, 160  
And nail'd her colours to the mast !  
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave

A portion in this honour'd grave,  
And ne'er held marble in its trust  
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,  
How high they soar'd above the crowd !  
Theirs was no common party race,  
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;  
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war 170  
Shook realms and nations in its jar ,  
Beneath each banner proud to stand,  
Look'd up the noblest of the land,  
Till through the British world were known  
The names of PITT and FOX alone.  
Spells of such force no wizard grave  
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,  
Though his could drain the ocean dry,  
And force the planets from the sky.  
These spells are spent, and, spent with these, 180  
The wine of life is on the lees.  
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,  
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,  
Where—taming thought to human pride !—  
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.  
Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,  
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;  
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,  
And FOX's shall the notes rebound.  
The solemn echo seems to cry,— 190  
“ Here let their discord with them die.  
Speak not for those a separate doom,  
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb ;  
But search the land of living men,  
Where wilt thou find their like agen !”

Rest, ardent Spirits ! till the cries—  
Of dying Nature bid you rise ;  
Not even our Britain's groans can pierce

The leaden silence of your hearse ;  
 Then, O, how impotent and vain 200  
 This grateful-tributary strain !  
 Though not unmark'd from northern clime,  
 Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme .  
 His Gothic harp has o'er you rung ;  
 The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names  
 has sung.

Stay yet, illusion, stay a while,  
 My wilder'd fancy still beguile !  
 From this high theme how can I part,  
 Ere half-unloaded is my heart !  
 For all the tears e'er sorrow drew, 210  
 And all the raptures fancy knew,  
 And all the keener rush of blood,  
 That throbs through bard in bard-like mood,  
 Were here a tribute mean and low,  
 Though all their mingled streams could flow—  
 Woe, wonder, and sensation high,  
 In one spring-tide of ecstasy !—  
 It will not be—it may not last—  
 The vision of enchantment's past :  
 Like frostwork in the morning ray, 220  
 The fancied fabric melts away ;  
 Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone,  
 And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone ;  
 And, lingering last, deception dear,  
 The choir's high sounds die on my ear.  
 Now slow return the lonely down,  
 The silent pastures bleak and brown,  
 The farm begirt with copsewood wild,  
 The gambols of each frolic child,  
 Mixing their shrill cries with the tone 230  
 Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run,  
 Thus Nature disciplines her son :

Meeter, she says, for me to stia,  
 And waste the solitary day,  
 In plucking from yon fen the reed,  
 And watch it floating down the Tweed ;  
 Or idly list the shrilling lay,  
 With which the milkmaid cheers her way,  
 Marking its cadence rise and fall, 240  
 As from the field, beneath her pail,  
 She trips it down the uneven dale :  
 Meeter for me, by yonder cairn,  
 The ancient shepherd's tale to learn ;  
 Though oft he stop in rustic fear,  
 Lest his old legends tire the ear  
 Of one, who, in his simple mind,  
 May boast of book-learn'd taste refined.

But thou, my friend, can'st fitly tell,  
 (For few have read romance so well,) 250  
 How still the legendary lay  
 O'er poet's bosom holds its sway ;  
 How on the ancient minstrel strain  
 Time lays his palsied hand in vain ;  
 And how our hearts at doughty deeds,  
 By warriors wrought in steely weeds,  
 Still throb for fear and pity's sake ;  
 As when the Champion of the Lake  
 Enters Morgana's fated house,  
 Or in the Chapel Perilous, 260  
 Despising spells and demons' force,  
 Holds converse with the unburied corse ;  
 Or when, Dame Ganore's grace to move,  
 (Alas, that lawless was their love !)  
 He sought proud Tarquin in his den,  
 And freed full sixty knights ; or when,  
 A sinful man, and unconfess'd,  
 He took the Sangreal's holy quest,  
 And, slumbering, saw the vision high,  
 He might not view with waking eye. 270

The mightiest chiefs of British song  
 Scorn'd not such legends to prolong .  
 They gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,  
 And mix in Milton's heavenly theme ;  
 And Dryden, in immortal strain,  
 Had raised the Table Round again,  
 But that a ribald King and Court  
 Bade him toil on, to make them sport ;  
 Demanded for their niggard pay,  
 Fit for their souls, a looser lay, 280  
 Licentious satire, song, and play ;  
 The world defrauded of the high design,  
 Profaned the God-given strength, and marr'd the lofty  
 line.

Warm'd by such names, well may we then,  
 Though dwindled sons of little men,  
 Essay to break a feeble lance  
 In the fair fields of old romance ;  
 Or seek the moated castle's cell,  
 Where long through talisman and spell,  
 While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept, 290  
 Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept.  
 There sound the harpings of the North,  
 Till he awake and sally forth,  
 On venturous quest to prick again,  
 In all his arms, with all his train,  
 Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf,  
 Fay, giant, dragon, squire and dwarf,  
 And wizard with his wand of might,  
 And errant maid on palfrey white.  
 Around the Genius weave their spells, 300  
 Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells ;  
 Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd ;  
 And Honour, with his spotless shield ;  
 Attention, with fix'd eye ; and Fear,  
 That loves the tale she shrinks to hear ;

And gentle Courtesy ; and Faith,  
Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death ,  
And Valour, lion-mettled lord,  
Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown, 310  
A worthy meed may thus be won ;  
Ytene's oaks—beneath whose shade  
Their theme the merry minstrels made,  
Of Ascapart, and Bevis bold,  
And that Red King, who, while of old,  
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,  
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled—  
Ytene's oaks have heard again  
Renew'd such legendary strain ;  
For thou hast sung, how He of Gaul, 320  
That Amadis so famed in hall,  
For Oriana, foil'd in fight  
The Necromancer's felon might ;  
And well in modern verse hast wove  
Partenopex's mystic love :  
Hear, then, attentive to my lay,  
A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.



JAMES IV AND QUEEN MARGARET  
*Canto I stans xvi, xviii*

## CANTO FIRST

### THE CASTLE

#### I.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,  
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,  
And Cheviot's mountains lone :  
The battled towers, the donjon keep,  
The loophole grates, where captives weep,  
The flanking walls that round it sweep,  
In yellow lustre shone.  
The warriors on the turrets high,  
Moving athwart the evening sky,  
Seem'd forms of giant height :  
Their armour, as it caught the rays,  
Flash'd back again the western blaze,  
In lines of dazzling light.

10

#### II.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was flung ;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the Donjon Tower,  
So heavily it hung.  
The scouts had parted on their search,  
The Castle gates were barr'd ;  
Above the gloomy portal arch,  
Timing his footsteps to a march,  
The Warder kept his guard ;  
Low humming, as he paced along,  
Some ancient Border gathering song.

20



### III.

A distant trampling sound he hears,  
He looks abroad, and soon appears,  
O'er Horncliff-hill a plump of spears,

Beneath a pennon gay ;

A horseman, darting from the crowd,  
Like lightning from a summer cloud,  
Spurs on his mettled courser proud,

Before the dark array.

Beneath the sable palisade,  
That closed the Castle baïrïcade,

His bugle horn he blew ;

The warder hasted from the wall,  
And warn'd the Captain in the hall,

For well the blast he knew ;

And joyfully that knight did call,  
To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

## IV.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisie,

Bring pasties of the doe,

And quickly make the entrance free,

And bid my heralds ready be,

And every minstrel sound his glee,

And all our trumpets blow :

And, from the platform, spare ye not  
To fire a noble salvo-shot ;

Lord MARMION waits below !”

Then to the Castle's lower ward

Sped forty yeomen tall,

The iron-studded gates unbarr'd,

Raised the portcullis' ponderous guard,

The lofty palisade unsparr'd

And let the drawbridge fall.

Y.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,  
Proudly his red-roan charger trode,

His helm hung at the saddlebow; 60  
 Well by his visage you might know  
 He was a stalworth knight and keen,  
 And had in many a battle been;  
 The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd  
 A token true of Bosworth field;  
 His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire,  
 Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;  
 Yet lines of thought upon his cheek  
 Did deep design and counsel speak.  
 His forehead, by his casque worn bare, 70  
 His thick mustache, and curly hair,  
 Coal-black, and guzzled here and there,  
 But more through toil than age;  
 His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,  
 Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,  
 But in close fight a champion grim,  
 In camps a leader sage.

## VI.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,  
 In mail and plate of Milan steel,  
 But his strong helm, of mighty cost, 80  
 Was all with burnish'd gold emboss'd;  
 Amid the plumage of the crest,  
 A falcon hover'd on her nest,  
 With wings outspread, and forward breast;  
 E'en such a falcon, on his shield,  
 Soar'd sable in an azure field:  
 The golden legend bore aright,  
~~Who checks at me, to death is right.~~  
 Blue was the charger's broider'd rein;  
 Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane; 90  
 The knightly housing's ample fold  
 Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

## VII.

Behind him rode two gallant squires,  
 Of noble name, and knightly sires;

They burn'd the gilded spurs to claim ;  
 For well could each a war-horse tame,  
 Could draw the bow, the sword could sway,  
 And lightly bear the ring away ;  
 Nor less with courteous precepts stored,  
 Could dance in hall, and carve at board,      100  
 And frame love-ditties, passing rare,  
 And sing them to a lady fair.

## VIII.

Four men-at-arms came at their backs,  
 With halbert, bill, and battle-axe .  
 They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,  
 And led his sumpter-mules along,  
 And ambling palfrey, when at need  
 Him listed ease his battle-steed.  
 The last and trustiest of the four,  
 On high his forky pennon bore ;      110  
 Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,  
 Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,  
 Where, blazon'd sable, as before,  
 The towering falcon seem'd to soar.  
 Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,  
 In hosen black, and jerkins blue,  
 With falcons broider'd on each breast,  
 Attended on their lord's behest.  
 Each, chosen for an archer good,  
 Knew hunting-craft by lake or wood ;      120  
 Each one a six-foot bow could bend,  
 And far a cloth-yard shaft could send ;  
 Each held a boar-spear tough and strong,  
 And at their belts their quivers rung.  
 Their dusty palfreys, and array,  
 Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

## IX.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,  
 How fairly arm'd, and order'd how,

The soldiers of the guard,  
With musket, pike, and morion, 130  
To welcome noble Marmion,  
Stood in the Castle-yard ;  
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,  
The gunner held his linstock yare,  
For welcome-shot prepared :  
Enter'd the train, and such a clang,  
As then through all his turrets rang,  
Old Norham never heard.

## X.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,  
The trumpets flourish'd brave, 140  
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,  
And thundering welcome gave.  
A blithe salute, in martial sort,  
The minstrels well might sound,  
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,  
He scatter'd angels round.  
" Welcome to Norham, Marmion !  
Stout heart, and open hand !  
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,  
Thou flower of English land ! " 150

## XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,  
With silver scutcheon round their neck,  
Stood on the steps of stone,  
By which you reach the donjon gate,  
And there, with herald pomp and state,  
They hail'd Lord Marmion :  
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town ;  
And he, their courtesy to requite, 160  
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight, -  
All as he lighted down.

“ Now, largesse, largesse, Lord Marmion,  
 Knight of the crest of gold !  
 A blazon'd shield, in battle won,  
 Ne'er guarded heart so bold.”

## XII.

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall,  
 Where the guests stood all aside,  
 And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call,  
 And the heralds loudly cried, 170  
 —“ Room, lordings, room for Lord Marmion,  
 With the crest and helm of gold !  
 Full well we know the trophies won  
 In the lists at Cottiswold :  
 There vainly Ralph de Wilton strove  
 'Gainst Marmion's force to stand ;  
 To him he lost his lady-love,  
 And to the King his land.  
 Ourselves beheld the listed field,  
 A sight both sad and fair ; 180  
 We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield,  
 And saw his saddle bare ;  
 We saw the victor win the crest  
 He wears with worthy pride ;  
 And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,  
 His foeman's scutcheon tied,  
 Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight !  
 Room, room, ye gentles gay ;  
 For him who conquer'd in the right,  
 Marmion of Fontenaye ! ” 190

## XIII.

Then stepp'd to meet that noble Lord,  
 Sir Hugh the Heron bold,  
 Baron of Twisell, and of Ford,  
 And Captain of the Hold.  
 He led Lord Marmion to the deas,  
 Raised o'er the pavement high,

And placed him in the upper place—  
 They feasted full and high :  
 The whiles a Northern harper rude  
 Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud, 200  
*“How the fierce Thirwalls, and Riddleys all,  
 Stout Willmonds-wick,  
 And Hardriding Dick,  
 And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will o’ the Wall,  
 Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,  
 And taken his life at the Deadman’s-shaw.”*  
 Scantly Lord Marmion’s ear could brook  
 The harper’s barbarous lay ;  
 Yet much he praised the pains he took,  
 And well those pains did pay : 210  
 For lady’s suit, and minstrel’s strain,  
 By knight should ne’er be heard in vain

## XIV.

“Now, good Lord Marmion,” Heron says,  
 “Of your fair courtesy,  
 I pray you bide some little space  
 In this poor tower with me.  
 Here may you keep your arms from rust,  
 May breathe your war-horse well ;  
 Seldom hath passed a week but giust  
 Or feat of arms befell . 220  
 The Scots can rein a mettled steed ;  
 And love to couch a spear ;—  
 Saint George ! a stirring life they lead,  
 That have such neighbours near.  
 Then stay with us a little space,  
 Our northern wars to learn ;  
 I pray you, for your lady’s grace !”  
 Lord Marmion’s brow grew stern.

## XV.

The Captain mark’d his alter’d look,  
 And gave a squire the sign ; 230

A mighty wassail-bowl he took,  
 And crown'd it high in wine.  
 "Now plédge me here, Lord Marmion :  
 But first I pray thee fair,  
 Where hast thou left that page of thine,  
 That used to serve thy cup of wine,  
 Whose beauty was so rare ?  
 When last in Raby towers we met,  
 The boy I closely eyed,  
 And often mark'd his cheeks were wet,                   240  
 With tears he fain would hide :  
 His was no rugged horse-boy's hand,  
 To burnish shield or sharpen brand,  
 Or saddle battle-steed ,  
 But meeter seem'd for lady fair,  
 To fan her cheek, or curl her hair,  
 Or through embroidery, rich and rare,  
 The slender silk to lead :  
 His skin was fair, his ringlets gold,  
 His bosom—when he sigh'd,                               250  
 The russet doublet's rugged fold  
 Could scarce repel its pride !  
 Say, hast thou given that lovely youth  
 To serve in lady's bower ?  
 Or was the gentle page, in sooth,  
 A gentle paramour ?"

## XVI.

Lord Marmion ill could brook such jest ;  
 He roll'd his kindling eye,  
 With pain his rising wrath suppress'd  
 Yet made a calm reply :                               260  
 "That boy thou thought'st so goodly fair,  
 He might not brook the northern air.  
 More of his fate if thou wouldst learn,  
 I left him sick in Lindisfarne .  
 Enough of him.—But, Heron, say,





Then did I march with Surrey's power, 300  
 What time we razed old Ayton tower,"—

## XIX.

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow,  
 Norham can find you guides enow;  
 For here be some have prick'd as far,  
 On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar,  
 Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,  
 And driven the beeves of Lauderdale,  
 Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,  
 And given them light to set their hoods."—

## XX.

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried, 310  
 "Were I in warlike wise to ride,  
 A better guard I would not lack,  
 Than your stout forayers at my back;  
 But, as in form of peace I go,  
 A friendly messenger, to know,  
 Why through all Scotland, near and far,  
 Their King is mustering troops for war,  
 The sight of plundering Border spears  
 Might justify suspicious fears,  
 And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil, 320  
 Break out in some unseemly broil:  
 A herald were my fitting guide;  
 Or friar, sworn in peace to bide;  
 Or pardoner, or travelling priest,  
 Or strolling pilgrim, at the least."

## XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,  
 And pass'd his hand across his face.  
 —"Fain would I find the guide you want,  
 But ill may spare a pursuivant,  
 The only men that safe can ride 330  
 Mine errands on the Scottish side:"

And though a bishop built this fort,  
 Few holy brethren here resort ;  
 Even our good chaplain, as I ween,  
 Since our last siege, we have not seen  
 The mass he might not sing or say,  
 Upon one stinted meal a-day ;  
 So, safe he sat in Durham aisle,  
 And pray'd for our success the while.  
 Our Norham vicar, woe betide, 340  
 Is all too well in case to ride ;  
 The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein  
 The wildest war-horse in your train ,  
 But then, no spearman in the hall  
 Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.  
 Friar John of Tillmouth were the man :  
 A blithesome brother at the can,  
 A welcome guest in hall and bower,  
 He knows each castle, town, and tower,  
 In which the wine and ale is good, 350  
 'Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood.  
 But that good man, as ill befalls,  
 Hath seldom left our castle walls,  
 Since, on the vigil of St. Bede,  
 In evil hour, he cross'd the Tweed,  
 To teach Dame Alison her creed.  
 Old Bughtrig found him with his wife ;  
 And John, an enemy to strife,  
 Sans frock and hood, fled for his life.  
 The jealous churl hath deeply swore, 360  
 That, if again he venture o'er,  
 He shall shrieve penitent no more.  
 Little he loves such risks, I know ;  
 Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

## XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board,  
 Carved to his uncle and that lord,

And reverently took up the word.  
 "Kind uncle, woe were we each one,  
 If harm should hap to brother John.  
 He is a man of mirthful speech, 370  
 Can many a game and gambol teach :  
 Full well at tables can he play,  
 And sweep at bowls the stake away.  
 None can a lustier carol bawl,  
 The needfullest among us all,  
 When time hangs heavy in the hall,  
 And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,  
 And we can neither hunt, nor ride  
 A foray on the Scottish side.  
 The vow'd revenge of Bughtrig rude, 380  
 May end in worse than loss of hood.  
 Let Friar John, in safety, still  
 In chimney-corner snore his fill,  
 Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill :  
 Last night, to Norham there came one,  
 Will better guide Lord Marmion."—  
 "Nephew," quoth Heron, "by my fay,  
 Well hast thou spoke, say forth thy say."—

## XXIII.

"Here is a holy Palmer come,  
 From Salem first, and last from Rome : 390  
 One, that hath kiss'd the blessed tomb,  
 And visited each holy shrine,  
 In Araby and Palestine ;  
 On hills of Armenie hath been,  
 Where Noah's ark may yet be seen ;  
 By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod,  
 Which parted at the prophet's rod ;  
 In Sinai's wilderness he saw  
 The Mount, where Israel heard the law,  
 'Mid thunder-dint, and flashing levin, 400  
 And shadows, mists, and darkness, given.

He shows Saint James's cockle-shell,  
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell ;  
And of that Grot where Olives nod,  
Where, darling of each heart and eye.  
From all the youth of Sicily,  
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

## XXIV.

"To stout Saint George of Norwich merry,  
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterbury,  
Cuthbert of Durham and Saint Bede,                   410  
For his sins' pardon hath he pray'd.  
He knows the passes of the North,  
And seeks far shrines beyond the Forth ;  
Little he eats, and long will wake,  
And drinks but of the stream or lake.  
This were a guide o'er moor and dale ;  
But, when our John hath quaff'd his ale,  
As little as the wind that blows,  
And warms itself against his nose,  
Kens he, or cares, which way he goes."—           420

## XXV.

"Gramercy !" quoth Lord Marmion,  
"Full loth were I, that Friar John,  
That venerable man, for me,  
Were placed in fear or jeopardy.  
If this same Palmer will me lead  
From hence to Holy-Rood,  
Like his good saint, I'll pay his meed,  
Instead of cockle-shell, or bead,  
With angels fair and good.  
I love such holy rambles ; still                   430  
They know to charm a weary hill,  
With song, romance, or lay :  
Some jovial tale, or glee, or jest,  
Some lying legend, at the least,  
They bring to cheer the way."—

## XXVI.

"Ah ! noble sir," young Selby said,  
 And finger on his lip he laid,  
 "This man knows much, perchance e'en more  
 Than he could learn by holy lore.  
 Still to himself he's muttering, 440  
 And shrinks as at some unseen thing.  
 Last night we listen'd at his cell ;  
 Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,  
 He murmur'd on till morn, howe'er  
 No living mortal could be near.  
 Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,  
 As other voices spoke again.  
 I cannot tell—I like it not—  
 Friar John hath told us it is wrote,  
 No conscience clear, and void of wrong, 450  
 Can rest awake, and pray so long.  
 Himself still sleeps before his beads  
 Have mark'd ten aves, and two creeds."—

## XXVII.

—"Let pass," quoth Marmion ; "by my fay,  
 This man shall guide me on my way,  
 Although the great arch-fiend and he  
 Had sworn themselves of company.  
 So please you, gentle youth, to call  
 This Palmer to the Castle-hall."  
 The summon'd Palmer came in place : 460  
 His sable cowl o'erhung his face ;  
 In his black mantle was he clad,  
 With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,  
 On his broad shoulders wrought ;  
 The scallop shell his cap did deck ;  
 The crucifix around his neck  
 Was from Loretto brought ;  
 His sandals were with travel tore,  
 Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore ;

The faded palm-branch in his hand      470  
Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

## XXVIII.

When as the Palmer came in hall,  
Nor lord, nor knight was there more tall.  
Or had a statelier step withal,  
Or look'd more high and keen ;  
For no saluting did he wait,  
But strode across the hall of state,  
And fronted Marmion where he sate,  
As he his peer had been.  
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil ;      480  
His cheek was sunk, alas the while !  
And when he struggled at a smile,  
His eye look'd haggard wild :  
Poor wretch ! the mother that him bare,  
If she had been in presence there,  
In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair,  
She had not known her child.  
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,  
Soon change the form that best we know—  
For deadly fear can time outgo,      490  
And blanch at once the hair ;  
Hard toil can roughen form and face,  
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,  
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace  
More deeply than despair.  
Happy whom none of these befall,  
But this poor Palmer knew them all.

## XXIX.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask ;  
The Palmer took on him the task,  
So he would march with morning tide,      500  
To Scottish court to be his guide.  
“ But I have solemn vows to pay,  
And may not linger by the way,

To fair St. Andrews bound,  
Within the ocean-cave to pray,  
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,  
From midnight to the dawn of day,  
    Sung to the billows' sound ;  
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,  
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,      510  
    And the crazed brain restore :  
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring  
Could back to peace my bosom bring,  
Or bid it throb no more !”

## xxx.

And now the midnight draught of sleep,  
Where wine and spices richly steep,  
In massive bowl of silver deep,  
    The page presents on knee.  
Lord Marmion drank a full good rest,  
The Captain pledged his noble guest,      520  
The cup went through among the rest,  
    Who drain'd it merrily ;  
Alone the Palmer pass'd it by,  
Though Selby press'd him courteously.  
This was a sign the feast was o'er ;  
It hush'd the merry wassel roar,  
    The minstrels ceased to sound.  
Soon in the castle nought was heard,  
But the slow footstep of the guard,  
    Pacing his sober round.      530

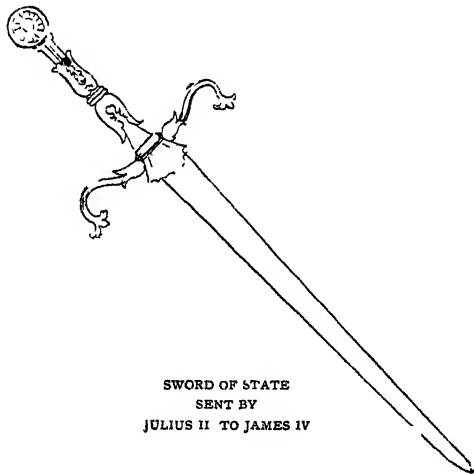
## xxxI.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose :  
And first the chapel doors unclosed ;  
Then, after morning rites were done,  
(A hasty mass from Friar John,)  
And knight and squire had broke their fast,  
On rich substantial repast,  
Lord Marmion's bugles blew to horse :

# Marmion

## CANTO I.

Then came the stirrup-cup in course :  
Between the Baron and his host,  
No point of courtesy was lost , 540  
High thanks were by Lord Marmion paid,  
Solemn excuse the Captain made,  
Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd  
That noble train, their Lord the last.  
Then loudly rung the trumpet call ;  
Thunder'd the cannon from the wall,  
And shook the Scottish shore ;  
Around the castle eddied slow,  
Volumes of smoke as white as snow, 550  
And hid its turrets hoar ;  
Till they roll'd forth upon the air,  
And met the river breezes there,  
Which gave again the prospect fair.



SWORD OF STATE  
SENT BY  
JULIUS II TO JAMES IV



## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND

TO THE

REV JOHN MARRIOTT, A M.

*Ashetiel, Ettrick Forest*

THE scenes are desert now, and bare,  
Where flourish'd once a forest fair,  
When these waste glens with copse were lined,  
And peopled with the hart and hind.  
Yon Thorn—perchance whose prickly spears  
Have fenced him for three hundred years,  
While fell around his green compeers—  
Yon lonely Thorn, would he could tell  
The changes of his parent dell,  
Since he, so grey and stubborn now, 10  
Waved in each breeze a sapling bough ;  
Would he could tell how deep the shade  
A thousand mingled branches made ;  
How broad the shadows of the oak,  
How clung the rowan to the rock,  
And through the foliage show'd his head,  
With narrow leaves and berries red ;  
What pines on every mountain sprung,  
O'er every dell what birches hung,  
In every breeze what aspens shook, 20  
What alders shaded every brook !

“ Here, 'in my shade,” methinks he'd say,  
“ The mighty stag at noon-tide lay :  
The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game,

(The neighbouring dingle bears his name,)  
 With lurching step around me prowl,  
 And stop, against the moon to howl ;  
 The mountain-boar, on battle set,  
 His tusks upon my stem would whet ;  
 While doe, and roe, and red-deer good,       30  
 Have bounded by, through gay green-wood.  
 Then oft, from Newark's riven tower,  
 Sallied a Scottish monarch's power :  
 A thousand vassals muster'd round,  
 With horse, and hawk, and horn, and hound ;  
 And I might see the youth intent,  
 Guard every pass with crossbow bent ,  
 And through the brake the rangers stalk,  
 And falcners hold the ready hawk ;  
 And foresters, in green-wood trim,       40  
 Lead in the leash the gazehounds grim,  
 Attentive, as the bratchet's bay  
 From the dark covert drove the prey,  
 To slip them as he broke away.  
 The startled quarry bounds amain,  
 As fast the gallant greyhounds strain ;  
 Whistles the arrow from the bow,  
 Answers the harquebuss below ,  
 While all the rocking hills reply,  
 To hoof-clang, hound, and hunters' cry,       50  
 And bugles ringing lightsomely."

Of such proud huntings, many tales  
 Yet linger in our lonely dales,  
 Up pathless Ettrick and on Yarrow,  
 Where erst the outlaw drew his arrow.  
 But not more blithe that silvan court,  
 Than we have been at humbler sport ;  
 Though small our pomp, and mean our game,  
 Our mirth, dear Marriott, was the same.  
 Remember'st thou my greyhounds, true ?       60

O'erholt or hill there never flew,  
From slip or leash there never sprang,  
More fleet of foot, or sure of fang.  
Nor dull, between each merry chase,  
Pass'd by the intermitted space ;  
For we had fair resource in store,  
In Classic and in Gothic lore.  
We mark'd each memorable scene,  
And held poetic talk between ;  
Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along, 70  
But had its legend or its song.  
All silent now—for now are still  
Thy bowers, untenanted Bowhill !  
No longer, from thy mountains dun,  
The yeoman hears the well-known gun,  
And while his honest heart glows warm,  
At thought of his paternal farm,  
Round to his mates a brimmer fills,  
And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills !" 80  
No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers,  
Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers,  
Fair as the elves whom Janet saw  
By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh ;  
No youthful Baron's left to grace  
The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase,  
And ape, in manly step and tone,  
The majesty of Oberon :  
And she is gone, whose lovely face  
Is but her least and lowest grace ;  
Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given, 90  
To show our earth the charms of Heaven,  
She could not glide along the air,  
With form more light, or face more fair.  
No more the widow's deafen'd ear  
Grows quick that lady's step to hear :  
At noontide she expects her not,  
Nor busies her to trim the cot ;

Pensive she turns her humming wheel,  
Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal ;  
Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread, 100  
The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,  
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,  
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,  
Till all his eddying currents boil,—  
Her long-descended lord is gone,  
And left us by the stream alone.  
And much I miss those sportive boys,  
Companions of my mountain joys,  
Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth, 110  
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.  
Close to my side, with what delight  
They press'd to hear of Wallace wight,  
When, pointing to his airy mound,  
I call'd his ramparts holy ground !  
Kindled their brows to hear me speak ;  
And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,  
Despite the difference of our years,  
Return again the glow of theirs.  
Ah, happy boys ! such feelings pure, 120  
They will not, cannot, long endure ;  
Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide,  
You may not linger by the side ;  
For Fate shall thrust you from the shore,  
And Passion ply the sail and oar.  
Yet cherish the remembrance still,  
Of the lone mountain, and the rill ,  
For trust, dear boys, the time will come,  
When fiercer transport shall be dumb,  
And you will think right frequently, 130  
But, well I hope, without a sigh,  
On the free hours that we have spent  
Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone,  
Something, my friend, we yet may gain ;  
There is a pleasure in this pain :  
It soothes the love of lonely rest,  
Deep in each gentler heart impress'd.  
'Tis silent amid worldly toils, 140  
And stifled soon by mental broils ,  
But, in a bosom thus prepared,  
Its still small voice is often heard,  
Whispering a mingled sentiment,  
'Twixt resignation and content.  
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,  
By lone Saint Mary's silent lake ;  
Thou know'st it well,—nor fen, nor sedge,  
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge ;  
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink 150  
At once upon the level brink ;  
And just a trace of silver sand  
Marks where the water meets the land.  
Far in the murmur, bright and blue,  
Each hill's huge outline you may view ;  
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,  
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there,  
Save where, of land, yon slender line  
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.  
Yet even this nakedness has power, 160  
And aids the feeling of the hour .  
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,  
Where living thing conceal'd might lie ;  
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,  
Where swain, or woodmen lone, might dwell ;  
There's nothing left to fancy's guess,  
You see that all is loneliness :  
And silence aids—though the steep hills  
Send to the lake a thousand rills ;  
In summer-tide, so soft they weep, 170

The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;  
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,  
So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear,  
But well I ween the dead are near ;  
For though, in feudal strife, a foe  
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,  
Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil,  
The peasant rests him from his toil,  
And, dying, bids his bones be laid, 180  
Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife,  
And fate had cut my ties to life,  
Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,  
And rear again the chaplain's cell,  
Like that same peaceful hermitage,  
Where Milton long'd to spend his age.  
'Twere sweet to mark the setting day,  
On Bourhope's lonely top decay ;  
And, as it faint and feeble died 190  
On the broad lake, and mountain's side,  
To say, " Thus pleasures fade away ;  
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,  
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey ;"  
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,  
And think on Yarrow's faded Flower :  
And when that mountain-sound I heard.  
Which bids us be for storm prepared,  
The distant rustling of his wings,  
As up his force the Tempest brings, 200  
'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,  
To sit upon the Wizard's grave ;  
That Wizard Priest's, whose bones are thrust  
From company of holy dust ;  
On which no sunbeam ever shines—  
(So superstition's creed divines)—

Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,  
Heave her broad billows to the shore ;  
And mark the wild-swans mount the gale,  
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail, 210  
And ev'ér stoop again, to lave  
Their bosoms on the surging wave :  
Then, when against the driving hail  
No longer might my plaid avail,  
Back to my lonely home retire,  
And light my lamp, and trim my fire ;  
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,  
Till the wild tale had all its sway,  
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,  
I heard unearthly voices speak, 220  
And thought the Wizard Priest was come,  
To claim again his ancient home !  
And bade my busy fancy range,  
To frame him fitting shape and strange,  
Till from the task my brow I clear'd,  
And smiled to think that I had fear'd.

But chief, 'twere sweet to think such life,  
(Though but escape from fortune's strife,)  
Something most matchless good and wise,  
A great and grateful sacrifice ; 230  
And deem each hour to musing given,  
A step upon the road to heaven.

Yet him, whose heart is ill at ease,  
Such peaceful solitudes displease:  
He loves to drown his bosom's jar  
Amid the elemental war :  
And my black Palmer's choice had been  
Some ruder and more savage scene,  
Like that which frowns round dark Loch-Skene.  
There eagles scream from isle to shore ; 240  
Down all the rocks the torrents roar ;  
O'er the black waves incessant driven,

Dark mists infect the summer heaven ;  
Through the rude barriers of the lake,  
Away its hurrying waters break,  
Faster and whiter dash and curl,  
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.  
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,  
Thunders the viewless stream below,  
Diving, as if condemn'd to lave 250  
Some demon's subterranean cave,  
Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,  
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.  
And well that Palmer's form and mien  
Had suited with the stormy scene,  
Just on the edge, straining his ken  
To view the bottom of the den,  
Where, deep deep down, and far within,  
Toils with the rocks the roaring linn ;  
Then, issuing forth one foamy wave, 260  
And wheeling round the Giant's Grave,  
White as the snowy charger's tail,  
Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,  
To many a Border theme has rung :  
Then list to me, and thou shalt know  
Of this mysterious Man of Woe.



## CANTO SECOND

### THE CONVENT

#### I.

THE breeze, which swept away the smoke,  
Round Norham Castle roll'd,  
When all the loud artillery spoke,  
With lightning-flash, and thunder-stroke,  
As Marmion left the Hold.  
It curl'd not Tweed alone, that breeze,  
For, far upon Northumbrian seas,  
It freshly blew, and strong,  
Where, from high Whitby's cloister'd pile,  
Bound to St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle, 10  
It bore a bark along.  
Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,  
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,  
As she were dancing home ;  
The merry seamen laugh'd, to see  
Their gallant ship so lustily  
Furrow the green sea-foam.  
Much joy'd they in their honour'd freight ;  
For, on the deck, in chair of state,  
The Abbess of Saint Hilda placed, 20  
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

#### II.

'Twas sweet to see those holy maids,  
Like birds escaped to green-wood shades,  
Their first flight from the cage,  
How timid, and how curious too,

For all to them was strange and new,  
 And all the common sights they view,  
 Their wonderment engage.  
 One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail,  
 With many a benedicite ; 30  
 One at the rippling surge grew pale,  
 And would for terror pray ;  
 Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh,  
 His round black head, and sparkling eye,  
 Rear'd o'er the foaming spray ;  
 And one would still adjust her veil,  
 Disorder'd by the summer gale,  
 Perchance lest some more worldly eye  
 Her dedicated charms might spy ;  
 Perchance, because such action graced 40  
 Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist.  
 Light was each simple bosom there,  
 Save two, who ill might pleasure share,—  
 The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

## III.

The Abbess was of noble blood,  
 But early took the veil and hood,  
 Ere upon life she cast a look,  
 Or knew the world that she forsook.  
 Fair too she was, and kind had been 50  
 As she was fair, but ne'er had seen  
 For her a timid lover sigh,  
 Nor knew the influence of her eye.  
 Love, to her ear, was but a name,  
 Combined with vanity and shame ;  
 Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all  
 Bound within the cloister wall .  
 The deadliest sin her mind could reach,  
 Was of monastic rule the breach ;  
 And her ambition's highest aim  
 To emulate Saint Hilda's fame. 60

For this she gave her ample dower,  
 To raise the convent's eastern tower ;  
 For this, with carving rare and quaint,  
 She deck'd the chapel of the saint,  
 And gave the relic-shrine of cost,  
 With ivory and gems émboss'd.  
 The poor her Convent's bounty blest,  
 The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

## IV.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule  
 Reform'd on Benedictine school, 70  
 Her cheek was pale, her form was spare ;  
 Vigils, and penitence austere,  
 Had early quench'd the light of youth,  
 But gentle was the dame, in sooth ;  
 Though vain of her religious sway,  
 She loved to see her maids obey,  
 Yet nothing stern was she in cell,  
 And the nuns loved their Abbess well.  
 Sad was this voyage to the dame ;  
 Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came, 80  
 There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,  
 And Tynemouth's Prioress, to hold  
 A chapter of Saint Benedict,  
 For inquisition stern and strict,  
 On two apostates from the faith,  
 And, if need were, to doom to death.

## V.

Nought say I here of Sister Clare,  
 Save this, that she was young and fair ;  
 As yet a novice unprofess'd,  
 Lovely and gentle, but distress'd. 90  
 She was betroth'd to one now dead,  
 Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled,  
 Her kinsmen bade her give her hand  
 To one, who loved her for her land :

Herself almost heart-broken now,  
Was bent to take the vestal vow,  
And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloom,  
Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloom.

## VI.

She sate upon the galley's prow,  
And seem'd to mark the waves below ; 100  
Nay, seem'd, so fix'd her look and eye,  
To count them as they glided by.  
She saw them not—'twas seeming all—  
Far other scene her thoughts recall,—  
A sur-scorch'd desert, waste and bare,  
Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd there ;  
There saw she, where some careless hand  
O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sand,  
To hide it till the jackals come, 110  
To tear it from the scanty tomb.  
See what a woful look was given,  
As she raised up her eyes to heaven !

## VII.

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd—  
These charms might tame the fiercest breast :  
Harpers have sung, and poets told,  
That he, in fury uncontroll'd,  
The shaggy monarch of the wood,  
Before a virgin, fair and good,  
Hath pacified his savage mood.  
But passions in the human frame, 120  
Oft put the lion's rage to shame :  
And jealousy, by dark intrigue,  
With sc'did avarice in league,  
Had practised with their bowl and knife,  
Against the mourner's harmless life.  
This crime was charged 'gainst those who lay  
Prison'd in Cuthbert's islet grey.

As to the port the galley flew,  
Higher and higher rose to view  
The Castle with its battled walls,  
The ancient Monastery's halls,  
A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile,  
Placed on the margin of the isle.

## X.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,  
With massive arches broad and round,  
That rose alternate, row and row, 170  
On ponderous columns, short and low,  
Built ere the art was known,  
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,  
The arcades of an alley'd walk  
To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane  
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain ;  
And needful was such strength to these,  
Exposed to the tempestuous seas,  
Scourged by the winds' eternal sway, 180  
Open to rovers fierce as they,  
Which could twelve hundred years withstand  
Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.  
Not but that portions of the pile,  
Rebuilt in a later style,  
Showed where the spoiler's hand had been ;  
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen  
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,  
And rounded, with consuming power, 190  
The pointed angles of each tower ;  
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,  
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

## XI.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong,  
The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song,

And with the sea-wave and the wind,  
 Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined,  
 And made harmonious close ;  
 Then, answering from the sandy shore,  
 Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar, 200  
 According chorus rose  
 Down to the haven of the Isle,  
 The monks and nuns in order file,  
 From Cuthbert's cloisters grim ;  
 Banner, and cross, and relics there,  
 To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare ;  
 And, as they caught the sounds on air,  
 They echoed back the hymn.  
 The islanders, in joyous mood,  
 Rush'd emulously through the flood, 210  
 To hale the bark to land ;  
 Conspicuous by her veil and hood,  
 Signing the cross, the Abbess stood,  
 And bless'd them with her hand.

## XII.

Suppose we now the welcome said,  
 Suppose the Convent banquet made ;  
 All through the holy dome,  
 Through cloister, aisle, and gallery,  
 Wherever vestal maid might pry,  
 Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye, 220  
 The stranger sisters roam :  
 Till fell the evening damp with dew,  
 And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew,  
 For there, even summer night is chill.  
 Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill,  
 They closed around the fire ;  
 And all, in turn, essay'd to paint  
 The rival merits of their saint,  
 A theme that ne'er can tire  
 A holy maid ; for, be it known, 230  
 That their saint's honour is their own.

## XIII.

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,  
 How to their house three Barons bold  
     Must menial service do ;  
 While horns blow out a note of shame,  
 And monks cry " Fy! upon your name !  
 In wrath, for loss of silvan game,  
     Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."—  
 " This, on Ascension-day, each year,  
 While labouring on our harbour-pier,      240  
 Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."—  
 They told, how in their convent-cell  
 A Saxon princess once did dwell,  
     The lovely Edelfled ;  
 And how, of thousand snakes, each one  
 Was changed into a coil of stone,  
     When holy Hilda pray'd ;  
 Themselves, within their holy bound,  
 Their stony folds had often found.  
 They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,      250  
 As over Whitby's towers they sail,  
 And, sinking down, with flutterings faint,  
 They do their homage to the saint.

## XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters fail,  
 To vie with these in holy tale ;  
 His body's resting-place, of old,  
 How oft their patron changed, they told ;  
 How, when the rude Dane burn'd their pile,  
 The monks fled forth from Holy Isle ;  
 O'er northern mountain, marsh, and moor,      260  
 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 Seven years Saint Cuthbert's corpse they bore.  
     They rested them in fair Melrose ;  
     But though, alive, he loved it well,  
 Not there his relics might repose :  
     For, wondrous tale to tell !

In his stone-coffin forth he rides,  
 A ponderous bark for river tides,  
 Yet light as gossamer it glides,  
 Downward to Tillmouth cell. 270  
 Nor long was his abiding there,  
 For southward did the saint repair ;  
 Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw  
 His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw  
 Hail'd him with joy and fear ,  
 And, after many wanderings past,  
 He chose his lordly seat at last,  
 Where his cathedral, huge and vast,  
 Looks down upon the Wear  
 There, deep in Durham's Gothic shade, 280  
 His relics are in secret laid ;  
 But none may know the place,  
 Save of his holiest servants three,  
 Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
 Who share that wondrous grace.

## XV.

Who may his miracles declare !  
 Even Scotland's dauntless king, and heir,  
 (Although with them they led  
 Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale,  
 And Lodon's knights, all sheathed in mail, 290  
 And the bold men of Teviotdale,)

Before his standard fled.  
 Twas he, to vindicate his reign,  
 Edged Alfred's falchion on the Dane,  
 And turn'd the Conqueror back again,  
 When, with his Norman bowyer band,  
 He came to waste Northumberland.

## XVI.

But fain Saint Hilda's nuns would learn  
 If, on a rock, by Lindisfarne,



SAT Cuthbert sits, and toils to frame      300  
 The sea-born beads that bear his name .  
 Such tales had Whitby's fishers told,  
 And said they might his shape behold,  
     And hear his anvil sound ;  
 A deaden'd clang,—a huge dim form,  
 Seen but, and heard, when gathering storm  
     And night were closing round.  
 But this, as tale of idle fame,  
 The nuns of Lindisfarne disclaim.

## XVII.

While round the fire such legends go,      310  
 Far different was the scene of woe,  
 Where, in a secret aisle beneath,  
 Council was held of life and death.  
     It was more dark and lone that vault,  
     Than the worst dungeon cell :  
     Old Colwulf built it, for his fault,  
     In penitence to dwell,  
 When he, for cowl and beads, laid down  
 The Saxon battle-axe and crown.  
 This den, which, chilling every sense      320  
     Of feeling, hearing, sight,  
 Was call'd the Vault of Penitence,  
     Excluding air and light,  
 Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made  
 A place of burial for such dead,  
 As, having died in mortal sin,  
 Might not be laid the church within.  
 'Twas now a place of punishment ;  
 Whence if so loud a shriek were sent,  
     As reach'd the upper air,      330  
 The hearers bless'd themselves, and said,  
 The spirits of the sinful dead  
     Bemoan'd their torments there.

## XVIII.

But though, in the monastic pile,  
 Did of this penitential aisle  
     Some vague tradition go,  
 Few only, save the Abbot, knew  
 Where the place lay, and still more few  
 Were those, who had from him the clew  
     To that dread vault to go. 340  
 Victim and executioner  
 Were blindfold when transported there.  
 In low dark rounds the arches hung,  
 From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;  
 The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er,  
 Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,  
 Were all the pavement of the floor;  
 The mildew-drops fell one by one,  
 With twinkling splash, upon the stone.  
 A cresset, in an iron chain, 350  
 Which served to light this drear domain,  
 With damp and darkness seem'd to strive,  
 As if it scarce might keep alive;  
 And yet it dimly served to show  
 The awful conclave met below.

## XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy,  
 Were placed the heads of convents three :  
 All servants of Saint Benedict,  
 The statutes of whose order strict  
     On iron table lay ; 360  
 In long black dress, on seats of stone,  
 Behind were these three judges shown  
     By the pale cresset's ray :  
 The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,  
 Sat for a space with visage bare,  
 Until, to hide her bosom's swell,  
 And tear-drops that for pity fell,

She closely drew her veil :  
Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,  
By her proud mien and flowing dress, 370  
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,

And she with awe looks pale :  
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight  
Has long been quench'd by age's night,  
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,  
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace, is shown,  
Whose look is hard and stern,—  
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style ;  
For sanctity call'd, through the isle,  
The Saint of Lindisfarne. 380

## XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair ;  
But, though an equal fate they share,  
Yet one alone deserves our care.  
Her sex a page's dress belied ;  
The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,  
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.  
Her cap down o'er her face she drew ;  
And, on her doublet breast,  
She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
Lord Marmion's falcon crest. 390

But, at the Prioress' command,  
A monk undid the silken band,  
That tied her tresses fair,  
And raised the bonnet from her head,  
And down her slender form they spread,  
In ringlets rich and rare.  
Constance de Beverley they know,  
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,  
Whom the Church number'd with the dead,  
For broken vows, and convent fled. 400

## XXI.

When thus her face was given to view,  
(Although so pallid was her hue,

It did a ghastly contrast bear  
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,  
 Her look composed, and steady eye,  
 Bespoke a matchless constancy ;  
 And there she stood so calm and pale,  
 That, but her breathing did not fail,  
 And motion slight of eye and head,  
 And of her bosom, warranted 410  
 That neither sense nor pulse she lacks,  
 You might have thought a form of wax,  
 Wrought to the very life, was there ;  
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.

## XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul,  
 Such as does murder for a meed ;  
 Who, but of fear, knows no control,  
 Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,  
 Feels not the import of his deed ;  
 One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires 420  
 Beyond his own more brute desires.  
 Such tools the Tempter ever needs,  
 To do the savagest of deeds ;  
 For them no vision'd terrors daunt,  
 Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,  
 One fear with them, of all most base,  
 The fear of death,—alone finds place.  
 This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,  
 And shamed not loud to moan and howl,  
 His body on the floor to dash, 430  
 And crouch, like hound beneath the lash,  
 While his mute partner, standing near,  
 Waited her doom without a tear.

## XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek,  
 Well might her paleness terror speak !  
 For there were seen in that dark wall,

Two niches, narrow, deep and tall ;—  
 Who enters at such grisly door,  
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.  
 In each a slender meal was laid, 440  
 Of roots, of water, and of bread :  
 By each, in Benedictine dress,  
 Two haggard monks stood motionless ;  
 Who, holding high a blazing torch.  
 Show'd the grim entrance of the porch :  
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
 The dark-red walls and arches gleam.  
 Hewn stones and cement were display'd,  
 And building tools in order laid.

## XXIV.

These executioners were chose, 450  
 As men who were with mankind foes,  
 And with despite and envy fired,  
 Into the cloister had retired ;  
 Or who, in desperate doubt of grace,  
 Strove, by deep penance, to efface  
 Of some foul crime the stain ;  
 For, as the vassals of her will,  
 Such men the Church selected still,  
 As either joy'd in doing ill,  
 Or thought more grace to gain, 460  
 If, in her cause, they wrestled down  
 Feelings their nature strove to own.  
 By strange device were they brought there,  
 They knew not how, nor knew not where.

## XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose,  
 To speak the Chapter's doom,  
 On those the wall was to enclose,  
 Alive, within the tomb ;  
 But stopp'd, because that woful Maid,  
 Gathering her powers, to speak essay'd. 470

Twice she essay'd, and twice in vain ;  
 Her accents might no utterance gain ;  
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip  
 From her convulsed and quivering lip ;  
 'Twixt each attempt all was so still,  
 You seem'd to hear a distant rill—  
 'Twas ocean's swells and falls ;  
 For though this vault of sin and fear  
 Was to the sounding surge so near,  
 A tempest there you scarce could hear, 480  
 So massive were the walls.

## XXVI.

At length, an effort sent apart  
 The blood that curdled to her heart,  
 And light came to her eye,  
 And colour dawned upon her cheek  
 A hectic and a flutter'd streak,  
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak,  
 By Autumn's stormy sky ;  
 And when her silence broke at length,  
 Still as she spoke she gather'd strength, 490  
 And arm'd herself to bear.  
 It was a fearful sight to see  
 Such high resolve and constancy,  
 In form so soft and fair.

## XXVII.

"I speak not to implore your grace,  
 Well know I, for one minute's space  
 Successless might I sue :  
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain ;  
 For if a death of lingering pain,  
 To cleanse my sins, be penance vain, 500  
 Vain are your masses too.—  
 I listen'd to a traitor's tale,  
 I left the convent and the veil ;  
 For three long years I bow'd my pride,  
 A horse-boy in his train to ride ;

And well my folly's meed he gave,  
 Who forfeited, to be his slave,  
 All here, and all beyond the grave.—  
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,  
 He knew her of broad lands the heir, 510  
 Forgot his vows, his faith foreswore,  
 And Constance was beloved no more.—  
 'Tis an old tale, and often told ;  
 But did my fate and wish agree,  
 Ne'er had been read, in story old,  
 Of maiden true betray'd for gold,  
 That loved, or was avenged, like me !

## XXVIII.

“ The King approved his favourite's aim ;  
 In vain a rival barr'd his claim,  
 Whose fate with Clare's was plight, 520  
 For he attaints that rival's fame  
 With treason's charge—and on they came,  
 In mortal lists to fight.  
 Their oaths are said,  
 Their prayers are pray'd,  
 Their lances in the rest are laid,  
 They meet in mortal shock ;  
 And, hark ! the throng, with thundering cry,  
 Shout ‘ Marmion, Marmion ! to the sky,  
 De Wilton to the block ! ’ 530  
 Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide  
 When in the lists two champions ride,  
 Say, was Heaven's justice here ?  
 When, loyal in his love and faith,  
 Wilton found overthrow or death,  
 Beneath a traitor's spear ?  
 How false the charge, how true he fell,  
 This guilty packet best can tell.”—  
 Then drew a packet from her breast,  
 Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the rest. 540

## XXIX.

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid ;  
 To Whitby's convent fled the maid,  
 The hated match to shun,  
 'Ho ! shifts she thus ?' King Henry cried,  
 'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride,  
 If she were sworn a nun.'  
 One way remain'd—the King's command  
 Sent Marmion to the Scottish land :  
 I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd  
 For Clara and for me :  
 This catiff Monk, for gold, did swear,  
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,  
 And, by his drugs, my rival fair  
 A saint in heaven should be.  
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,  
 Whose cowardice has undone us both.

550

## XXX.

"And now my tongue the secret tells,  
 Not that remorse my bosom swells.  
 But to assure my soul that none  
 Shall ever wed with Marmion.  
 Had fortune my last hope betray'd,  
 This packet, to the King convey'd,  
 Had given him to the headsman's stroke,  
 Although my heart that instant broke.—  
 Now, men of death, work forth your will,  
 For I can suffer, and be still ;  
 And come he slow, or come he fast,  
 It is but Death who comes at last.

560

## XXXI.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb,  
 Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome !  
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake,  
 Full soon such vengeance will he take,  
 That you shall wish the fiery Dane

570



Had rather been your guest again.  
 Behind, a darker hour ascends !  
 The altars quake, the crosier bends,  
 The ire of a despotic King  
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing ;  
 Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,  
 Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep ;  
 Some traveller then shall find my bones  
 580  
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
 And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
 Marvel such relics here should be."

## XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air :  
 Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair ,  
 The locks, that wont her brow to shade,  
 Stared up erectly from her head ;  
 Her figure seem'd to rise more high ;  
 Her voice, despair's wild energy  
 590  
 Had given a tone of prophecy.  
 Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate ;  
 With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
 Gazed on the light inspired form,  
 And listen'd for the avenging storm ,  
 The judges felt the victim's dread ;  
 No hand was moved, no word was said,  
 Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,  
 Raising his sightless balls to heaven :—  
 "Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;  
 600  
 Sinful brother, part in peace !"  
 From that dire dungeon, place of doom,  
 Of execution too, and tomb,  
 Pace forth the judges three ;  
 Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
 The butcher-work that there befell,  
 When they had glided from the cell  
 Of sin and misery.

## XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey  
That conclave to the upper day ; 610  
But, ere they breathed the fresher air,  
They heard the shriekings of despair,  
And many a stifled groan :  
With speed their upward way they take,  
(Such speed as age and fear can make,)  
And cross'd themselves for terror's sake,  
As hurrying, tottering on :  
Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,  
They seem'd to hear a dying groan,  
And bade the passing knell to toll 620  
For welfare of a parting soul.  
Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,  
Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;  
To Warkworth cell the echoes roll'd,  
His beads the wakeful hermit told,  
The Bamborough peasant raised his head,  
But slept ere half a prayer he said ;  
So far was heard the mighty knell,  
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,  
Spread his broad nostril to the wind, 630  
Listed before, aside, behind,  
Then couch'd him down beside the hind,  
And quaked among the mountain fern,  
To hear that sound so dull and stern.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD

TO

WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq.

*Ashetsiel, Ettrick Forest.*

LIKE April morning clouds, that pass,  
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,  
And imitate, on field and furrow,  
Life's chequer'd scene of joy and sorrow ;  
Like streamlet of the mountain north,  
Now in a torrent racing forth,  
Now winding slow its silver train,  
And almost slumbering on the plain ;  
Like breezes of the autumn day,  
Whose voice inconstant dies away,                    10  
And ever swells again as fast,  
When the ear deems its murmur past ;  
Thus various, my romantic theme  
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.  
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace  
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race ;  
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,  
Weaving its maze irregular ;  
And pleased, we listen as the breeze  
Heaves its wild sigh through Autumn trees ;                    20  
Then, wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,  
Flow on, flow unconfined, my Tale !

Need I to thee, dear Erskine, tell  
I love the license all too well,  
In sounds now lowly, and now strong,  
To raise the desultory song ?—

Oft, when 'mid such capricious chime,  
 Some transient fit of lofty rhyme  
 To thy kind judgment seem'd excuse  
 For many an error of the muse, 30  
 Oft hast thou said, "If, still mis-spent,  
 Thine hours to poetry 'are lent,  
 Go, and to tame thy wandering course,  
 Quaff from the fountain at the source ;  
 Approach those masters, o'er whose tomb  
 Immortal laurels ever bloom :  
 Instructive of the feebler bard,  
 Still from the grave their voice is heard ;  
 From them, and from the paths they show'd,  
 Choose honour'd guide and practised road, 40  
 Nor ramble on through brake and maze,  
 With harpers rude of barbarous days.

"Or deem'st thou not our later time  
 Yields topic meet for classic rhyme ?  
 Hast thou no elegiac verse  
 For Brunswick's venerable hearse ?  
 What ! not a line, a tear, a sigh,  
 When valour bleeds for liberty ?—  
 Oh, hero of that glorious time,  
 When, with unrivall'd light sublime,— 50  
 Though martial Austria, and though all  
 The might of Russia, and the Gaul,  
 Though banded Europe stood her foes—  
 The star of Brandenburg arose !  
 Thou couldst not live to see her beam  
 For ever quench'd in Jena's stream.  
 Lamented Chief !—it was not given  
 To thee to change the doom of Heaven,  
 And crush that dragon in its birth,  
 Predestin'd scourge of guilty earth. 60  
 Lamented Chief !—not thine the power,  
 To save in that presumptuous hour,

When Prussia hurried to the field,  
 And snatch'd the spear, but left the shield !  
 Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,  
 And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.  
 Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair  
 The last, the bitterest pang to share,  
 For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,  
 And birthrights to usurpers given ; 70  
 Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,  
 And witness woes thou couldst not heal !  
 On thee relenting Heaven bestows  
 For honour'd life an honour'd close ;  
 And when revolves, in time's sure change,  
 The hour of Germany's revenge,  
 When, breathing fury for her sake,  
 Some new Arminius shall awake,  
 Her champion, ere he strike, shall come  
 To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK's tomb. 80

"Or of the Red-Cross hero teach,  
 Dauntless in dungeon as on breach :  
 Alike to him the sea, the shore,  
 The brand, the bridle, or the oar :  
 Alike to him the war that calls  
 Its votaries to the shatter'd walls,  
 Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood,  
 Against the Invincible made good ;  
 Or that, whose thundering voice could wake  
 The silence of the polar lake, 90  
 When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede,  
 On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd ;  
 Or that, where Vengeance and Affright  
 Howl'd round the father of the fight,  
 Who snatch'd, on Alexandria's sand,  
 The conqueror's wreath with dying hand.

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine,  
 Restore the ancient tragic line,

And emulate the notes that wrung  
 From the wild harp, which silent hung 100  
 By silver Avon's holy shore,  
 Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er ;  
 When she, the bold Enchantress, came.  
 With fearless hand and heart on flame  
 From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,  
 And swept it with a kindred measure,  
 Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove  
 With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,  
 Awakening at the inspired strain,  
 Deem'd their own Shakespeare lived again." 110

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,  
 With praises not to me belonging,  
 In task more meet for mightiest powers,  
 Would thou engage my thriftless hours.  
 But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd  
 That secret power by all obey'd,  
 Which warps not less the passive mind,  
 Its source conceal'd or undefined ;  
 Whether an impulse, that has birth  
 Soon as the infant wakes on earth, 120  
 One with our feelings and our powers,  
 And rather part of us than ours ;  
 Or whether fittier term'd the sway  
 Of habit, form'd in early day ?  
 Howe'er derived, its force confest  
 Rules with despotic sway the breast,  
 And drags us on by viewless chain,  
 While taste and reason plead in vain.  
 Look east and ask the Belgian why,  
 Beneath Batavia's sultry sky, 130  
 He seeks not eager to inhale  
 The freshness of the mountain gale,  
 Content to rear his whiten'd wall  
 Beside the dank and dull canal ?

He'll say, from youth he loved to see  
The white sail gliding by the tree.  
Or see yon weatherbeaten hind,  
Whose sluggish herds before him wind,  
Whose tatter'd plaid and rugged cheek  
His northern clime and kindred speak, 140  
Through England's laughing meads he goes,  
And England's wealth around him flows ;  
Ask, if it would content him well,  
At ease in those gay plains to dwell,  
Where hedge-rows spread a verdant screen,  
And spires and forests intervene,  
And the neat cottage peeps between ?  
No ! not for these will he exchange  
His dark Lochaber's boundless range :  
Not for fair Devon's meads forsake 150  
Bennevis grey, and Garry's lake.

Thus while I ape the measure wild  
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,  
Rude though they be, still with the chime  
Return the thoughts of early time ,  
And feelings, roused in life's first day,  
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay  
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,  
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.  
Though no broad river swept along, 160  
To claim, perchance, heroic song ;  
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,  
To prompt of love a softer tale ;  
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed  
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed ;  
Yet was poetic impulse given,  
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.  
It was a barren scene, and wild,  
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;  
But ever and anon between 170

Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green ;  
And well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,  
And honey-suckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.  
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all its round survey'd ;  
And still I thought that shatter'd tower  
The mightiest work of human power ;  
And marvell'd as the aged hind 180  
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,  
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,  
Down from that strength had spur'd their horse,  
Their southern rapine to renew,  
Far in the distant Cheviots blue,  
And, home returning, fill'd the hall  
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.  
Methought that still with trump and clang,  
The gateway's broken arches rang ,  
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars, 190  
Glared through the window's rusty bars,  
And ever, by the winter hearth,  
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,  
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,  
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms ;  
Of patriot battles, won of old  
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;  
Of later fields of feud and fight,  
When, pouring from their Highland height,  
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway, 200  
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.  
While stretch'd at length upon the floor,  
Again I fought each combat o'er,  
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,  
The mimic ranks of war display'd ;  
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,  
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.



Still, with vain fondness, could I trace,  
 Anew, each kind familiar face,  
 That brighten'd at our evening fire ! 210  
 From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd Sire,  
 Wise without learning, plain and good,  
 And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood ;  
 Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,  
 Show'd what in youth its glance had been ;  
 Whose doom discording neighbours sought,  
 Content with equity unbought ;  
 To him the venerable Priest,  
 Our frequent and familiar guest,  
 Whose life and manners well could paint 220  
 Alike the student and the saint ;  
 Alas ! whose speech too oft I broke  
 With gambol rude and timeless joke :  
 For I was wayward, bold, and wild,  
 A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child ;  
 But half a plague, and half a jest,  
 Was still endured, beloved, caress'd.

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask  
 The classic poet's well-conn'd task ?  
 Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill 230  
 Let the wild heath-bell flourish still ;  
 Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,  
 But freely let the woodbine twine,  
 And leave untrimm'd the eglantine :  
 Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise  
 Hath given fresh vigour to my lays ;  
 Since oft thy judgment could refine  
 My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line ;  
 Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,  
 And in the minstrel spare the friend 240  
 Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,  
 Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale !

## CANTO THIRD

### THE HOSTEL, OR INN

#### I.

THE livelong day Lord Marmion rode .  
The mountain path the Palmer show'd,  
By glen and streamlet winded still,  
Where stunted birches hid the rill.  
They might not choose the lowland road,  
For the Merse forayers were abroad,  
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,  
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.  
Oft on the trampling band, from crown  
Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down ;      10  
On wing of jet, from his repose  
In the deep heath, the black-cock rose ;  
Sprung from the gorse the timid roe,  
Nor waited for the bending bow ;  
And when the stony path began,  
By which the naked peak they wan,  
Up flew the snowy ptarmigan.  
The noon had long been pass'd before  
They gain'd the height of Lammermoor ;  
Thence winding down the northern way      20  
Before them, at the close of day,  
Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

#### II.

No summons calls them to the tower,  
To spend the hospitable hour.  
To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone ;

His cautious dame, in bower alone,  
Dreaded her castle to unclose,  
So late, to unknown friends or foes.  
On through the hamlet as they paced,  
Before a porch, whose front was graced      30  
With bush and flagon trimly placed,  
Lord Marmion drew his rein :  
The village inn seem'd large, though rude ;  
Its cheerful fire and hearty food  
Might well relieve his train.  
Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,  
With jingling spurs the court-yard rung ;  
They bind their horses to the stall,  
For forage, food, and firing call,  
And various clamour fills the hall :      40  
Weighing the labour with the cost,  
Toils everywhere the bustling host.

## III.

Soon, by the chimney's merry blaze,  
Through the rude hostel might you gaze ;  
Might see, where, in dark nook aloof,  
The rafters of the sooty roof  
Bore wealth of winter cheer ,  
Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store,  
And gammons of the tusky boar,  
And savoury haunch of deer.      50  
The chimney arch projected wide ;  
Above, around it, and beside,  
Were tools for housewives' hand ;  
Nor wanted, in that martial day,  
The implements of Scottish fray,  
The buckler, lance, and brand.  
Beneath its shade, the place of state,  
On oaken settle Marmion sate,  
And view'd around the blazing hearth,  
His followers mix in noisy mirth,      60

Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide,  
From ancient vessels ranged aside,  
Full actively their host supplied.

## IV.

Theirs was the glee of martial breast,  
And laughter theirs at little jest ;  
And oft Lord Marmion deign'd to aid,  
And mingle in the mirth they made ;  
For though, with men of high degree,  
The proudest of the proud was he,  
Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the art  
To win the soldier's hardy heart.  
They love a captain to obey,  
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May ;  
With open hand, and brow as free,  
Lover of wine and minstrelsy ;  
Ever the first to scale a tower,  
As venturous in a lady's bower :—  
Such buxom chief shall lead his host  
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

70

## V.

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,  
Right opposite the Palmer stood ;  
His thin dark visage seen but half,  
Half hidden by his hood.  
Still fix'd on Marmion was his look,  
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,  
Strove by a frown to quell ;  
But not for that, though more than once  
Full met their stern encountering glance,  
The Palmer's visage fell.

80

## VI.

By fits less frequent from the crowd  
Was heard the burst of laughter loud ;  
For still, as squire and archer stared

90

On that dark face and matted beard,  
 Their glee and game declined.  
 All gazed at length in silence drear,  
 Unbroke, save when in comrade's ear  
 Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,  
 Thus whisper'd forth his mind :—  
 "Saint Mary ! saw'st thou e'er such sight ?  
 How pale his cheek, his eye how bright, 100  
 Whene'er the firebrand's fickle light  
 Glances beneath his cowl !  
 Full on our Lord he sets his eye ;  
 For his best palfrey, would not I  
 Endure that sullen scowl."

## VII.

But Marmion, as to chase the awe  
 Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw  
 The ever-varying fire-light show  
 That figure stern and face of woe,  
 Now call'd upon a squire :— 110  
 "Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,  
 To speed the lingering night away ?  
 We slumber by the fire."—

## VIII.

"So please you," thus the youth rejoin'd,  
 "Our choicest minstrel's left behind.  
 Ill may we hope to please your ear,  
 Accustom'd Constant's strains to hear.  
 The harp full deftly can he strike,  
 And wake the lover's lute alike ;  
 To dear Saint Valentine, no thrush 120  
 Sings livelier from a spring-tide bush,  
 No nightingale her love-lorn tune  
 More sweetly warbles to the moon.  
 Woe to the cause, whate'er it be,  
 Detains from us his melody,  
 Lavish'd on rocks, and billows stern,

Or duller monks of Lindisfarne.  
Now must I venture, as I may,  
To sing his favourite roundelay."

## IX.

A mellow voice Fitz-Eustace had, 130  
The air he chose was wild and sad ;  
Such have I heard, in Scottish land,  
Rise from the busy harvest band,  
When falls before the mountaineer,  
On Lowland plains, the ripen'd ear.  
Now one shrill voice the notes prolong,  
Now a wild chorus swells the song :  
Oft have I listen'd, and stood still,  
As it came soften'd up the hill,  
And deem'd it the lament of men 140  
Who languish'd for their native glen ;  
And thought how sad would be such sound  
On Susquehana's swampy ground,  
Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake,  
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake,  
Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain,  
Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again !

## X.

## SONG.

Where shall the lover rest,  
Whom the fates sever  
From his true maiden's breast, 150  
Parted for ever ?  
Where, through groves deep and high,  
Sounds the far billow,  
Where early violets die,  
Under the willow.

## CHORUS.

*Eleu lor,* &c. Soft shall be his pillow.

Thère, through the summer day,  
Cool streams are laving ;  
There, while the tempests sway,  
Scarce are boughs waving ; 160  
There, thy rest shalt thou take,  
Parted for ever,  
Never again to wake,  
Never, O never !

CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* Never, O never !

XI.

Where shall the traitor rest,  
He, the deceiver,  
Who could win maiden's breast,  
Ruin, and leave her ?  
In the lost battle, 170  
Borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war's rattle  
With groans of the dying.

CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* There shall he be lying.

Her wings shall the eagle flap  
O'er the false-hearted ;  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonour sit  
By his grave ever ; 180  
Blessings shall hallow it,—  
Never, O never !

CHORUS.

*Eleu loro, &c.* Never, O never !

## XII

It ceased, the melancholy sound ;  
 And silence sunk on all around.  
 The air was sad ; but sadder still  
     It fell on Marmion's ear,  
 And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,  
     And shameful death, were near.  
 He drew his mantle past his face, 190  
     Between it and the band,  
 And rested with his head a space,  
     Reclining on his hand.  
 His thoughts I scan not ; but I ween,  
 That, could their import have been seen,  
 The meanest groom in all the hall,  
 That e'er tied courser to a stall,  
 Would scarce have wish'd to be their prey,  
 For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

## XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force, 200  
 Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse !  
 Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,  
 Thou art the torturer of the brave !  
 Yet fatal strength they boast to steel  
 Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,  
 Even while they writhe beneath the smart  
 Of civil conflict in the heart.  
 For soon Lord Marmion raised his head,  
 And, smiling, to Fitz-Eustace said,—  
 “Is it not strange, that, as ye sung, 210  
 Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung,  
 Such as in nunneries they toll  
 For some departing sister's soul ?  
 Say, what may this portend ?”—  
 Then first the Palmer silence broke,  
 (The livelong day he had not spoke,  
 “The death of a dear friend.”



## XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye  
Ne'er changed in worst extremity ,  
Marmion, whose soul could scantily brook,      220  
Even from his King, & haughty look ;  
Whose accents of command controll'd,  
In camps, the boldest of the bold—  
Thought, look, and utterance fail'd him now,  
Fall'n was his glance, and flush'd his brow.

For either in the tone,  
Or something in the Palmer's look,  
So full upon his conscience strook,  
That answer he found none.  
Thus oft it haps, that when within      230  
They shrink at sense of secret sin,  
A feather daunts the brave,  
A fool's wild speech confounds the wise.  
And proudest princes veil their eyes  
Before their meanest slave.

## XV.

Well might he falter !—By his aid  
Was Constance Beverley betray'd.  
Not that he augur'd of the doom,  
Which on the living closed the tomb :  
But, tired to hear the desperate maid      240  
Threaten by turns, beseech, upbraid ;  
And wroth, because in wild despair,  
She practised on the life of Clare ;  
Its fugitive the Church he gave,  
Though not a victim, but a slave ;  
And deem'd restraint in convent strange  
Would hide her wrongs, and her revenge.  
Himself, proud Henry's favourite peer,  
Held Romish thunder's idle fear,  
Secure his pardon he might hold,      250  
For some slight mulct of penance-gold.

Thus judging, he gave secret way,  
 When the stern priests surprised their prey,  
 His train but deem'd the favourite page  
 Was left behind, to spare his age ;  
 Or other if they deem'd, none dared  
 To mutter what he thought and heard :  
 Woe to the vassal, who durst pry  
 Into Lord Marmion's privacy !

## XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd her well, 260  
 And safe secured in distant cell ;  
 But, waken'd by her favourite lay,  
 And that strange Palmer's boding say,  
 That fell so ominous and drear,  
 Full on the object of his fear,  
 To aid remorse's venom'd throes,  
 Dark tales of convent-vengeance rose ;  
 And Constance, late betray'd and scorn'd,  
 All lovely on his soul return'd ;  
 Lovely as when, at treacherous call, 270  
 She left her convent's peaceful wall,  
 Crimson'd with shame, with terror mute,  
 Dreading alike escape, pursuit,  
 Till love, victorious o'er alarms,  
 Hid fears and blushes in his arms.

## XVII.

"Alas !" he thought, "how changed that mien  
 How changed these timid looks have been,  
 Since years of guilt, and of disguise,  
 Have steel'd her brow, and arm'd her eyes !  
 No more of virgin terror speaks 280  
 The blood that mantles in her cheeks ;  
 Fierce, and unfeminine, are there,  
 Frenzy for joy, for grief despair ;  
 And, I the cause—for whom were given  
 Her peace on earth, her hopes in heaven !—

Would, } thought he, as the picture grows,  
 "I on its stalk had left the rose !  
 Oh, why should man's success remove  
 The very charms that wake his love !—  
 Her convent's peaceful solitude 290  
 Is now a prison harsh and rude,  
 And, pent within the narrow cell,  
 How will her spirit chafe and swell !  
 How brook the stern monastic laws !  
 The penance how—and I the cause !—  
 Vigil and scourge—perchance even worse !"—  
 And twice he rose to cry, "To horse !"—  
 And twice his Sovereign's mandate came,  
 Like damp upon a kindling flame ;  
 And twice he thought, "Gave I not charge 300  
 She should be safe, though not at large ?  
 They durst not, for their island, shed  
 One golden ringlet from her head."

## XVIII.

While thus in Marmion's bosom strove  
 Repentance and reviving love,  
 Like whirlwinds, whose contending sway  
 I've seen Loch Vennachar obey,  
 Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,  
 And, talkative, took up the word :  
 "Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray 310  
 From Scotland's simple land away,  
 To visit realms afar,  
 Full often learn the art to know  
 Of future weal, or future woe,  
 By word, or sign, or star ;  
 Yet might a knight his fortune hear,  
 If, knight-like, he despises fear,  
 Not far from hence ;—if fathers old  
 Aright our hamlet legend told."—  
 These broken words the mentals move, 320

(For marvels still the vulgar love,)  
 And, Marmion giving license cold,  
 His tale the host thus gladly told :—

## XIX.

## THE HOST'S TALE

“ A Clerk could tell what years have flown  
 Since Alexander fill'd our throne,  
 (Third monarch of that warlike name,)  
 And eke the time when here he came  
 To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord :  
 A braver never drew a sword ,  
 A wiser never, at the hour 330  
 Of midnight, spoke the word of power :  
 The same, whom ancient records call  
 The founder of the Goblin-Hall.  
 I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay  
 Gave you that cavern to survey.  
 Of lofty roof, and ample size,  
 Beneath the castle deep it lies :  
 To hew the living rock profound,  
 The floor to pave, the arch to round,  
 There never toil'd a mortal arm, 340  
 It all was wrought by word and charm ;  
 And I have heard my grandsire say,  
 That the wild clamour and affray  
 Of those dread artisans of hell,  
 Who labour'd under Hugo's spell,  
 Sounded as loud as ocean's war,  
 Among the caverns of Dunbar.

## XX.

“ The King Lord Gifford's castle sought,  
 Deep labouring with uncertain thought ;  
 Even then he muster'd all his host, 350  
 To meet upon the western coast :  
 For Norse and Danish galleys plied

Their ours within the frith of Clyde.  
 There floated Haco's banner trim,  
 Above Norweyan warriors grim,  
 Savage of heart, and large of limb,  
 Threatening both continent and isle,  
 Bute, Arran, Cunningham, and Kyle.  
 Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground,  
 Heard Alexander's bugle sound, 360  
 And tarried not his garb to change,  
 But, in his wizard habit strange,  
 Came forth,—a quaint and fearful sight;  
 His mantle lined with fox-skins white;  
 His high and wrinkled forehead bore  
 A pointed cap, such as of yore  
 Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore.  
 His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell,  
 Upon his breast a pentacle;  
 His zone, of virgin parchment thin, 370  
 Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,  
 Bore many a planetary sign,  
 Combust, and retrograde, and trine,  
 And in his hand he held prepared,  
 A naked sword without a guard.

## XXI.

"Dire dealings with the fiendish race  
 Had mark'd strange lines upon his face;  
 Vigil and fast had worn him grim,  
 His eyesight dazzled seem'd and dim,  
 As one unused to upper day; 380  
 Even his own menials with dismay  
 Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire,  
 In his unwonted wild attire;  
 Unwonted, for traditions run,  
 He seldom thus beheld the sun.—  
 'I know,' he said—his voice was hoarse,  
 And broken seem'd its hollow force,—

'I know the cause, although untold,  
 Why the King seeks his vassal's hold .  
 Vainly from me my liege would know 390  
 His kingdom's future weal or woe ;  
 But yet, if strong his arm and heart,  
 His courage may do more than art.

## XXII.

" ' Of middle air the demons proud,  
 Who ride upon the racking cloud,  
 Can read, in fix'd or wandering star,  
 The issue of events afar ,  
 But still their sullen aid withhold,  
 Save when by mightier force controll'd.  
 Such late I summon'd to my hall ; 400  
 And though so potent was the call,  
 That scarce the deepest nook of hell  
 I deem'd a refuge from the spell,  
 Yet, obstinate in silence still,  
 The haughty demon mocks my skill.  
 But thou—who little know'st thy might,  
 As born upon that blessed night  
 When yawning graves, and dying groan,  
 Proclaim'd hell's empire overthrown,—  
 With untaught valour shalt compel 410  
 Response denied to magic spell.'—  
 'Gramercy,' quoth our Monarch free,  
 'Place him but front to front with me,  
 And, by this good and honour'd brand,  
 The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's hand,  
 Soothly I swear, that, tide what tide,  
 The demon shall a buffet bide,'—  
 His bearing bold the wizard view'd,  
 And thus, well pleased, his speech renew'd :—  
 'There spake the blood of Malcolm !—mark : 420  
 Forth pacing hence, at midnight dark,  
 The rampart seek, whose circling crown

Crests the ascent of yonder down :  
 A southern entrance shalt thou find ;  
 There halt, and there thy bugle wind,  
 And trust thine elfin foe to see,  
 In guise of thy worst enemy .  
 Couch then thy lance, and spur thy steed—  
 Upon him ! and Saint George to speed !  
 If he go down, thou soon shalt know 430  
 Whate'er these airy sprites can show,—  
 If thy heart fail thee in the strife,  
 I am no warrant for thy life.'

## XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight bell did ring,  
 Alone, and arm'd, forth rode the King  
 To that old camp's deserted round  
 Sir Knight, you well might mark the mound,  
 Left hand the town,—the Pictish race,  
 The trench, long since, in blood did trace ,  
 The moor around is brown and bare, 440  
 The space within is green and fair.  
 The spot our village children know,  
 For there the earliest wild-flowers grow ;  
 But woe betide the wandering wight,  
 That treads its circle in the night !  
 The breadth across, a bowshot clear,  
 Gives ample space for full career :  
 Opposed to the four points of heaven,  
 By four deep gaps are entrance given.  
 The southernmost our Monarch past, 450  
 Halted, and blew a gallant blast ;  
 And on the north, within the ring,  
 Appear'd the form of England's King,  
 Who then, a thousand leagues afar,  
 In Palestine waged holy war :  
 Yet arms like England's did he wield,  
 Alike the leopards in the shield,

Alike his Syrian courser's frame,  
 The rider's length of limb the same :  
 Long afterwards did Scotland know,  
 Fell Edward was her deadliest foe. 460

## XXIX.

"The vision made our Monarch start,  
 But soon he mann'd his noble heart,  
 And in the first career they ran,  
 The Elfin Knight fell, horse and man ;  
 Yet did a splinter of his lance  
 Through Alexander's visor glance,  
 And razed the skin—a puny wound.  
 The King, light leaping to the ground,  
 With naked blade his phantom foe 470  
 Compell'd the future war to show.

Of Largs he saw the glorious plain,  
 Where still gigantic bones remain,  
     Memorial of the Danish war ;  
 Himself he saw, amid the field,  
 On high his brandish'd war-axe wield,  
 And strike proud Haco from his car,  
 While all around the shadowy Kings  
 Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings.  
 'Tis said, that, in that awful night, 480  
 Remoter visions met his sight,  
 Foreshowing future conquests far,  
 When our sons' sons wage northern war ;  
 A royal city, tower and spire,  
 Redden'd the midnight sky with fire,  
 And shouting crews her navy bore,  
 Triumphant, to the victor shore.  
 Such signs may learned clerks explain,  
 They pass the wit of simple swain.

## XXV.

"The joyful King turn'd home again,  
 Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane ; 490



But yearly, when return'd the night  
Of his strange combat with the sprite,  
His wound must bleed and smart ;  
Lord Gifford then would gibe say,  
' Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay  
The penance of your start.'  
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,  
King Alexander fills his grave,  
Our Lady give him rest ! 500  
Yet still the knightly spear and shield  
The Elfin warrior doth wield,  
Upon the brown hill's breast ;  
And many a knight hath proved his chance,  
In the charm'd ring to break a lance,  
But all have foully sped ;  
Save two, as legends tell, and they  
Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—  
Gentles, my tale is said."

## XXVI.

The quaighs were deep, the liquor strong, 510  
And on the tale the yeoman-throng  
Had made a comment sage and long,  
But Marmion gave a sign :  
And, with their lord, the squires retire ;  
The rest, around the hostel fire,  
Their drowsy limbs recline ;  
For pillow, underneath each head,  
The quiver and the targe were laid.  
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,  
Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore : 520  
The dying flame, in fitful change,  
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

## XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay  
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay ;

The champion left his steed to me.  
I would, the omen's truth to show, 560  
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!  
Blithe would I battle, for the right  
To ask one question at the sprite:—  
Vain thought! for elves, if elves there be,  
An empty race, by fount or sea,  
To dashing waters dance and sing,  
Or round the green oak wheel their ring.”  
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,  
And from the hostel slowly rode.

## xxx.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad, 570  
And mark'd him pace the village road,  
And listen'd to his horse's tramp,  
Till, by the lessening sound,  
He judged that of the Pictish camp  
Lord Marmion sought the round.  
Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's eyes,  
That one, so wary held, and wise,—  
Of whom 'twas said, he scarce received  
For gospel, what the church believed,—  
Should, stirr'd by idle tale, 580  
Ride forth in silence of the night,  
As hoping half to meet a sprite,  
Array'd in plate and mail.  
For little did Fitz-Eustace know,  
That passions, in contending flow,  
Unfix the strongest mind;  
Wearied from doubt to doubt to flee,  
We welcome fond credulity,  
Guide confident, though blind.

## xxxI.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared, 590  
But, patient, waited till he heard,

At distance, prick'd to utmost speed,  
The foot-tramp of a flying steed,  
Come town-ward rushing on ;  
First, dead, as if on turf it trode,  
Then, clattering on the village road,—  
In other pace than forth he yode,  
Return'd Lord Marmion.

Down hastily he sprung from selle,  
And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell ;  
To the squire's hand the rein he threw,  
And spoke no word as he withdrew :  
But yet the moonlight did betray,  
The falcon-crest was soil'd with clay ;  
And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see,  
By stains upon the charger's knee,  
And his left side, that on the moor  
He had not kept his footing sure.  
Long musing on these wondrous signs,  
At length to rest the squire reclines,  
Broken and short ; for still, between,  
Would dreams of terror intervene :  
Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark  
The first notes of the morning lark.

600

610



"THE LAMP OF LOTHIAN," OR THE ABBEY CHURCH OF  
HADDINGTON, ON THE BANKS OF THE TYNE

*Canto IV stans 11*

# INTRO- DUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH

TO  
JAMES SKENE,  
ESQ

AN ancient Minstrel sagely said,  
 "Where is the life which late we led?"  
 That motley clown in Arden wood,  
 Whom humorous Jacques with envy view'd,  
 Not even that clown could amplify,  
 On this trite text, so long as I.  
 Eleven years we now may tell,  
 Since we have known each other well;  
 Since, riding side by side, our hand  
 First drew the voluntary brand; 10  
 And sure, through many a varied scene,  
 Unkindness never came between.  
 Away these winged years have flown,  
 To join the mass of ages gone;  
 And though deep mark'd, like all below,  
 With chequer'd shades of joy and woe;  
 Though thou o'er realms and seas hast ranged,  
 Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed,  
 While here, at home, my narrower ken  
 Somewhat of manners saw, and men; 20  
 Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,  
 Never'd the progress of these years,

Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem  
The recollection of a dream,  
So still we glide down to the sea  
Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day,  
Since first I tuned this idle lay ;  
A task so often thrown aside,  
When leisure graver cares denied, 30  
That now, November's dreary gale,  
Whose voice inspir'd my opening tale,  
That same November gale once more  
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.  
Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky,  
Once more our naked birches sigh,  
And Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen,  
Have donn'd their wintry shrouds again :  
And mountain dark, and flooded mead,  
Bid us forsake the banks of Tweed. 40  
Earlier than wont along the sky,  
Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly ;  
The shepherd, who in summer sun,  
Had something of our envy won,  
As thou with pencil, I with pen,  
The features traced of hill and glen ;—  
He who, outstretch'd the livelong day,  
At ease among the heath-flowers lay,  
View'd the light clouds with vacant look,  
Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book, 50  
Or idly busied him to guide  
His angle o'er the lessen'd tide ;—  
At midnight now, the snowy plain  
Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun,  
Through heavy vapours dark and dun ;  
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,  
Hears, half asleep, the rising storm

Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,  
Against the casement's tinkling pane, 60  
The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox,  
To shelter in the brake and rocks,  
Are warnings which the shepherd ask  
To dismal and to dangerous task.  
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,  
The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;  
Till, dark above, and white below,  
Decided drives the flaky snow,  
And forth the hardy swain must go.  
Long, with dejected look and whine, 70  
To leave the hearth his dogs repine ;  
Whistling and cheering them to aid,  
Around his back he wreathes the plaid :  
His flock he gathers, and he guides,  
To open downs, and mountain sides,  
Where fiercest though the tempest blow,  
Least deeply lies the drift below.  
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,  
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;  
Oft he looks back, where streaming far 80  
His cottage window seems a star,—  
Loses its feeble gleam,—and then  
Turns patient to the blast again,  
And, facing to the tempest's sweep,  
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.  
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,  
Benumbing death is in the gale :  
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,  
Close to the hut, no more his own,  
Close to the aid he sought in vain, 90  
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain :  
The widow sees, at dawning pale,  
His orphans raise their feeble wail ;  
And, close beside him, in the snow,  
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe.

Couches upon his master's breast,  
And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot,  
His healthy fare, his rural cot,  
His summer couch by greenwood tree, 100  
His rustic kirk's loud revelry,  
His native hill notes, tuned on high,  
To Marion of the blithesome eye ;  
His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed,  
And all Arcadia's golden creed ?

Changes not so with us, my Skene,  
Of human life the varying scene ?  
Our youthful summer oft we see  
Dance by on wings of game and glee,  
While the dark storm reserves its rage, 110  
Against the winter of our age :  
As he, the ancient Chief of Troy,  
His manhood spent in peace and joy ;  
But Grecian fires, and loud alarms,  
Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms.  
Then happy those, since each must drain  
His share of pleasure, share of pain,—  
Then happy those, beloved of Heaven,  
To whom the mingled cup is given ; 120  
Whose lenient sorrows find relief,  
Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief.  
And such a lot, my Skene, was thine,  
When thou of late, wert doom'd to twine,—  
Just when thy bridal hour was by,—  
The cypress with the myrtle tie.  
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,  
And bless'd the union of his child,  
When love must change its joyous cheer,  
And wipe affection's filial tear.  
Nor did the actions next his end, 130  
Speak more the father than the friend :

Scarce had lamented Forbes paid  
The tribute to his Minstrel's shade ;  
The tale of friendship scarce was told,  
Ere the narrator's heart was cold—  
Far may we search before we find  
A heart so manly and so kind !  
But not around his honour'd urn,  
Shall friends alone and kindred mourn ;  
The thousand eyes his care had dried,                   140  
Pour at his name a bitter tide ;  
And frequent falls the grateful dew,  
For benefits the world ne'er knew.  
If mortal charity dare claim  
The Almighty's attributed name,  
Inscribe above his mouldering clay,  
"The widow's shield, the orphan's stay."  
Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, deem  
My verse intrudes on this sad theme ;  
For sacred was the pen that wrote,                   150  
"Thy father's friend forget thou not."  
And grateful title may I plead,  
For many a kindly word and deed,  
To bring my tribute to his grave :—  
'Tis little—but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain  
Recalls our summer walks again ;  
When, doing nought,—and, to speak true,  
Not anxious to find aught to do,—  
The wild unbounded hills we ranged,                   160  
While oft our talk its topic changed,  
And, desultory as our way,  
Ranged, unconfined, from grave to gay.  
Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chance,  
No effort made to break its trance,  
We could right pleasantly pursue  
Our sports in social silence too ;



Thou gravely labouring to portray  
 The blighted oak's fantastic spray ;  
 I spelling o'er, with much delight, 170  
 The legend of that antique knight,  
 Tirante by name, yclep'd the White.  
 At either's feet a trusty squire,  
 Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,  
 Jealous, each other's motions view'd,  
 And scarce suppress'd their ancient feud.  
 The laverock whistled from the cloud ;  
 The stream was lively, but not loud ,  
 From the white thorn the May-flower shed  
 Its dewy fragrance round our head : 180  
 Not Ariel lived more merrily  
 Under the blossom'd bough, than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been ours,  
 When Winter stript the summer's bowers.  
 Careless we heard, what I now hear,  
 The wild blast sighing deep and drear,  
 When fires were bright, and lamps beam'd gay,  
 And ladies tuned the lovely lay ;  
 And he was held a laggard soul,  
 Who shunn'd to quaff the sparkling bowl. 190  
 Then he, whose absence we deplore,  
 Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,  
 The longer miss'd, bewail'd the more ;  
 And thou, and I, and dear-loved Rae,  
 And one whose name I may not say,—  
 For not Mimosa's tender tree  
 Shirks sooner from the touch than he,—  
 In merry chorus well combined,  
 With laughter drown'd the whistling wind.  
 Mirth was within ; and Care without 200  
 Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.  
 Not but amid the buxom scene  
 Some grave discourse might intervene—

Of the good horse that bore him best,  
His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest :  
For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care,  
Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.  
Such nights we've had ; and, though the game  
Of manhood be more sober tame,  
And though the field-day, or the drill,           210  
Seem less important now—yet still  
Such may we hope to share again.  
The sprightly thought inspires my strain !  
And mark, how, like a horseman true,  
Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

## CANTO FOURTH

## THE CAMP

## I.

EUSTACE, I said, did blithely mark  
The first notes of the merry lark.  
The lark sang shrill, the cock he crew,  
And loudly Marmion's bugles blew,  
And with their light and lively call,  
Brought groom and yeoman to the stall.  
Whistling they came, and free of heart,  
But soon their mood was changed ;  
Complaint was heard on every part,  
Of something disarranged.           10



LINLITHGOW PALACE

*Canto IV stan xv*

Some clamour'd loud for armour lost ;  
 Some bawl'd and wrangled with the host ;  
 "By Becket's bones," cried one, "I fear,  
 That some false Scot has stolen my spear !" —  
 Young Blount, Lord Marmion's second squire,  
 Found his steed wet with sweat and mire ;  
 Although the rated horse-boy sware,  
 Last night he dress'd him sleek and fair.  
 While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,  
 Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder, — 20  
 "Help, gentle Blount ! help, comrades all !  
 Bevis lies dying in his stall :  
 To Marmion who the plight dare tell,  
 Of the good steed he loves so well ?"  
 Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw  
 The charger panting on his straw ;

Till one, who would seem wisest, cried,—  
“What else but evil could betide,  
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?  
Better we had through mire and bush  
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush.” 30

## II.

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,  
Nor wholly understood,  
His comrades' clamorous complaints suppress'd,  
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.  
Him, ere he issued forth, he sought,  
And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,  
And did his tale display  
Simply as if he knew of nought  
To cause such disarray. 40  
Lord Marmion gave attention cold,  
Not marvell'd at the wonders told,—  
Pass'd them as accidents of course,  
And bade his clarions sound to horse.

## III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the cost  
Had reckon'd with their Scottish host;  
And, as the charge he cast and paid,  
“Ill thou deserv'st thy hire,” he said,  
“Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight?  
Fairies have ridden him all the night, 50  
And left him in a foam!  
I trust that soon a conjuring band,  
With English cross, and blazing brand,  
Shall drive the devils from this land,  
To their infernal home:  
For in this haunted den, I trow,  
All night they trample to and fro.”—  
The laughing host look'd on the hire,—  
“Gramercy, gentle southern squire,  
And if thou comest among the rest, 60

With Scottish broadsword to be blest,  
 Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,  
 And short the pang to undergo."  
 Here stay'd their talk,—for Marmion  
 Gave now the signal to set on.  
 The Palmer showing forth the way,  
 They journey'd all the morning day.

## IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,  
 Through Humble's and through Saltoun's wood ;  
 A forest glade, which, varying still, 70  
 Here gave a view of dale and hill,  
 There narrower closed, till over head  
 A vaulted screen the branches made.  
 "A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said ;  
 "Such as where errant-knights might see  
 Adventures of high chivalry ;  
 Might meet some damsel flying fast,  
 With hair unbound, and looks aghast ,  
 And smooth and level course were here, 80  
 In her defence to break a spear.  
 Here, too, are twilight nooks and dells ;  
 And oft, in such, the story tells,  
 The damsel kind, from danger freed,  
 Did grateful pay her champion's meed."  
 He spoke to cheer Lord Marmion's mind :  
 Perchance to show his lore design'd ;  
 For Eustace much had pored  
 Upon a huge romantic tome,  
 In the hall window of his home,  
 Imprinted at the antique dome 90  
 Of Caxton, or De Worde.  
 Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in vain,  
 For Marmion answer'd nought again.

## V.

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrill,  
 In notes prolong'd by wood and hill,  
 90

Were heard to echo far ;  
 Each ready archer grasp'd his bow,  
 But by the flourish soon they know,  
 They breathed no point of war.  
 Yet cautious, as in freeman's land, 100  
 Lord Marmion's order speeds the band,  
 Some opener ground to gain ;  
 And scarce a furlong had they rode,  
 When thinner trees, receding, show'd  
 A little woodland plain.  
 Just in that advantageous glade,  
 The halting troop a line had made,  
 As forth from the opposing shade  
 Issued a gallant train.

## VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose clang 110  
 So late the forest echoes rang ;  
 On prancing steeds they forward press'd,  
 With scarlet mantle, azure vest ;  
 Each at his trump a banner wore,  
 Which Scotland's royal scutcheon bore :  
 Heralds and pursuivants, by name  
 Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, came,  
 In painted tabards, proudly showing  
 Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing,  
 Attendant on a King-at-arms, 120  
 Whose hand the armorial truncheon held  
 That feudal strife had often quell'd,  
 When wildest its alarms.

## VII.

He was a man of middle age ;  
 In aspect manly, grave, and sage,  
 As on King's errand come ;  
 But in the glances of his eye,  
 A penetrating, keen, and sly  
 Expression found its home ;

The flash of that satiric rage, 130  
 Which, bursting on the early stage,  
 Branded the vices of the age,  
 And broke the keys of Rome.  
 On milk-white palfrey forth he paced ;  
 His cap of maintenance was graced  
 With the proud heron-plume.  
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,  
 Silk housings swept the ground,  
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,  
 Embroider'd round and round. 140  
 The double tressure might you see,  
 Fust by Achaius borne,  
 The thistle and the fleur-de-lis,  
 And gallant unicorn.  
 So bright the King's armorial coat,  
 That scarce the dazzled eye could note,  
 In living colours, blazon'd brave,  
 The Lion, which his title gave,  
 A train, which well beseem'd his state,  
 But all unarm'd, around him wait. 150  
 Still is thy name in high account,  
 And still thy verse has charms,  
 Sir David Lindesay of the Mount,  
 Lord Lion King-at-arms !

## VIII.

Down from his horse did Marmion spring,  
 Soon as he saw the Lion-King ;  
 For well the stately Baron knew  
 To him such courtesy was due,  
 Whom royal James himself had crown'd,  
 And on his temples placed the round 160  
 Of Scotland's ancient diadem .  
 And wet his brow with hallow'd wine,  
 And on his finger given to shine  
 The emblematic gem.  
 Their mutual greetings duly made,

The Lion thus his message said :—  
 “ Though Scotland’s King hath deeply swore  
 Ne’er to knit faith with Henry more,  
 And strictly hath forbid resort  
 From England to his royal court ;                    170  
 Yet, for he knows Lord Marmion’s name,  
 And honours much his warlike fame,  
 My liege hath deem’d it shame, and lack  
 Of courtesy, to turn him back ;  
 And, by his order, I, your guide,  
 Must lodging fit and fair provide,  
 Till finds King James meet time to see  
 The flower of English chivalry.”

## IX.

Though inly chafed at this delay,  
 Lord Marmion bears it as he may,                    180  
 The Palmer, his mysterious guide,  
 Beholding thus his place supplied,  
 Sought to take leave in vain :  
 Strict was the Lion-King’s command,  
 That none, who rode in Marmion’s band,  
 Should sever from the train :  
 “ England has here enow of spies  
 In Lady Heion’s witching eyes . ”  
 To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,  
 But fair pretext to Marmion made.                    190  
 The right hand path they now decline,  
 And trace against the stream the Tyne.

## X.

At length up that wild dale they wind,  
 Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank ,  
 For there the Lion’s care assigned  
 A lodging meet for Marmion’s rank.  
 That Castle rises on the steep  
 Of the green vale of Tyne :  
 And far beneath, where slow they creep,



200

From pool to eddy, dark and deep,  
Where alders moist, and willows weep,  
You hear her streams repine.  
The towers in different ages rose ;  
Their various architecture shows  
The builders' various hands ;  
A mighty mass, that could oppose,  
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,  
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun ! though now thy miry court  
 But pens the lazy steer and sheep, 210  
 Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,  
 Have been the minstrel's loved resort.  
 Oft have I traced, within thy fort,  
 Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,  
 Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,  
 Quarter'd in old armorial sort,  
 Remains of rude magnificence.  
 Nor wholly yet had time defaced  
 Thy lordly gallery fair ;  
 Nor yet the stony cord unbraced, 220  
 Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,  
 Adorn thy ruin'd stair.  
 Still rises unimpar'd below,  
 The court-yard's graceful portico ;  
 Above its cornice, row and row  
 Of fair hewn facets richly show  
 Their pointed diamond form,  
 Though there but houseless cattle go,  
 To shield them from the storm.  
 And, shuddering, still may we explore, 230  
 Where oft whilom were captives pent,  
 The darkness of thy Massy More ;  
 Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,  
 May trace, in undulating line,  
 The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.



Train'd in the lore of Rome and Greece,  
And policies of war and peace. 270

## XIV.

It chanced, as fell the second night,  
That on the battlements they walk'd.  
And, by the slowly fading light,  
Of varying topics talked ;  
And, unaware, the Herald-bard  
Said, Marmion might his toil have spared,  
In travelling so far ,  
For that a messenger from heaven  
In vain to James had counsel given  
Against the English war ; 280  
And, closer question'd, thus he told  
A tale, which chronicles of old  
In Scottish story have enroll'd :—

## XV.

## SIR DAVID LINDESAY'S TALE

“ Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare  
Linthgow is excelling ;  
And in its park in jovial June,  
How sweet the merry linnets tune,  
How blithe the blackbird's lay ! 290  
The wild-buckbells from ferny brake,  
The coot dives merry on the lake,  
The saddest heart might pleasure take  
To see all nature gay.  
But June is to our sovereign dear  
The heaviest month in all the year :  
Too well his cause of grief you know,  
June saw his father's overthrow.  
Woe to the traitors, who could bring  
The princely boy against his King ! 300  
Still in his conscience burns the sting.

In offices as strict as Lent,  
King James's June is ever spent.

xvi.

"When last this ruthless month was come,  
And in Linlithgow's holy dome

The King, as wont, was praying;  
While, for his royal father's soul,  
The chanters sung, the bells did toll,

The Bishop mass was saying—  
For now the year brought round again      310  
The day the luckless King was slain—  
In Katharine's aisle the Monarch knelt,  
With sackcloth-shirt, and iron belt,

And eyes with sorrow streaming;  
Around him in their stalls of state,  
The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate,  
Their banners o'er them beaming.

I too was there, and, sooth to tell,  
Bedeafen'd with the jangling knell,  
Was watching where the sunbeams fell,      320

Through the stain'd casement gleaming,  
But, while I marked what next befell,  
It seem'd as I were dreaming.

Stepp'd from the crowd a ghostly wight,  
In azure gown, with cincture white,  
His forehead bald, his head was bare,  
Down hung at length his yellow hair —  
Now, mock me not, when, good my Lord,  
I pledge to you my knightly word,  
That, when I saw his placid grace,      330  
His simple majesty of face,  
His solemn bearing, and his pace

So stately gliding on,—  
Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint  
So just an image of the Saint,  
Who propp'd the Virgin in her faint.—

The loved Apostle John !

G

## XVII.

"He stepp'd before the Monarch's chair,  
 And stood with rustic plainness there,  
 And little reverence made, 340  
 Nor head, nor body, bow'd nor bent,  
 But on the desk his arm he leant,  
 And words like these he said,  
 In a low voice, but never tone,  
 So thrill'd through vein, and nerve, and bone —  
 'My mother sent me from afar,  
 Sir King, to warn thee not to war,—  
 Woe waits on thine array;  
 If war thou wilt, of woman fair,  
 Her witching wiles and wanton snare, 350  
 James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware :  
 God keep thee as he may !'—  
 The wondering Monarch seem'd to seek  
 For answer, and found none,  
 And when he raised his head to speak,  
 The monitor was gone.  
 The Marshal and myself had cast  
 To stop him as he outward pass'd,  
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,  
 He vanish'd from our eyes, 360  
 Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
 That glances but, and dies."

## XVIII.

While Lindesay told his marvel strange,  
 The twilight was so pale,  
 He mark'd not Marmion's colour change,  
 While listening to the tale,  
 But, after a suspended pause,  
 The Baron spoke :—"Of Nature's laws  
 So strong I held the force,  
 That never superhuman cause 370  
 Could e'er control their course.

And, three days since, had judg'd your aim  
Was but to make your guest your game.  
But I have seen, since past the Tweed,  
What much has chang'd my sceptic creed,  
And made me credit aught."—He staid,  
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid.  
But, by that strong emotion press'd,  
Which prompts us to unload our breast,  
Even when discovery's pain, 380  
To Lindesay did at length unfold  
The tale his village host had told,  
At Gifford, to his train.  
Nought of the Palmer says he there,  
And nought of Constance, or of Clare,  
The thoughts, which broke his sleep, he seems  
To mention but as feverish dreams.

## XIX.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread  
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head.  
Fantastic thoughts return'd ; 390  
And, by their wild dominion led,  
My heart within me burn'd.  
So sore was the delirious goad,  
I took my steed, and forth I rode,  
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,  
Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.  
The southern entrance I pass'd through,  
And halted, and my bugle blew.  
Methought an answer met my ear,—  
Yet was the blast so low and drear, 400  
So hollow, and so faintly blown,  
It might be echo of my own.

## XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space  
I listen'd, ere I left the place ;  
But scarce could trust my eyes,

Nor yet can think thee served me true,  
 When sudden in the ring I view,  
 In form distinct of shape and hue,  
 A mounted champion rise.—  
 I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day, 410  
 In single fight, and mix'd affray,  
 And ever, I myself may say,  
 Have borne me as a knight ;  
 But when this unexpected foe  
 Seem'd starting from the gulf below,—  
 I care not though the truth I show,—  
 I trembled with affright ;  
 And as I placed in rest my spear,  
 My hand so shook for very fear,  
 I scarce could couch it right. 420

## XXI.

“Why need my tongue the issue tell ?  
 We ran our course,—my charger fell ;—  
 What could he 'gainst the shock of hell ?—  
 I roll'd upon the plain.  
 High o'er my head, with threatening hand,  
 The spectre shook his naked brand,—  
 Yet did the worst remain :  
 My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—  
 Not opening hell itself could blast 430  
 Their sight, like what I saw !  
 Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—  
 A face could never be mistook !  
 I knew the stern vindictive look,  
 And held my breath for awe.  
 I saw the face of one who, fled  
 To foreign climes, has long been dead,—  
 I well believe the last ;  
 For ne'er, from vizor raised, did stare  
 A human warrior, with a glare  
 So grimly and so ghast. 440

Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade,  
 But when to good Saint George I pray'd,  
 (The first time e'er I ask'd his aid,)

He plunged it in the sheath,  
 And, on his courser mounting light,  
 He seem'd to vanish from my sight:  
 The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night  
 Sunk down upon the heath.—

'Twere long to tell what cause I have  
 To know his face, that met me there, 450  
 Call'd by his hatred from the grave,  
 To cumber upper air.

Dead or alive, good cause had he  
 To be my mortal enemy."

## XXII.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount;  
 Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount  
 Such chance had happ'd of old,  
 When once, near Norham, there did fight,  
 A spectre fell of fiendish might,  
 In likeness of a Scottish knight, 460

With Brian Bulmer bold,  
 And train'd him nigh to disallow  
 The aid of his baptismal vow.  
 "And such a phantom, too, 'tis said,  
 With Highland broadsword, targe, and plaid,  
 And fingers, red with gore,  
 Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade,  
 Or where the sable pine-trees shade  
 Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,  
 Dromouchty, or Glenmore. 470

And yet, whatever such legends say,  
 Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,  
 On mountain, moor, or plain,  
 Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,  
 True son of chivalry should hold,



These midnight terrors vain,  
 For seldom have such spirits power  
 To harm, save in the evil hour,  
 When guilt we meditate within,  
 Or harbour unrepented sin."—  
 Lord Marmion turn'd him half aside,  
 And twice to clear his voice he tried,  
 Then press'd Sir David's hand,—  
 But naught, at length, in answer said;  
 And here their farther converse staid,  
 Each ordering that his band  
 Should bowne them with the rising day,  
 To Scotland's camp to take their way.—  
 Such was the King's command.

480

## XXIII.

Early they took Dun-Edin's road,  
 And I could trace each step they trode.  
 Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,  
 Lies on the path to me unknown.  
 Much might it boast of storied lore;  
 But, passing such digression o'er,  
 Suffice it that the route was laid  
 Across the furzy hills of Braid.  
 They pass'd the glen and scanty rill,  
 And climb'd the opposing bank, until  
 They gain'd the top of Blackford Hill.

490

500

## XXIV.

Blackford! on whose uncultured breast,  
 Among the broom, and thorn, and whin,  
 A truant-boy, I sought the nest,  
 Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
 While rose, on breezes thin,  
 The murmur of the city crowd,  
 And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
 Saint Giles's mingling din.

Now, from the summit to the plain,  
Waves all the hill with yellow grain , 510  
And o'er the landscape as I look,  
Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
To me they make a heavy moan,  
Of early friendships past and gone.

## XXV

But different far the change has been,  
Since Marmion, from the crown  
Of Blackford, saw that martial scene  
Upon the bent so brown :  
Thousand pavilions, white as snow, 520  
Spread all the Borough-moor below,  
Upland, and dale, and down :—  
A thousand did I say ? I ween,  
Thousands on thousands there were seen,  
That chequer'd all the heath between  
The streamlet and the town ,  
In crossing ranks extending far,  
Forming a camp irregular ,  
Oft giving way, where still there stood  
Some relics of the old oak wood, 530  
That darkly huge did intervene,  
And tamed the glaring white with green :  
In these extended lines there lay  
A martial kingdom's vast array.

## XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,  
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,  
And from the southern Redswire edge,  
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge ,  
From west to east, from south to north,  
Scotland sent all her warriors forth. 540  
Marmion might hear the mingled hum  
Of myriads up the mountain come

The horses' tramp, and jingling clank,  
 Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,  
 And charger's shrilling neigh ;  
 And see the shifting lines advance,  
 While frequent flash'd from shield and lance,  
 The sun's reflected ray.

## XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,  
 The wreaths of failing smoke declare 550  
 To embers now the brands decay'd,  
 Where the night-watch their fires had made.  
 They saw, slow rolling on the plain,  
 Full many a baggage-cart and wain,  
 And dire artillery's clumsy car,  
 By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war ;  
 And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven  
 And culverins which France had given.  
 Ill-omen'd gift ! the guns remain  
 The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain. 560

## XXVIII.

Nor marked they less, where in the air  
 A thousand streamers flaunted fair ,  
 Various in shape, device, and hue,  
 Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,  
 Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,  
 Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol, there  
 O'er the pavilions flew.  
 Highest and midmost, was descried  
 The royal banner floating wide ;  
 The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight, 570  
 Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone,  
 Which still in memory is shown,  
 Yet bent beneath the standard's weight  
 Whene'er the western wind unroll'd,  
 With toil, the huge and cumbrous fold,

And gave to view the dazzling field,  
Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield,  
The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

## xxxix.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,  
He view'd it with a chief's delight,— 580

Until within him burn'd his heart,  
And lightning from his eye did part,  
As on the battle-day ;

Such glance did falcon never dart,  
When stooping on his prey.

“ Oh ! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,  
Thy King from warfare to dissuade  
Were but a vain essay .

For, by St. George, were that host mine,  
Not power infernal nor divine, 590

Should once to peace my soul incline,  
Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine  
In glorious battle-fray ! ”

Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood :

“ Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,  
That kings would think withal,

When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,

'Tis better to sit still at rest,  
Than rise, perchance to fall.”

## xxx.

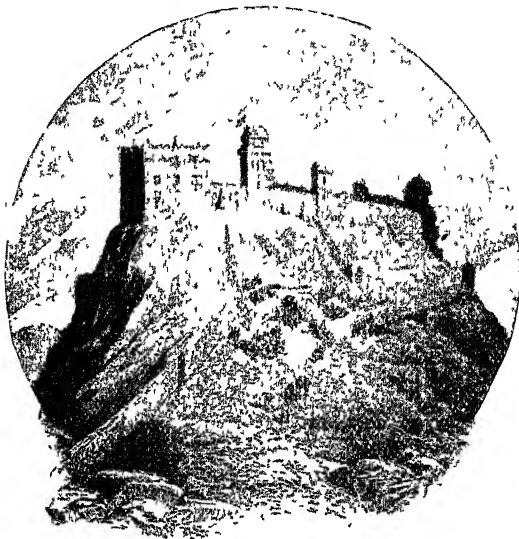
Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd, 600  
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.

When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below,  
The wandering eye could o'er it go,  
And mark the distant city glow

With gloomy splendour red ;  
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow.

That round her sable turrets flow,  
The morning beams were shed,

And tinged them with a lustre proud,      610  
 Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
 Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,  
 Where the huge Castle holds its state,



EDINBURGH CASTLE IN 1513

*Canto IV stan xxx*

And all the steep slope down,  
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
 Mine own romantic town !  
 But northward far, with purer blaze,  
 On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
 And as each heathy top they kissed,      620  
 It gleam'd a purple amethyst.  
 Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;  
 Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :

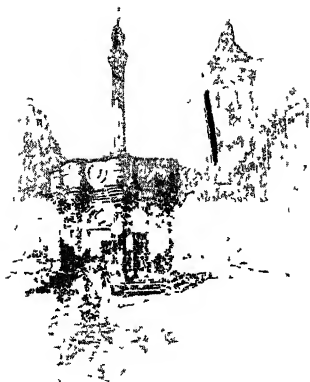
And, broad between them roll'd,  
The gallant Frith the eye might note,  
Whose islands on its bosom float,  
Like emeralds chased in gold.  
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent,  
As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent, 630  
And raised his bridle hand,  
And, making demi-volte in air,  
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land!"  
The Lindesay smiled his joy to see;  
Nor Marmion's frown repress'd his glee.

## XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flourish proud,  
Where mingled trump, and clarion loud,  
And fife, and kettle-drum,  
And sackbut deep, and psaltery, 640  
And war-pipe with discordant cry,  
And cymbal clattering to the sky,  
Making wild music bold and high,  
Did up the mountain come,  
The whilst the bells, with distant chime,  
Merrily toll'd the hour of prime,  
And thus the Lindesay spoke.  
"Thus clamour still the war-notes when  
The king to mass his way has ta'en,  
Or to St. Katharine's of Sienne, 650  
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque.  
To you they speak of martial fame;  
But me remind of peaceful game,  
When blither was their cheer,  
Thrilling in Falkland-woods the air,  
In signal none his steed should spare,  
But strive which foremost might repair  
To the downfall of the deer.

## XXXII.

"Nor less," he said,— "When looking forth,  
 I view yon Empress of the North 660  
 Sit on her hilly throne;  
 Her palace's imperial bowers,  
 Her castle, proof to hostile powers,  
 Her stately halls and holy towers—  
 Nor less," he said, "I moan,  
 To think what woe mischance may bring,  
 And how these merry bells may ring  
 The death-dirge of our gallant king,  
 Or with the larum call  
 The burghers forth to watch and ward, 670  
 'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard  
 Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall —  
 But not for my presaging thought,  
 Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought !  
 Lord Marmion, I say nay :  
 God is the guider of the field,  
 He breaks the champion's spear and shield,—  
 But thou thyself shalt say,  
 When joins yon host in deadly stowre,  
 That England's dames must weep in bower, 680  
 Her monks the death-mass sing ;  
 For never saw'st thou such a power  
 Led on by such a King."—  
 And now, down winding to the plain,  
 The barriers of the camp they gain,  
 And there they made a stay.—  
 There stays the minstrel, till he fling  
 His hand o'er every Border string,  
 And fit his harp the pomp to sing,  
 Of Scotland's ancient Court and King, 690  
 In the succeeding lay.



INTRO-  
DUCTION  
TO  
CANTO  
FIFTH

TO  
GEORGE ELLIS Esq

*Edinburgh.*

EDINBURGH "CROSS"

Where the ghostly summons was proclaimed

*Canto V stan. xxv*

WHEN dark December glooms the day,  
And takes our autumn joys away ,  
When short and scant the sunbeam throws,  
Upon the weary waste of snows,  
A cold and profitless regard,  
Like patron on a needy bard ;  
When silvan occupation's done,  
And o'er the chimney rests the gun,  
And hang, in idle trophy, near,  
The game-pouch, fishing-rod, and spear ;      10  
When wiry terrier, rough and grim,  
And greyhound, with his length of limb,  
And pointer, now employ'd no more,  
Cumber our parlour's narrow floor ;  
When in his stall the impatient steed  
Is long condemn'd to rest and feed ;  
When from our snow-encircled home,  
Scarce cares the hardiest step to roam,



Since path is none, save that to bring  
The needful water from the spring', 20  
When wrinkled news-pige, thrice conn'd o'er,  
Beguiles the dreary hour no more,  
And darkling politician, cross'd,  
Inveighs against the lingering post,  
And answering housewife sore complains  
Of carriers' snow-impeded wains ;  
When such the country cheer, I come,  
Well pleased, to seek our city home ;  
For converse, and for books, to change  
The Forest's melancholy range, 30  
And welcome, with renew'd delight,  
The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme  
Lament the ravages of time,  
As erst by Newark's riven towers,  
And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers.  
True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed,  
Since on her dusky summit ranged,  
Within its steepy limits pent,  
By bulwark, line, and battlement, 40  
And flanking towers, and laky flood,  
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,  
Denying entrance or resort,  
Save at each tall embattled port ;  
Above whose arch, suspended, hung  
Portcullis spiked with iron prong.  
That long is gone,—but not so long  
Since, early closed, and opening late,  
Jealous revolved the studded gate,  
Whose task, from eve to morning tide, 50  
A wicket churlishly supplied.  
Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow  
Dun-Edin ! O, how alter'd now,  
When safe amid thy mountain court  
Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport,

And liberal, unconfined, and free,  
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,  
For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower,  
That hung o'er cliff and lake, and tower,  
Thou gleam'st against the western ray 60  
Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the Championess of old,  
In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd,  
She for the charmed spear renown'd,  
Which forced each knight to kiss the ground,—  
Not she more changed, when, placed at rest,  
What time she was Malbecco's guest,  
She gave to flow her maiden vest ;  
When from the corslet's grasp relieved,  
Free to the sight her bosom heaved ;  
Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile,  
Erst hidden by the aventayle ;  
And down her shoulders graceful roll'd  
Her locks profuse, of paly gold.  
They who whilom, in midnight fight,  
Had marvell'd at her matchless might,  
No less her maiden charms approved,  
But looking liked, and liking loved.  
The sight could jealous pangs beguile, 80  
And charm Malbecco's cares a while,  
And he, the wandering Squire of Dames,  
Forgot his Columbella's claims.  
And passion, erst unknown, could gain  
The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane ;  
Nor durst light Paridel advance,  
Bold as he was, a looser glance.  
She charm'd, at once, and tamed the heart,  
Incomparable Britomarte !

So thou, fair City ! disarray'd  
Of battled wall, and rampart's aid, 90  
As stately seem'st, but lovelier far  
Than in that panoply of war.

Nor deem that from thy fenceless throne  
 Strength and security are flown ;  
 Still, as of yore, Queen of the North !  
 Still canst thou send thy children forth.  
 Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call  
 Thy burghers rose to man thy wall,  
 Than now, in danger, shall be thine,  
 Thy dauntless voluntary line , 100  
 For fosse and turret proud to stand,  
 Their breasts the bulwarks of the land.  
 Thy thousands, train'd to martial toil,  
 Full red would stain their native soil,  
 Ere from thy mural crown there fell  
 The slightest knosp, or pinnacle.  
 And if it come,—as come it may,  
 Dun-Edin ! that eventful day,—  
 Renown'd for hospitable deed,  
 That virtue much with Heaven may plead, 110  
 In patriarchal times whose care  
 Descending angels deign'd to share ;  
 That claim may wrestle blessings down  
 On those who fight for The Good Town,  
 Destined in every age to be  
 Refuge of injured royalty ;  
 Since first, when conquering York arose,  
 To Henry meek she gave repose,  
 Till late, with wonder, grief, and awe,  
 Great Bourbon's relics, sad she saw 120

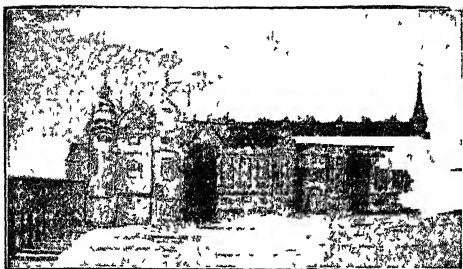
Truce to these thoughts !—for, as they rise,  
 How gladly I avert mine eyes,  
 Bodings, or true or false, to change,  
 For Fiction's fair romantic range,  
 Or for tradition's dubious light,  
 That hovers 'twixt the day and night :  
 Dazzling alternately and dim,  
 Her wavering lamp I'd rather trim,

Knights, squires, and lovely dames to see,  
 Creation, of my fantasy, 130  
 Than gaze abroad on reeky fen,  
 And make of mists invading men.  
 Who loves not more the night of June  
 Than dull December's gloomy noon ?  
 The moonlight than the fog of frost ?  
 And can we say, which cheats the most ?

But who shall teach my harp to gain  
 A sound of the romantic strain,  
 Whose Anglo-Norman tones whilere 141  
 Could win the royal Henry's ear,  
 Famed Beauclerc call'd, for that he loved  
 The minstrel, and his lay approved ?  
 Who shall these lingering notes redeem,  
 Decaying on Oblivion's stream ;  
 Such notes as from the Breton tongue  
 Marie translated, Blondel sung ?—  
 O ! born, Time's ravage to repair,  
 And make the dying Muse thy care ;  
 Who, when his scythe her hoary foe 150  
 Was poised for the final blow,  
 The weapon from his hand could wring,  
 And break his glass, and shear his wing,  
 And bid, reviving in his strain,  
 The gentle poet live again ,  
 Thou, who canst give to lightest lay  
 An unpedantic moral gay,  
 Nor less the dullest theme bid flit  
 On wings of unexpected wit ;  
 In letters as in life approved,  
 Example honour'd, and beloved,— 160  
 Dear ELLIS ! to the bard impart  
 A lesson of thy magic art,  
 To win at once the head and heart,—  
 At once to charm, instruct and mend,  
 My guide, my pattern, and my friend !  
 H 113

Such minstrel lesson to bestow  
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O  
No more by thy example teach,  
—What few can practise, all can preach,—  
With even patience to endure 170  
Lingering disease, and painful cure,  
And boast affliction's pangs subdued  
By mild and manly fortitude.  
Enough, the lesson has been given :  
Forbid the repetition, Heaven !

Come listen, then ! for thou hast known,  
And loved the Minstrel's varying tone,  
Who, like his Border sires of old,  
Waked a wild measure rude and bold,  
Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain, 180  
With wonder heard the northern strain.  
Come listen ! bold in thy applause,  
The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws ;  
And, as the ancient art could stain  
Achievements on the storied pane,  
Irregularly traced and plann'd,  
But yet so glowing and so grand,—  
So shall he strive, in changeful hue,  
Field, feast, and combat, to renew,  
And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee, 190  
And all the pomp of chivalry.



THE PALACE OF HOLYROOD IN 1513  
*Canto V stan vii*

## CANTO FIFTH

### THE COURT

#### I.

THE train has left the hills of Braid ;  
The barrier guard have open made  
(So Lindesay bade) the palisade,

That closed the tented ground ;  
Their men the warders backward drew,  
And carried pikes as they rode through,  
Into its ample bound.

Fast ran the Scottish warriors there,  
Upon the Southern band to stare.  
And envy with their wonder rose,  
To see such well-appointed foes , 10  
Such length of shafts, such mighty bows,  
So huge, that many simply thought,  
But for a vaunt such weapons wrought ;  
And little deem'd their force to feel,  
Through links of mail, and plates of steel,  
When rattling upon Flodden vale,  
The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

#### II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view  
Glance every line and squadron through ; 20  
And much he marvell'd one small land  
Could marshal forth such various band :

Or musing, who would guide his steer,  
To till the fallow land. 60  
Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye  
Did aught of dastard terror lie,  
More dreadful far his ire,  
Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name,  
In eager mood to battle came,  
Their valour like light straw on flame,  
A fierce but fading fire.

## IV

Not so the Borderer :—bred to war,  
He knew the battle's din afar,  
And joy'd to hear it swell. 70  
His peaceful day was slothful ease ;  
Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could please  
Like the loud slogan yell.  
On active steed, with lance and blade,  
The light-arm'd pricker plied his trade,—  
Let nobles fight for fame ;  
Let vassals follow where they lead,  
Burghers to guard their townships bleed,  
But war's the Borderer's game. 80  
Their gain, their glory, their delight,  
To sleep the day, maraud the night,  
O'er mountain, moss, and moor ;  
Joyful to fight they took their way,  
Scarce caring who might win the day,  
Their booty was secure.  
These, as Lord Marmion's train pass'd by,  
Look'd on at first with careless eye,  
Nor marvel'd aught, well taught to know  
The form and force of English bow.  
But when they saw the Lord array'd 90  
In splendid arms and rich brocade,  
Each Borderer to his kinsman said,—  
“ Hïst, Rungan ! seest thou here !  
Canst guess which road they'll homeward ride ?—

O ! could we but on Border side,  
 By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,  
     Beset a prize so fair !  
 That fangless Lion, too, their guide,  
 Might chance to lose his glistening hide ;  
 Brown Maudlin, of that doublet pied,      100  
     Could make a kirtle rare."

## v.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic race,  
 Of different language, form, and face,  
     A various race of man ;  
 Just then the Chiefs their tribes array'd,  
 And wild and garish semblance madé,  
 The chequer'd trews, and belted plaid,  
 And varying notes the war-pipes bray'd,  
     To every varying clan ;  
 Wild through their red or sable hair      110  
 Look'd out their eyes with savage stare,  
     On Marmion as he pass'd ;  
 Their legs above the knee were bare ,  
 Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,  
     And harden'd to the blast ;  
 Of taller race, the chiefs they own  
 Were by the eagle's plumage known.  
 The hunted red-deer's undress'd hide  
 Their hairy buskins well supplied ;  
 The graceful bonnet deck'd their head :      120  
 Back from their shoulders hung the plaid ;  
 A broadsword of unwieldy length,  
 A dagger proved for edge and strength.  
     A studded targe they wore,  
 And quivers, bows, and shafts;—but, O !  
 Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,  
     To that which England bore.  
 The Isles-men, carried at their backs  
 The ancient Danish battle-axe.



They raised a wild and wondering cry,           130  
As with his guide rode Marmion by.  
Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when  
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,  
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,  
Grumbled and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

## VI.

Thus through the Scottish camp they pass'd,  
And reach'd the City gate at last,  
Where all around, a wakeful guard,  
Arm'd burghers kept their watch and ward  
Well had they cause of jealous fear,           140  
When lay encamp'd, in field so near,  
The Borderer and the Mountaineer.  
As through the bustling streets they go,  
All was alive with martial show :  
At every turn, with dinning clang,  
The armourer's anvil clash'd and rang :  
Or toil'd the swarthy smith, to wheel  
The bar that arms the charger's heel ,  
Or axe, or falchion, to the side  
Of jarring grindstone was applied.           150  
Page, groom, and squire, with hurrying pace,  
Through street, and lane, and market-place,  
Bore lance, or casque, or sword ;  
While burghers, with important face,  
Described each new-come lord,  
Discuss'd his lineage, told his name,  
His following, and his warlike fame.  
The Lion led to lodging meet,  
Which high o'erlook'd the crowded street ; .  
There must the Baron rest,           160  
Till past the hour of vesper tide,  
And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—  
Such was the King's behest.

Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns  
 A banquet rich, and costly wines,  
     To Marmion and his train ;  
 And when the appointed hour succeeds,  
 The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,  
 And following Lindesay as he leads,  
     The palace-halls they gain. 170

## VII.

Old Holy-Rood rung merrily,  
 That night, with wassel, mirth, and glee :  
 King James within her princely bower,  
 Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power,  
 Summon'd to spend the parting hour ;  
 For he had charged, that his array  
 Should southward march by break of day.  
 Well loved that splendid monarch aye  
     The banquet and the song,  
 By day the tourney, and by night 180  
 The merry dance, traced fast and light,  
 The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,  
     The revel loud and long.  
 This feast outshone his banquets past,  
 It was his blithest—and his last.  
 The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,  
 Cast on the Court a dancing ray ;  
 Here to the harp did minstrels sing ,  
 There ladies touch'd a softer string ,  
 With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest, 190  
 The licensed fool retail'd his jest ;  
 His magic tricks the juggler plied ;  
 At dice and draughts the gallants vied ;  
 While some, in close recess apart,  
 Courted the ladies of their heart,  
     Nor courted them in vain ;  
 For often, in the parting hour,  
 Victorious Love asserts his power

O'er coldness and disdain ;  
 And flinty is her heart, can view 200  
 To battle march a lover true—  
 Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,  
 Nor own her share of pain.

## VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,  
 The King to greet Lord Marmion came,  
 While, reverent, all made room.  
 An easy task it was, I trow,  
 King James's manly form to know.  
 Although, his courtesy to show,  
 He doff'd, to Marmion bending low, 210  
 His broider'd cap and plume.  
 For royal was his garb and mien,  
 His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,  
 Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild,  
 His vest of changeful satin sheen,  
 The dazzled eye beguiled ;  
 His gorgeous collar hung adown,  
 Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,  
 The thistle brave, of old renown .  
 His trusty blade, Toledo right, 220  
 Descended from a baldric bright ;  
 White were his buskins, on the heel  
 His spurs inlaid of gold and steel ;  
 His bonnet, all of crimson fair,  
 Was button'd with a ruby rare :  
 And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen  
 A prince of such a noble mien.

## IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size ;  
 For feat of strength, or exercise,  
 Shaped in proportion fair ; 230

And hazel was his eagle eye,  
 And auburn of the darkest dye,  
 His short curl'd beard and hair.  
 Light was his footstep in the dance,  
 And firm his stirrup in the lists,  
 And, oh ! he had that merry glance,  
 That seldom lady's heart resists.  
 Lightly from fair to fair he flew,  
 And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;—  
 Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,  
 For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

240

I said he joy'd in banquet bower ;  
 But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,  
 How suddenly his cheer would change,

His look o'ercast and lower,  
 If, in a sudden turn, he felt  
 The pressure of his iron belt,  
 That bound his breast in penance pain,  
 In memory of his father slain.

Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,  
 Soon as the passing pang was o'er  
 Forward he rush'd, with double glee,  
 Into the stream of revelry :

250

Thus, dim-seen object of affright  
 Startles the courser in his flight,  
 And half he halts, half springs aside,  
 But feels the quickening spur applied,  
 And, straining on the tighten'd rein,  
 Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

## X.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,  
 Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway  
 To Scotland's Court she came,  
 To be a hostage for her lord,  
 Who Cessford's gallant heart had gore'd,  
 And with the King to make accord,

260

Had sent his lovely dame.  
Nor to that lady free alone  
Did the gay King allegiance own ;  
For the fair Queen of France  
Sent him a turquois ring and glove, 270  
And charged him, as her knight and love,  
For her to break a lance ;  
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,  
And march three miles on Southron land,  
And bid the banners of his band  
In English breezes dance.  
And thus, for France's Queen he drest  
His manly limbs in mailed vest ;  
And thus-admitted English fair  
His inmost counsels still to share ; 280  
And thus, for both, he madly plann'd  
The ruin of himself and land !  
And yet, the sooth to tell,  
Nor England's fair, nor France's Queen,  
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,  
From Margaret's eyes that fell,—  
His own Queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's bower,  
All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour.

## XI.

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,  
And weeps the weary day, 290  
The war against her native soil,  
Her Monarch's risk in battle broil.—  
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,  
Dame Heron rises with a smile  
Upon the harp to play.  
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er  
The strings her fingers flew ;  
And as she touch'd and tuned them all,  
Ever her bosom's rise and fall  
Was plainer given to view , 300

For, all for heat, was laid aside  
 Her wimple, and her hood untied.  
 And first she pitch'd her voice to sing  
 Then glanced her dark eye on the King,  
 And then around the silent ring,  
 And laugh'd, and blush'd, and oft did say  
 Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,  
 She could not, would not, durst not play !  
 At length, upon the harp, with glee,  
 Mingled with arch simplicity, 310  
 A soft, yet lively, air she rung,  
 While thus the wily lady sung :—

## XII.

## LOCHINVAR

*Lady Heron's Song*

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,  
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,  
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was  
 none ; 320  
 But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
 Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)  
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" 330

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied :—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet · the knight took it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. 340  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
plume ,  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by  
far,  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young  
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger  
stood near ; 350  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
"She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and  
scaur ;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby  
clan ;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode 'and  
they ran :

There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ! 360

## XIII.

The Monarch o'er the siren hung  
 And beat the measure as she sung ;  
 And, pressing closer, and more near,  
 He whisper'd praises in her ear.  
 In loud applause the courtiers vied ;  
 And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.  
 The witching dame to Marmion threw  
 A glance, where seem'd to reign  
 The pride that claims applauses due,  
 And of her royal conquest too, 370  
 A real or feign'd disdain :  
 Familiar was the look, and told,  
 Marmion and she were friends of old.  
 The King observed their meeting eyes,  
 With something like displeased surprise :  
 For monarchs ill can rivals brook,  
 Even in a word, or smile, or look.  
 Straight took he forth the parchment broad,  
 Which Marmion's high commission show'd .  
 " Our Borders sack'd by many a raid, 380  
 Our peaceful liege-men robb'd," he said :  
 " On day of truce our Warden slain,  
 Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en—  
 Unworthy were we here to reign,  
 Should these for vengeance cry in vain ;  
 Our full defiance, hate, and scorn,  
 Our herald has to Henry borne,"

## XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood,  
 And with stern eye the pageant view'd :



I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore, 390  
 Who coronet of Angus bore,  
 And, when his blood and heart were high,  
 Did the third James in camp defy,  
 And all his minions led to die  
 On Lauder's dreary flat :  
 Princes and favourites long grew tame,  
 And trembled at the homely name  
 Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat ;  
 The same who left the dusky vale  
 Of Hermitage in Liddisdale, 400  
 Its dungeons, and its towers,  
 Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,  
 And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,  
 To fix his princely bowers.  
 Though now, in age, he had laid down  
 His armour for the peaceful gown,  
 And for a staff his brand,  
 Yet often would flash forth the fire,  
 That could, in youth, a monarch's ire  
 And minion's pride withstand ; 410  
 And even that day, at council board,  
 Unapt to soothe his sovereign's mood,  
 Against the war had Angus stood,  
 And chafed his royal lord.

## xv.

His giant-form, like ruin'd tower,  
 Though fall'n its muscles' brawny vaunt,  
 Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,  
 Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lower .  
 His locks and beard in silver grew ;  
 His eyebrows kept their sable hue. 420  
 Near Douglas when the monarch stood,  
 His bitter speech he thus pursued :  
 " Lord Marmion, since these letters say  
 That in the North you needs must stay,

While slightest hopes of peace remain,  
Uncourteous speech it were, and stern,  
To say—Return to Lindisfarne,

Until my herald come again.—  
Then rest you in Tantallon Hold ;  
Your host shall be the Douglas bold, 430  
A chief unlike his sires of old.

He wears their motto on his blade,  
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd ;  
Yet loves his sovereign to oppose,  
More than to face his country's foes.  
And, I bethink me, by St. Stephen,

But e'en this morn to me was given  
A prize, the first fruits of the war,  
Ta'en by a galley from Dunbar,

A bevy of the maids of Heaven. 440  
Under your guard, these holy maids  
Shall safe return to cloister shades,  
And, while they at Tantallon stay,  
Requiem for Cochran's soul may say."  
And, with the slaughter'd favourite's name,  
Across the Monarch's brow there came  
A cloud of ire, remorse and shame.

## XVI

In answer nought could Angus speak ;  
His proud heart swell'd wellnigh to break :  
He turn'd aside, and down his cheek 450  
A burning tear there stole.

His hand the Monarch sudden took,  
That sight his kind heart could not brook :

"Now, by the Bruce's soul,  
Angus, my hasty speech forgive !  
For sure as doth his spirit live,  
As he said of the Douglas old,

I well may say of you,—  
That never king did subject hold,  
In speech more free, in war more bold, 460

More tender and more true :  
 Forgive me, Douglas, once again."—  
 And, while the King his hand did strain,  
 The old man's tears fell down like rain.  
 To seize the moment Marmion tried,  
 And whisper'd to the King aside .  
 "Oh ! let such tears unwonted plead  
 For respite short from dubious deed !  
 A child will weep a bramble's smart,  
 A maid to see her sparrow part, 470  
 A stripling for a woman's heart :  
 But woe awaits a country, when  
 She sees the tears of bearded men.  
 Then, oh ! what omen, dark and high,  
 When Douglas wets his manly eye !"

## XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd  
 And tamper'd with his changing mood.  
 "Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"  
 Thus did the fiery Monarch say,  
 "Southward I march by break of day ; 480  
 And if within Tantallon strong,  
 The good Lord Marmion tarries long,  
 Perchance our meeting next may fall  
 At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."—  
 The haughty Marmion felt the taunt,  
 And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt :  
 "Much honour'd were my humble home,  
 If in its halls King James should come ;  
 But Nottingham has archers good,  
 And Yorkshire men are stern of mood ; 490  
 Northumbrian prickers wild and rude.  
 On Derby Hills the paths are steep ;  
 In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep ;  
 And many a banner will be torn,  
 And many a knight to earth be borne,

And many a sheaf of arrows spent,  
 Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent :  
 Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may !"—  
 The Monarch lightly turn'd away,  
 And to his nobles loud did call,— 500  
 "Lords, to the dance,—a hall ! a hall !"   
 Himself his cloak and sword flung by,  
 And led Dame Heron gallantly ,  
 And minstrels, at the royal order,  
 Rang out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."

## XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell  
 What to Saint Hilda's maids befell,  
 Whose galley, as they sail'd again  
 To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en.  
 Now at Dun-Edin did they bide, 510  
 Till James should of their fate decide ;  
 And soon, by his command,  
 Were gently summon'd to prepare  
 To journey under Marmion's care,  
 As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,  
 Again to English land.  
 The Abbess told her chaplet o'er,  
 Nor knew which saint she should implore ;  
 For, when she thought of Constance, sore  
 She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood. 520  
 And judge what Clara must have felt !  
 The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt,  
 Had drunk De Wilton's blood.  
 Unwittingly, King James had given,  
 As guard to Whitby's shades,  
 The man most dreaded under Heaven  
 By these defenceless maids :  
 Yet what petition could avail,  
 Or who would listen to the tale

Of woman, prisoner, and nun, 530  
'Mid bustle of a war begun ?  
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid  
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

## XIX

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,  
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd ;  
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,  
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,  
Who warn'd him by a scroll,  
She had a secret to reveal,  
That much concern'd the Church's weal, 540  
And health of sinner's soul ,  
And, with deep charge of secrecy,  
She named a place to meet,  
Within an open balcony,  
That hung from dizzy pitch, and high,  
Above the stately street ;  
To which, as common to each home,  
At night they might in secret come.

## XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,  
The Palmer and the holy Dame. 550  
The moon among the clouds rose high,  
And all the city hum was by.  
Upon the street, where late before  
Did din of war and warriors roar,  
You might have heard a pebble fall,  
A beetle hum, a cricket sing,  
An owl flap his boding wing  
On Giles's steeple tall  
The antique buildings, climbing high,  
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky, 560  
Were here wrapt deep in shade ;  
There on their brows the moon-beam broke,  
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,

And on the casements play'd.  
 And other light was none to see,  
     Save torches gliding far,  
 Before some chieftain of degree,  
 Who left the royal revelry  
     To bowne him for the war.—  
 A solemn scene the Abbess chose ;  
 A solemn hour, her secret to disclose. 570

## XXI.

“ O, holy Palmer ! ” she began,—  
 “ For sure he must be sainted man,  
 Whose blessed feet have trod the ground  
 Where the Redeemer's tomb is found,—  
 For His dear Church's sake, my tale  
 Attend, nor deem of light avail,  
 Though I must speak of worldly love,—  
 How vain to those who wed above !—  
 De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo'd 580  
 Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood ;  
 (Idle it were of Whitby's dame,  
 To say of that same blood I came ;)   
 And once, when jealous rage was high,  
 Lord Marmion said despiteously,  
 Wilton was traitor in his heart,  
 And had made league with Martin Swart,  
 When he came here on Simnel's part ;  
 And only cowardice did restrain  
 His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,— 590  
 And down he threw his glove :—the thing  
 Was tried, as wont, before the King ;  
 Where frankly did De Wilton own,  
 That Swart in Gueldres he had known ;  
 And that between them then there went  
 Some scroll of courteous compliment.  
 For this he to his castle sent ;

But when his messenger return'd,  
 Judge how De Wilton's fury burn'd !  
 For in his packet there was laid 600  
 Letters that claim'd disloyal aid,  
 And proved King Henry's cause betray'd.  
 His fame, thus blighted, in the field  
 He strove to clear, by spear and shield,—  
 To clear his fame in vain he strove,  
 For wondrous are His ways above !  
 Perchance some form was unobserved ;  
 Perchance in prayer, or faith, he swerved ;  
 Else how could guiltless champion quail,  
 Or how the blessed ordeal fail ? 610

## XXII.

" His squire, who now De Wilton saw  
 As recreant doom'd to suffer law,  
 Repentant, own'd in vain,  
 That, while he had the scrolls in care,  
 A stranger maiden, passing fair,  
 Had drench'd him with a beverage rare ;  
 His words no faith could gain.  
 With Clare alone he credence won,  
 Who, rather than wed Marmion,  
 Did to Saint Hilda's shrine repair, 620  
 To give our house her livings fair  
 And die a vestal vot'ress there.  
 The impulse from the earth was given,  
 But bent her to the paths of heaven.  
 A purer heart, a lovelier maid,  
 Ne'er shelter'd her in Whitby's shade,  
 No, not since Saxon Edelfed ;  
 Only one trace of earthly strain,  
 That for her lover's loss  
 She cherishes a sorrow vain, 630  
 And murmurs at the cross.—  
 And then her heritage ;—it goes

Along the banks of Tame ;  
 Deep fields of grain the reaper flows,  
 In meadows rich the heifer lows,  
 The falconer and huntsman knows  
 Its woodlands for the game.  
 Shame were it to Saint Hilda dear,  
 And I, her humble vot'ress here,  
 Should do a deadly sin,  
 Her temple spoil'd before mine eyes,  
 If this false Marmion such a prize  
 By my consent should win ;  
 Yet hath our boisterous monarch sworn  
 That Clare shall from our house be torn,  
 And grievous cause have I to fear,  
 Such mandate doth Lord Marmion bear.

640

## XXIII.

" Now, prisoner, helpless, and betray'd  
 To evil power, I claim thine aid,  
 By every step that thou hast trod  
 To holy shrine and grotto dim,  
 By every martyr's tortured limb,  
 By angel, saint, and seraphim,  
 And by the Church of God !  
 For mark :—When Wilton was betray'd,  
 And with his squire forged letters laid,  
 She was, alas ! that sinful maid,  
 By whom the deed was done,—  
 O ! shame and horror to be said !—  
 She was a perjured nun !  
 No clerk in all the land, like her,  
 Traced quaint and varying character.  
 Perchance you may a marvel deem,  
 That Marmion's paramour  
 (For such vile thing she was) should scheme  
 Her lover's nuptial hour ;

650

600



But o'er him thus she hoped to gain,  
 As privy to his honour's stain,  
 Illimitable power :  
 For this she secretly retain'd 670  
 Each proof that might the plot reveal,  
 Instructions with his hand and seal ;  
 And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,  
 Through sinner's perfidy impure,  
 Her house's glory to secure,  
 And Clare's immortal weal.

## XXIV.

" 'Twere long, and needless, here to tell,  
 How to my hand these papers fell,  
 With me they must not stay.  
 Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true ! 680  
 Who knows what outrage he might do,  
 While journeying by the way ?—  
 O, blessed Saint, if e'er again  
 I venturous leave thy calm domain,  
 To travel or by land or main,  
 Deep penance may I pay !—  
 Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer :  
 I give this packet to thy care,  
 For thee to stop they will not dare ;  
 And O ! with cautious speed, 690  
 To Wolsey's hand the papers bring,  
 That he may show them to the King :  
 And, for the well-earn'd meed,  
 Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine  
 A weekly mass shall still be thine,  
 While priests can sing and read.—  
 What ail'st thou ?—Speak !"—For as he took  
 The charge, a strong emotion shook  
 His frame ; and, ere reply,  
 They heard a faint, yet shrill tone, 700  
 Like distant clarion feebly blown,

That on the breeze did die ;  
 And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear,  
 " Saint Withold, save us !—What is here ?  
 Look at yon City Cross !  
 See on its battled tower appear  
 Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,  
 And blazon'd banners toss !"—

## XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,  
 Rose on a turret octagon ; 710  
 (But now is razed that monument,  
 Whence royal edict rang,  
 And voice of Scotland's law was sent  
 In glorious trumpet-clang.  
 O ! be his tomb as lead to lead,  
 Upon its dull destroyer's head !—  
 A minstrel's malison is said.)—  
 Then on its battlements they saw  
 A vision, passing Nature's law,  
 Strange, wild, and dimly seen ; 720  
 Figures that seem'd to rise and die,  
 Gibber and sign, advance and fly,  
 While nought confirm'd could ear or eye  
 Discern of sound or mien.  
 Yet darkly did it seem, as there  
 Heralds and Pursuivants prepare,  
 With trumpet sound and blazon fair,  
 A summons to proclaim ;  
 But indistinct the pageant proud,  
 As fancy forms of midnight cloud,  
 When flings the moon upon her shroud 730  
 A wavering tinge of flame ;  
 It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud,  
 From midmost of the spectre crowd,  
 This awful summons came :—

## XXVI.

“ Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer,  
Whose names I now shall call,  
Scottish, or foreigner, give ear ;  
Subjects of him who sent me here,  
At his tribunal to appear, 740  
I summon one and all :  
I cite you by each deadly sin,  
That e’er hath soil’d your heart within :  
I cite you by each brutal lust,  
That e’er defiled your earthly dust,—  
By wrath, by pride, by fear,  
By each o’er-mastering passion’s tone,  
By the dark grave, and dying groan !  
When forty days are pass’d and gone,  
I cite you, at your Monarch’s throne, 750  
To answer and appear.”  
Then thunder’d forth a roll of names :  
The first was thine, unhappy James !  
Then all thy nobles came ;  
Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Argyle,  
Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyle,—  
Why should I tell their separate style ?  
Each chief of birth and fame,  
Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isle,  
Fore-doom’d to Flodden’s carnage pile, 760  
Was cited there by name ;  
And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye ;  
De Wilton, erst of Aberley,  
The self-same thundering voice did say.—  
But then another spoke :  
“ Thy fatal summons I deny,  
And thine infernal Lord defy,  
Appealing me to Him on High,  
Who burst the sinner’s yoke.” 770

At that dread accent, with a scream,  
 Parted the pageant like a dream,  
 The summoner was gone.  
 Prone on her face the Abbess fell,  
 And fast, and fast, her beads did tell;  
 Her nuns came, startled by the yell,  
 And found her there alone.  
 She mark'd not, at the scene aghast,  
 What time, or how, the Palmer pass'd.

## XXVII.

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth move, 780  
 Dun-Edin's streets are empty now,  
 Save when, for weal of those they love,  
 To pray the prayer, and vow the vow,  
 The tottering child, the anxious fair,  
 The grey-hair'd sire, with pious care,  
 To chapels and to shrines repair—  
 Where is the Palmer now? and where  
 The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare?—  
 Bold Douglas<sup>1</sup> to Tantallon fair  
 They journey in thy charge: 790  
 Lord Marmion rode on his right hand,  
 The Palmer still was with the band;  
 Angus, like Lindesay, did command,  
 That none should roam at large.  
 But in that Palmer's alter'd mien  
 A wondrous change might now be seen,  
 Freely he spoke of war,  
 Of marvels wrought by single hand,  
 When lifted for a native land;  
 And still look'd high, as if he plann'd 800  
 Some desperate deed afar.  
 His courser would he feed and stroke,  
 And, tucking up his sable frocke,  
 Would first his mettles bold provoke,  
 Their scothe or quell his pride.

Old Hubert said, that never one  
He saw, except Lord Marmion,  
A steed so fairly ride.

## XXVIII.

Some half-hour's march behind, there came,  
By Eustace govern'd fair, 810  
A troop escorting Hilda's Dame,  
With all her nuns, and Clare.  
No audience had Lord Marmion sought.  
Ever he fear'd to aggravate  
Clara de Clare's suspicious hate ;  
And safer 'twas, he thought,  
To wait till, from the nuns removed,  
The influence of kinsmen loved,  
And suit by Henry's self approved, 820  
Her slow consent had wrought.  
His was no flickering flame, that dies  
Unless when fann'd by looks and sighs,  
And lighted oft at lady's eyes ;  
He long'd to stretch his wide command  
O'er luckless Clara's ample land -  
Besides, when Wilton with him vied,  
Although the pang of humbled pride  
The place of jealousy supplied,  
Yet conquest by that meanness won  
He almost loath'd to think upon, 830  
Led him, at times, to hate the cause,  
Which made him burst through honour's laws.  
If e'er he lov'd, 'twas her alone,  
Who died within that vault of stone.

## XXIX.

And now, when close at hand they saw  
North Berwick's town, and lofty Law,  
Fitz-Eustace bade them pause a while,  
Before a venerable pile,  
Whose turrets view'd afar,

The lofty Bass, the Lambie Isle, 840  
 The ocean's peace or war.  
 At tolling of a bell, forth came  
 The convent's venerable Dame,  
 And pray'd Saint Hilda's Abbess rest  
 With her, a loved and honour'd guest,  
 Till Douglas should a bark prepare  
 To waft her back to Whitby fair.  
 Glad was the Abbess you may guess,  
 And thank'd the Scottish Prioress ;  
 And tedious were to tell, I ween, 850  
 The courteous speech that pass'd between  
 O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys leave ;  
 But when fair Clara did intend,  
 Like them, from horseback to descend,  
 Fitz-Eustace said,—“I grieve,  
 Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart,  
 Such gentle company to part ;—  
 Think not discourtesy,  
 But lords' commands must be obey'd ;  
 And Marmion and the Douglas said, 860  
 That you must wend with me.  
 Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,  
 Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,  
 Commanding, that, beneath his care,  
 Without delay, you shall repair  
 To your good kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.”

## xxx.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd ;  
 But she, at whom the blow was aim'd,  
 Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—  
 She deem'd she heard her death-doom read. 870  
 “Cheer thee, my child !” the Abbess said,  
 “They dare not tear thee from my hand,  
 To ride alone with armed band.”—  
 “Náy, holy mother, nay,”

Fitz-Eustace said, "the lovely Clare  
Will be an Lady Angus' care,  
In Scotland while we stay ;  
And, when we move, an easy ride  
Will bring us to the English side,  
Female attendance to provide  
Befitting Gloster's heir :  
Nor thinks nor dreams my noble Lord,  
By slightest look, or act, or word,  
To harass Lady Clare.  
Her faithful guardian he will be,  
Nor sue for slightest courtesy  
That e'en to stranger falls,  
Till he shall place her, safe and free,  
Within her kinsman's halls."

He spoke, and blush'd with earnest grace ;  
His faith was painted on his face,  
And Clare's worst fear relieved.  
The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd  
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,  
Entreated, threaten'd, grieved ;  
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,  
Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,  
And call'd the Prioress to aid,  
To curse with candle, bell, and book.  
Her head the grave Cistercian shook :  
" The Douglas, and the King," she said,  
" In their commands will be obey'd ;  
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall  
The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,  
Assumed her wonted state again,—  
For much of state she had,—  
Composed her veil and raised her head,  
And—"Bid," in solemn voice she said,

"Thy master, bold and bad, 910  
 The records of his house turn o'er,  
 And, when he shall there written see,  
 That one of his own ancestry  
 Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,  
 Bid him his fate explore !  
 Prancing in pride of earthly trust,  
 His charger hurl'd him to the dust,  
 And, by a base plebeian thrust,  
 He died his band before.  
 God judge 'twixt Marmion and me ; 920  
 He is a Chief of high degree,  
 And I a poor recluse :  
 Yet oft, in holy writ, we see  
 Even such weak minister as me  
 May the oppressor bruise :  
 For thus, inspired, did Judith slay  
 The mighty in his sin,  
 And Jael thus, and Deborah"—  
 Here hasty Blount broke in .  
 "Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band : 930  
 St. Anton' fire thee ! wilt thou stand  
 All day, with bonnet in thy hand,  
 To hear the Lady preach ?  
 By this good light ! if thus we stay,  
 Lord Marmion, for our foul delay,  
 Will sharper sermon teach.  
 Come, don thy cap, and mount thy horse ;  
 The Dame must patience take perforce"—

## XXXII.

"Submit we then to force," said Clare,  
 "But let this barbarous lord despair 940  
 His purposed aim to win ;  
 Let him take living, land, and life ;  
 But to be Marmion's wedded wife  
 In me were deadly sin :



And if it be the King's decree,  
That I must find no sanctuary,  
In that inviolable dome,  
Where even a homicide might come,  
    And safely rest his head,  
Though at its open portals stood,           950  
Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,  
    The kinsmen of the dead,  
Yet one asylum is my own  
    Against the dreaded hour;  
A low, a silent, and a lone,  
    Where kings have little power.  
One victim is before me there.—  
Mother, your blessing, and in prayer  
Remember your unhappy Clare !”  
Loud weeps the Abbess, and bestows           960  
    Kind blessings many a one :  
Weeping and wailing loud arose,  
Round patient Clare the clamorous woes  
    Of every simple nun.  
His eyes the gentle Eustace dried,  
And scarce rude Blount the sight could bide.  
    Then took the squire her rein,  
And gently led away her steed,  
And, by each courteous word and deed,  
    To cheer her strove in vain.           970

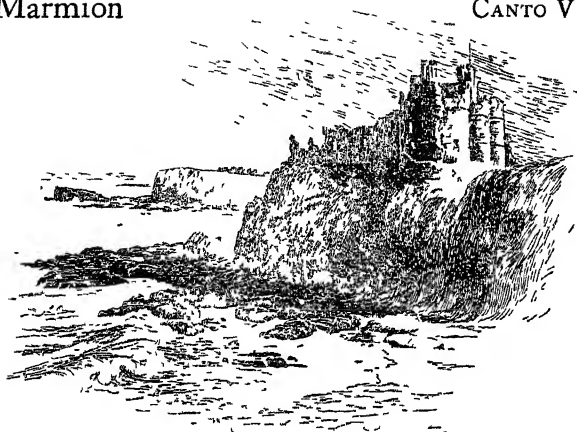
## XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band had rode,  
    When o'er a height they pass'd,  
And, sudden, close before them show'd  
    His towers, Tantallon vast ;  
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,  
And held impregnable in war.  
On a projecting rock they rose,  
And round three sides the ocean flows,  
The fourth did battled walls enclose,

And double mound and fosse. 980  
 By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,  
 Through studded gates, an entrance long,  
 To the main court they cross.  
 It was a wide and stately square :  
 Around were lodgings, fit and fair,  
 And towers of various form,  
 Which on the court projected far,  
 And broke its lines quadrangular.  
 Here was square keep, there turret high,  
 Or pinnacle that sought the sky, 990  
 Whence oft the Warder could descry  
 The gathering ocean-storm.

## XXXIV.

Here did they rest.—The princely care  
 Of Douglas, why should I declare,  
 Or say they met reception fair ?  
 Or why the tidings say,  
 Which, varying, to Tantallon came,  
 By hurrying posts or fleeter fame,  
 With ever varying day ?  
 And, first they heard King James had won 1000  
 Etall, and Wark, and Ford ; and then,  
 That Norham Castle strong was ta'en.  
 At that sore marvell'd Marmion ;—  
 And Douglas hoped his Monarch's hand  
 Would soon subdue Northumberland ;  
 But whisper'd news there came,  
 That, while his host inactive lay,  
 And melted by degrees away,  
 King James was dallying off the day  
 With Heron's wily dame.— 1010  
 Such acts to chronicles I yield ;  
 Go seek them there, and see :  
 Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,  
 And not a history.—



TANTALLON CASTLE (overlooking the Frith of Forth)

*Canto V. stan. xxxiii.*

At length they heard the Scottish host  
 On that high ridge had made their post,  
     Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain ;  
 And that brave Surrey many a band  
 Had gather'd in the Southern land,  
 And march'd into Northumberland,      1020  
     And camp at Wooler ta'en.  
 Marmion, like charger in the stall,  
 That hears, without, the trumpet-call,  
     Began to chafe, and swear :—  
 "A sorry thing to hide my head  
 In castle, like a fearful maid,  
     When such a field is near !  
 Needs must I see this battle-day :  
 Death to my fame if such a fray  
 Were fought, and Marmion away !      1030  
 The Douglas, too, I wot not why,  
 Hath 'bated of his courtesy :  
 No longer in his halls I'll stay."  
 Then bade his band they should array  
 For march against the dawning day.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH

TO

RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

*Mertoun-House, Christmas*

HEAP on more wood !—the wind is chill ;  
But let it whistle as it will,  
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
Each age has deem'd the new-born year  
The fittest time for festal cheer :  
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane  
At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;  
High on the beach his galleys drew,  
And feasted all his pirate crew ;  
Then in his low and pine-built hall, 10  
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,  
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer ;  
Caroused in seas of sable beer ;  
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown  
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone :  
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,  
While Scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.  
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,  
While wildly-loose their red locks fly,  
And dancing round the blazing pile, 20  
They make such barbarous mirth the while,  
As best might to the mind recall  
The bisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old  
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,  
And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
With all his hospitable train.  
Domestic and religious rite  
Gave honour to the holy night ;  
On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;      30  
On Christmas eve the mass was sung :  
That only night in all the year,  
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;  
The hall was dress'd with holy green ;  
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
To gather in the mistletoe.  
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall  
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;  
Power laid his rod of rule aside,      40  
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.  
The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
That night might village partner choose ;  
The Lord, underogating, share  
The vulgar game of " post and pair."  
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,  
And general voice, the happy night,  
That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,      50  
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Scrub'd till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,  
By old blue-coated serving-man ;  
Then the grim boar's head crown'd on high,  
Crested with bays and rosemary.

Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell, 60  
 How, when, and where, the monster fell ;  
 What dogs before his death he tore,  
 And all the baiting of the boar.  
 The wassel round, in good brown bowls,  
 Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
 There the huge sirloin reek'd ; hard by  
 Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;  
 Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,  
 At such high tide, her savoury goose.  
 Then came the merry maskers in, 70  
 And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;  
 If unmelodious was the song,  
 It was a hearty note, and strong.  
 Who lists may in their mumming see  
 Traces of ancient mystery ;  
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
 And smutt'd cheeks the visors made ;  
 But, O ! what maskers, richly dight,  
 Can boast of bosoms half so light !  
 England was merry England, when 80  
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale  
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;  
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,  
 Some remnants of the good old time ;  
 And still, within our valleys here,  
 We hold the kindred title dear,  
 Even when, perchance, its far-fetch'd claim 90  
 To Southron ear sounds empty name ;  
 For course of blood, our proverbs deem,  
 Is warmer than the mountain stream.  
 And thus, my Christmas still I hold  
 Where my great-grandsire came of old,

With amber beard, and flaxen hair,  
And reverend apostolic air—  
The feast and holy-tide to share,  
And mix sobriety with wine,  
And honest mirth with thoughts divine . 100  
Small thought was his, in after time  
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.  
The simple sire could only boast,  
That he was loyal to his cost ;  
The banish'd race of kings revered,  
And lost his land,—but kept his beard.

In these dear halls, where welcome kind  
Is with fair liberty combined ,  
Where cordial friendship gives the hand,  
And flies constraint the magic wand 110  
Of the fair dame that rules the land.  
Little we heed the tempest drear,  
While music, mirth, and social cheer,  
Speed on their wings the passing year.  
And Mertoun's halls are fair e'en now,  
When not a leaf is on the bough.  
Tweed loves them well, and turns again.  
As loath to leave the sweet domain,  
And holds his mirror to her face,  
And clips her with a close embrace :— 120  
Gladly as he, we seek the dome,  
And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time of glee,  
My thoughts should, Heber, turn to thee !  
For many a merry hour we've known,  
And heard the chimes of midnight's tone.  
Cease, then, my friend ! a moment cease,  
And leave these classic tomes in peace !  
Of Roman and of Grecian lore,  
Sure mortal brain can hold no more. 2. 130

These ancients, as Noll Bluff might say,  
 "Were pretty fellows in their day ;"

But time and tide o'er all prevail—

On Christmas eve a Christmas tale—

Of wonder and of war—"Profane !

What ! leave the lofty Latin strain,

Her stately prose, her verse's charms,

To hear the clash of rusty arms :

In Fairy Land or Limbo lost,

To jostle conjurer and ghost,

Goblin and witch !"—Nay, Heber dear,

Before you touch my charter, hear .

Though Leyden aids, alas ! no more,

My cause with many-languaged lore,

This may I say :—in realms of death

Ulysses meets Alcides' *wraith* ;

Æneas, upon Thracia's shore,

The ghost of murder'd Polydore ;

For omens, we in Livy cross,

At every turn, *locutus Bos*.

As grave and duly speaks that ox,

As if he told the price of stocks ;

Or held, in Rome republican,

The place of common-councilman.

140

150

All nations have their omens drear,

Their legends wild of woe and fear.

To Cambria look—the peasant see,

Bethink him of Glendowerdy,

And shun "the Spirit's Blasted Tree."

The Highlander, whose red claymore

The battle turn'd on Maida's shore,

Will, on a Friday morn, look pale,

If ask'd to tell a fairy tale :

He fears the vengeful Elfin King,

Who leaves that day his grassy ring :

Invisible to human ken,

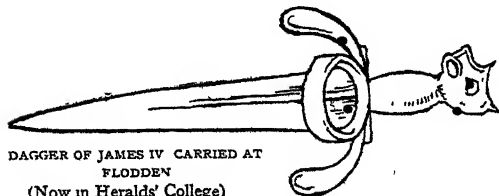
He walks among the sons of men.

160



Did'st e'er, dear Heber, pass along  
Beneath the towers of Franchémont,  
Which, like an eagle's nest in air, 170  
Hang o'er the stream and hamlet fair ?  
Deep in their vaults, the peasants say,  
A mighty treasure buried lay,  
Amass'd through rapine and through wrong  
By the last Lord of Franchémont  
The iron chest is bolted hard,  
A huntsman sits, its constant guard ;  
Around his neck his horn is hung,  
His hanger in his belt is slung ;  
Before his feet his blood-hounds lie ; 180  
An 'twere not for his gloomy eye,  
Whose withering glance no heart can brook,  
As true a huntsman doth he look,  
As bugle e'er in brake did sound,  
Or ever holloo'd to a hound.  
To chase the fiend, and win the prize,  
In that same dungeon ever tries  
An aged necromantic priest ;  
It is an hundred years at least,  
Since 'twixt them first the strife begun, 190  
And neither yet has lost nor won.  
And oft the Conjuror's words will make  
The stubborn Demon groan and quake ;  
And oft the bands of iron break,  
Or bursts one lock, that still amain,  
Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again.  
That magic strife within the tomb  
May last until the day of doom,  
Unless the adept shall learn to tell  
The very word that clench'd the spell, 200  
When Franchémont lock'd the treasure cell.  
An hundred years are pass'd and gone,  
And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may  
 Excuse for old Pitscottie say,  
 Whose gossip history has given  
 My song the messenger from Heaven,  
 That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's King,  
 Nor less the infernal summoning,  
 May pass the Monk of Durham's tale, 210  
 Whose demon fought in Gothic mail;  
 May pardon plead for Fordun grave,  
 Who told of Gifford's Goblin Cave.  
 But why such instances to you,  
 Who, in an instant, can renew  
 Your treasured hoards of various lore,  
 And furnish twenty thousand more?  
 Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest  
 Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest,  
 While gripple owners still refuse 220  
 To others what they cannot use,  
 Give them the priest's whole century,  
 They shall not spell you letters three;  
 Their pleasure in the books the same  
 The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem.  
 Thy volumes, open as thy heart,  
 Delight, amusement, science, art,  
 To every ear and eye impart;  
 Yet who of all who thus employ them,  
 Can like the owner's self enjoy them?— 230  
 But, hark! I hear the distant drum!  
 The day of Flodden field is come.—  
 Adieu, dear Heber! life and health,  
 And store of literary wealth.



DAGGER OF JAMES IV CARRIED AT  
 FLODDEN  
 (Now in Herald's College)

## CANTO SIXTH

### THE BATTLE

#### I.

WHILE great events were on the gale,  
And each hour brought a varying tale,  
And the demeanour, changed and cold,  
Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold,  
And, like the impatient steed of war,  
He snuff'd the battle from afar ;  
And hopes were none, that back again  
Herald should come from Terouenne,  
Where England's King in leaguer lay,  
Before decisive battle-day ; 10  
Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare  
Died in the Dame's devotions share :  
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd  
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,  
And, with short interval, did pass  
From prayer to book, from book to mass,  
And all in high Baronial pride,—  
A life both dull and dignified ;—  
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd  
Upon her intervals of rest, 20  
Dejected Clara well could bear  
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,  
Though dearest to her wounded heart  
The hours that she might spend apart.

#### II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep  
Hung o'er the margin of the deep.

Along the dark-grey bulwarks' side,  
And ever on the heaving tide  
Look down with weary eye.  
Oft did the cliff and swelling main,  
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fane,—  
A home she ne'er might see again,  
For she had laid adown,  
So Douglas bade, the hood and veil, 70  
And frontlet of the cloister pale,  
And Benedictine gown :  
It were unseemly sight, he said,  
A novice out of convent shade.—  
Now her bright locks, with sunny glow,  
Again adorn'd her brow of snow ;  
Her mantle rich, whose borders, round,  
A deep and fretted broiderie bound,  
In golden foldings sought the ground ;  
Of holy ornament, alone 80  
Remain'd a cross with ruby stone ;  
And often did she look  
On that which in her hand she bore,  
With velvet bound, and broider'd o'er,  
Her breviary book.  
In such a place, so lone, so grim,  
At dawning pale, or twilight dim,  
It fearful would have been  
To meet a form so richly dress'd,  
With book in hand, and cross on breast, 90  
And such a woeful mien.  
Fitz-Eustace, loitering with his bow,  
To practise on the gull and crow,  
Saw her, at distance, gliding slow,  
And did by Mary swear,—  
Some love-lorn Fay she might have been,  
Or, in Romance, some spell-bound Queen :  
For ne'er, in work-day world, was seen  
A form so witching fair.

## IV.

Once walking thus, at evening tide, 100  
 It chanced a gliding sail she spied,  
 And, sighing, thought—"The Abbess, there,  
 Perchance, does to her home repair,  
 Her peaceful rule, where Duty, free,  
 Walks hand in hand with Charity;  
 Where oft Devotion's tranced glow  
 Can such a glimpse of heaven bestow,  
 That the enraptured sisters see  
 High vision and deep mystery;  
 The very form of Hilda fair, 110  
 Hovering upon the sunny air,  
 And smiling on her votaries' prayer.  
 O! wherefore, to my duller eye,  
 Did still the Saint her form deny!  
 Was it, that, sear'd by sinful scorn,  
 My heart could neither melt nor burn?  
 Or lie my warm affections low,  
 With him, that taught them first to glow?  
 Yet, gentle Abbess, well I knew,  
 To pay thy kindness grateful due, 120  
 And well could brook the mild command,  
 That ruled thy simple maiden band.  
 How different now! condemn'd to bide  
 My doom from this dark tyrant's pride.—  
 But Marmion has to learn, ere long,  
 That constant mind, and hate of wrong,  
 Descended to a feeble girl,  
 From Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl:  
 Of such a stem, a sapling weak,  
 He ne'er shall bend, although he break. 130

## V.

"But see!—<sup>e</sup>what makes this armour here?"—  
 For in her path there lay

Targe, corslet, helm ;—she view'd them near.—  
“The breast-plate pierced !—Ay, much I fear,  
Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,  
That hath made fatal entrance here,

As these dark blood-gouts say.—  
Thus Wilton !—Oh ! not corslet's ward,  
Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,  
Could be thy manly bosom's guard, 140

On yon disastrous day !”—  
She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—  
WILTON himself before her stood !  
It might have seem'd his passing ghost,  
For every youthful grace was lost,  
And joy unwonted, and surprise,  
Gave their strange wildness to his eyes.—  
Expect not, noble dames and lords,  
That I can tell such scene in words : 150

What skilful limner e'er would choose  
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,  
Unless to mortal it were given  
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven ?  
Far less can my weak line declare  
Each changing passion's shade ;  
Brightening to rapture from despair,  
Sorrow, surprise, and pity there,  
And joy, with her angelic air,  
And hope, that paints the future fair,

Their varying hues display'd : 160  
Each o'er its rival's ground extending,  
Alternate conquering, shifting, blending,  
Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield,  
And mighty Love retains the field.  
Shortly I tell what then he said,  
By many a tender word delay'd,  
And modest blush, and bursting sign,  
And question kind, and fond reply :—

## VI.

## DE WILTON'S HISTORY

"Forget we that disastrous day,  
 When senseless in the lists I lay. 170  
 Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot know,  
 For sense and recollection fled,—  
 I found me on a pallet low,  
 Within my ancient beadsman's shed.  
 Austin,—remember'st thou, my Clare,  
 How thou didst blush, when the old man,  
 When first our infant love began,  
 Said we would make a matchless pair?—  
 Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled  
 From the degraded traitor's bed,— 180  
 He only held my burning head,  
 And tended me for many a day,  
 While wounds and fever held their sway.  
 But far more needful was his care,  
 When sense return'd to wake despair;  
 For I did tear the closing wound,  
 And dash me frantic on the ground,  
 If e'er I heard the name of Clare  
 At length, to calmer reason brought,  
 Much by his kind attendance wrought, 190  
 With him I left my native strand,  
 And, in a palmer's weeds array'd,  
 My hated name and form to shade,  
 I journey'd many a land;  
 No more a lord of rank and birth,  
 But mingled with the dregs of earth.  
 Oft Austin for my reason fear'd,  
 When I would sit, and deeply brood  
 On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,  
 Or wild mad schemes uprear'd. 200  
 My friend at length fell sick, and said,

God would remove him soon :  
 And, while upon his dying bed,  
 He begg'd of me a boon—  
 If e'er my deadliest enemy  
 Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie,  
 Even then my mercy should awake,  
 And spare his life for Austin's sake.

## VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain,  
 To Scotland next my route was ta'en, 210  
 Full well the paths I knew.  
 Fame of my fate made various sound,  
 That death in pilgrimage I found,  
 That I had perish'd of my wound,—  
 None cared which tale was true :  
 And living eye could never guess  
 De Wilton in his Palmer's dress ;  
 For now that sable slough is shed,  
 And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head,  
 I scarcely know me in the glass. 220  
 A chance most wondrous did provide,  
 That I should be that Baron's guide—  
 I will not name his name !—  
 Vengeance to God alone belongs ;  
 But, when I think on all my wrongs,  
 My blood is liquid flame !  
 And ne'er the time shall I forget,  
 When, in a Scottish hostel set,  
 Dark looks we did exchange :  
 What were his thoughts I cannot tell ; 230  
 But in my bosom muster'd Hell  
 Its plans of dark revenge.

## VIII.

"A word of vulgar augury,  
 That broke from me I scarce knew-why,



Brought on a village tale ;  
 Which wrought upon his moody sprite,  
 And sent him armed forth by night.  
 I borrow'd steed and mail,  
 And weapons, from his sleeping band ;  
 And, passing from a postern door, 240  
 We met, and 'counter'd hand to hand,—  
 He fell on Gifford moor.  
 For the death-stroke my brand I drew,  
 (O then my helmed head he knew,  
 The Palmer's cowl was gone,)  
 Then had three inches of my blade  
 The heavy debt of vengeance paid,—  
 My hand the thought of Austin staid ;  
 I left him there alone.—  
 O good old man ! even from the grave 250  
 Thy spirit could thy master save :  
 If I had slain my foeman, ne'er  
 Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear,  
 Given to my hand this packet dear,  
 Of power to clear my injured fame,  
 And vindicate De Wilton's name.—  
 Perchance you heard the Abbess tell  
 Of the strange pageantry of Hell,  
 That broke our secret speech—  
 It rose from the infernal shade, 260  
 Or featly was some juggle play'd,  
 A tale of peace to teach.  
 Appeal to Heaven I judged was best,  
 When my name came among the rest.

## IX.

" Now here, within Tantallon Hold,  
 To Douglas late my tale I told,  
 To whom my house was known of old.  
 Won by my proofs, his falchion bright  
 This-even anew shall dub me knight.

These were the arms that once did turn      270  
The tide of fight on Otterburne,  
And Harry Hotspur forced to yield,  
When the Dead Douglas won the field.  
These Angus gave—his armourer's care,  
Ere morn shall every breach repair,  
For nought, he said, was in his halls,  
But ancient armour on the walls,  
And aged chargers in the stalls,  
And women, priests, and grev-hair'd men ;  
The rest were all in Twisel glen.      280  
And now I watch my armour here,  
By law of arms, till midnight's near ;  
Then, once again a belted knight,  
Seek Surfev's camp with dawn of light.

## x.

" There soon again we meet, my Clare !  
This Baron means to guide thee there  
Douglas reveres his King's command,  
Else would he take thee from his band.  
And there thy kinsman, Surrey, too,  
Will give De Wilton justice due.      290  
Now meeter far for martial broil,  
Firmer my limbs, and strung by toil,  
Once more"—" O Wilton ! must we then  
Risk new-found happiness again,  
Trust fate of arms once more ?  
And is there not an humble glen,  
Where we, content and poor,  
Might build a cottage in the shade,  
A shepherd thou, and I to aid  
Thy task on dale and moor ?—      300  
That reddening brow !—too well I know,  
Not even thy Clare can peace bestow,  
While falsehood stains thy name .  
Go then to fight ! Clare bid thee go !  
Clare can a warrior's feelings know .

And weep a warrior's shame ;  
 Can Red Earl Gilbert's spirit feel,  
 Buckle the spurs upon thy heel,  
 And belt thee with thy brand of steel,  
 And send thee forth to fame ! "

310

## XI

That night, upon the rocks and bay,  
 The midnight moon-beam slumbering lay,  
 And pour'd its silver light, and pure,  
 Through loop-hole, and through embrasure,  
 Upon Tantallon tower and hall ;  
 But chief where arched windows wide  
 Illuminate the chapel's pride,  
 The sober glances fall.

Much was there need ; though seam'd with scars,  
 Two veterans of the Douglas' wars, 320

Though two grey priests were there,  
 And each a blazing torch held high,  
 You could not by their blaze descry  
 The chapel's carving fair.

Amid that dim and smoky light,  
 Chequering the silver moon-shine bright,  
 A bishop by the altar stood,

A noble lord of Douglas blood,  
 With mitre sheen and rocquet white.  
 Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye 330  
 But little pride of prelacy ;

More pleased that, in a barbarous age,  
 He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,  
 Than that beneath his rule he held  
 The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.  
 Beside him ancient Angus stood,  
 Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood ;  
 O'er his huge form and visage-pale,  
 He wore a cap and shirt of mail ;

And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand      340  
 Upon the huge and sweeping brand  
 Which wont of yore, in battle fray,  
 His foeman's limbs to shred away,  
 As wood-knife lops the sapling spray.  
 He seem'd as, from the tombs around  
     Rising at judgment-day,  
 Some giant Douglas may be found  
     In all his old array,  
 So pale his face, so huge his limb,  
 So old his arms, his look so grim.      350

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels,  
 And Cläre the spurs bound on his heels;  
 And think what next he must have felt,  
 At buckling of the falchion belt!  
 And judge how Clara changed her hue,  
 While fastening to her lover's side  
 A friend, which, though in danger tried,  
     He once had found untrue!  
 Then Douglas struck him with his blade:  
 "Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,      360  
     I dub thee knight.  
 Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!  
 For King, for Church, for Lady fair,  
     See that thou fight."—  
 And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,  
 Said—"Wilton! grieve not for thy woes,  
     Disgrace, and trouble;  
 For He, who honour best bestows,  
     May give thee double."—  
 De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—      370  
 "Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust  
     That Douglas is my brother!"—  
 "Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;  
 To Surrey's camp thou now must go,  
     Thy wrongs no longer smother.

I have two sons in yonder field ;  
 And, if thou meet'st them under shield,  
 Upon them bravely—do thy worst ,  
 And foul fall him that blenches first ! ”

## XIII.

Not far advanced was morning day, 380  
 When Marmion did his troop array

To Surrey's camp to ride ,  
 He had safe conduct for his band,  
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,

And Douglas gave a guide :  
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,  
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,  
 And whisper'd in an under tone,  
 “ Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown.”—  
 The train from out the castle drew, 390  
 But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu.—

“ Though something I might plain,” he said,  
 “ Of cold respect to stranger guest,  
 Sent hither by your King's behest,

While in Tantallon's towers I staid ;  
 Part we in friendship from your land,  
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”—  
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,  
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke —  
 “ My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still 400  
 Be open, at my Sovereign's will,  
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er  
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.  
 My castles are my King's alone,  
 From turret to foundation-stone—  
 The hand of Douglas is his own ;  
 And never shall in friendly grasp  
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”—

## XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
 And shook his very frame for ire, 410

And—"This to me!" he said,—  
 "An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared  
 To cleave the Douglas' head!  
 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
 He, who does England's message here,  
 Although the meanest in her state,  
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:  
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,  
 Even in thy pitch of pride, 420  
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,  
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,  
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)  
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied!  
 And if thou said'st I am not peer  
 To any lord in Scotland here,  
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,  
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"—  
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage  
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age: 430  
 Fierce he broke forth,—“And darest thou then  
 To beard the lion in his den,  
 The Douglas in his hall?  
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—  
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no?  
 Up drawbridge, grooms—what, Warder, ho!  
 Let the portcullis fall.”—  
 Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,  
 And dash'd the rowels in his steed,  
 Like arrow through the archway sprung, 440  
 The ponderous grate behind him rung:  
 To pass there was such scanty room,  
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

## XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,  
 Just as it trembled on the rise;

Nor lighter does the swallow skim  
 Along the smooth lake's level brim  
 And when Lord Marmion reach'd his band,  
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,  
 And shout of loud defiance pours, 450  
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.  
 "Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, "and chase !"  
 But soon he rein'd his fury's pace :  
 "A royal messenger he came,  
 Though most unworthy of the name.—  
 A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed !  
 Did ever knight so foul a deed !  
 At first in heart it liked me ill,  
 When the King praised his clerkly skill.  
 Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine, 460  
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.  
 So swore I, and I swear it still,  
 Let my boy-bishop fret his fill.—  
 Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !  
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,  
 I thought to slay him where he stood.  
 'Tis pity of him too," he cried :  
 "Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,  
 I warrant him a warrior tried."  
 With this his mandate he recalls, 470  
 And slowly seeks his castle halls.

## XVI.

The day in Marmion's journey wore ;  
 Yet, ere his passion's gust was o'er,  
 They cross'd the heights of Stanrig-moor.  
 His troop more closely there he scan'd,  
 And miss'd the Palmer from the band.—  
 "Palmer or not," young Blount did say,  
 "He parted at the peep of day ;  
 Good sooth, it was in strange array."—

"In what array?" said Marmion, quick. 480  
 "My Lord, I ill can spell the trick,  
 But all night long, with clink and bang,  
 Close to my couch did hammers clang;  
 At dawn the falling drawbridge rang,  
 And from a loop-hole while I peep,  
 Old Bell-the-Cat came from the Keep,  
 Wrapp'd in a gown of sables fair,  
 As fearful of the morning air,  
 Beneath, when that was blown aside,  
 A rusty shirt of mail I spied, 490  
 By Archibald won in bloody work,  
 Against the Saracen and Turk:  
 Last night it hung not in the hall;  
 I thought some marvel would befall.  
 And next I saw them saddled lead  
 Old Cheviot forth, the Earl's best steed;  
 A matchless horse, though something old,  
 Prompt in his paces, cool and bold.  
 I heard the Sheriff Sholto say,  
 The Earl did much the Master pray 500  
 To use him on the battle-day;  
 But he preferr'd"—"Nay, Henry, cease!  
 Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—  
 Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray,  
 What did Blount see at break of day?"

## XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried  
 (For then I stood by Henry's side)  
 The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,  
 Upon the Earl's own favourite steed:  
 All sheathed he was in armour bright, 510  
 And much resembled that same knight,  
 Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:  
 Lord Angus wish'd him speed."—  
 The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,  
 A sudden light on Marmion broke;—



"Ah ! dastard fool, to reason lost !"  
 He mutter'd ; "'Twas nor fay nor ghost  
 I met upon the moonlight wold,  
 But living man of earthly mould.—  
 O dotage blind and gross ! 520  
 Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
 Had laid De Wilton in the dust,  
 My path no more to cross.—  
 How stand we now ?—he told his tale  
 To Douglas ; and with some avail ,  
 'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—  
 Will Surrey dare to entertain,  
 'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and vain ?  
 Small risk of that, I trow.  
 Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun ; 530  
 Must separate Constance from the Nun—  
 O, what a tangled web we weave,  
 When first we practise to deceive !  
 A Palmer too !—no wonder why  
 I felt rebuked beneath his eye :  
 I might have known there was but one,  
 Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

## XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed  
 His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,  
 Where Lennel's convent closed their march ; 540  
 (There now is left but one frail arch,  
 Yet mourn thou not its cells ;  
 Our time a fair exchange has made ;  
 Hard by, in hospitable shade,  
 A reverend pilgrim dwells,  
 Well worth the whole Bernardine brood,  
 That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.)  
 Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there  
 Give Marmion entertainment fair,  
 And lodging for his train and Clare. 550

Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower,  
To view afar the Scottish power,  
    Encamp'd on Flodden edge :  
The white pavilions made a show,  
Like remnants of the winter snow,  
    Along the dusky ridge.  
Long Marmion look'd —at length his eye  
Unusual movement might descry  
    Amid the shifting lines :  
The Scottish host drawn out appears,           560  
For, flashing on the hedge of spears  
    The eastern sunbeam shines.  
Their front now deepening, now extending ;  
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,  
Now drawing back, and now descending,  
The skilful Marmion well could know,  
They watch'd the motions of some foe,  
Who traversed on the plain below.

## XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge  
The Scots beheld the English host           570  
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,  
And heedful watch'd them as they cross'd  
The Till by Twisel Bridge.  
    High sight it is, and haughty, while  
    They dive into the deep defile ;  
    Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,  
    Beneath the castle's airy wall.  
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,  
Troop after troop are disappearing ;  
Troop after troop their banners rearing,   580  
Upon the eastern bank you see.  
Still pouring down the rocky den,  
    Where flows the sullen Till,  
And rising from the dim-wood glen,  
Standards on standards, men on men,

In slow succession still.  
 And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,  
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march,  
 To gain the opposing hill.  
 That morn, to many a trumpet clang, 590  
 Twisel ' thy rock's deep echo rang ;  
 And many a chief of birth and rank,  
 Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.  
 Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see  
 In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,  
 Had then from many an axe its doom,  
 To give the marching columns room.

## XX.

And why stands Scotland idly now,  
 Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,  
 Since England gains the pass the while, 600  
 And struggles through the deep defile ?  
 What checks the fiery soul of James ?  
 Why sits that champion of the dames  
 Inactive on his steed,  
 And sees, between him and his land,  
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,  
 His host Lord Surrey lead ?  
 What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?  
 —O, Douglas, for thy leading wand !  
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed ! 610  
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,  
 Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,  
 And cry—" Saint Andrew and our right !"  
 Another sight had seen that morn,  
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,  
 And Flodden had been Bannockbourne !—  
 The precious hour has pass'd in vain,  
 And England's host has gain'd the plain ;  
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,  
 Around the base of Flodden hill. 620

## XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,  
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,  
 "Hark ! hark ! my lord, an English drum !  
 And see ascending squadrons come  
 Between Tweed's river and the hill,  
 Foot, horse, and cannon :—hap what hap,  
 My basnet to a prentice cap,  
 Lord Surrey's o'er the Till !—  
 Yet more ! yet more !—how far array'd  
 They file from out the hawthorn shade,      630  
 And sweep so gallant by !  
 With all their banners bravely spread,  
 And all their armours flashing high,  
 Saint George might waken from the dead,  
 To see fair England's standards fly."—  
 "Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst best,  
 And listen to our lord's behest."—  
 With kindling brow Lord Marmion said,—  
 "This instant be our band array'd ;  
 The river must be quickly cross'd,      640  
 That we may join Lord Surrey's host.  
 If fight King James,—as well I trust,  
 That fight he will, and fight he must,—  
 The Lady Clare behind our lines  
 Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

## XXII.

Himself he swift on horseback threw,  
 Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu ;  
 Fearless would listen to his prayer,  
 To leave behind the helpless Clare.  
 Down to the Tweed his band he drew,      650  
 And mutter'd as the flood they view,  
 "The pheasant in the falcon's claw,  
 He scarce will yield to please a daw  
 Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,

So Clare shall bide with me."  
 Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,  
 Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,  
 He ventured desperately :  
 And not a moment will he bide,  
 Till squire, or groom, before him ride ;      660  
 Headmost of all he stems the tide,  
 And stems it gallantly.  
 Eustace held Clare upon her horse,  
 Old Hubert led her rein,  
 Stoutly they braved the current's course,  
 And, though far downward driven per force,  
 The southern bank they gain ;  
 Behind them straggling, came to shore,  
 As best they might, the train :  
 Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,      670  
 A caution not in vain ,  
 Deep need that day that every string,  
 By wet unharm'd, should sharply ring.  
 A moment then Lord Marmion staid,  
 And breathed his steed, his men array'd,  
 Then forward moved his band,  
 Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,  
 He halted by a Cross of Stone,  
 That, on a hillock standing lone,  
 Did all the field command.      680

## XXIII.

Hence might they see the full array  
 Of either host, for deadly fray ;  
 Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,  
 And fronted north and south,  
 And distant salutation pass'd  
 From the loud cannon mouth ;  
 Not in the close successive rattle,  
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,  
 But slow and far between.—

The hallock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid : 690

"Here, by this Cross," he gently said,

"You well may view the scene.

Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare :

O ! think of Marmion in thy prayer !—

Thou wilt not ?—well,—no less my care—

Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—

You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,

With ten pick'd archers of my train ;

With England if the day go hard,

To Berwick speed amain.—

700

But if we conquer, cruel maid,

My spoils shall at your feet be laid,

When here we meet again."

He waited not for answer there,

And would not mark the maid's despair,

Nor heed the discontented look

From either squire ; but spurr'd amain,

And, dashing through the battle plain,

His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

"——The good Lord Marmion, by my life ! 710

Welcome to danger's hour !—

Short greeting serves in time of strife :—

Thus have I ranged my power :

Myself will rule this central host,

Stout Stanley fronts their right,

My sons command the vaward post,

With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight ;

Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,

Shall be in rear-ward of the fight,

And succour those that need it most.

720

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,

Would gladly to the vanguard go ;

Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,

With thee their charge will blithely share ;

There fight thine own retainers too,  
 Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—  
 "Thanks, noble Surrey !" Marmion said,  
 Nor farther greeting there he paid ;  
 But, parting like a thunderbolt,  
 First in the vanguard made a halt, 730  
     Where such a shout there rose  
 Of "Marmion ! Marmion !" that the cry,  
 Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,  
     Startled the Scottish foes.

## xxv.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still  
 With Lady Clare upon the hill !  
 On which, (for far the day was spent,)  
 The western sunbeams now were bent.  
 The cry they heard, its meaning knew,  
 Could plain their distant comrades view : 740  
 Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,  
 "Unworthy office here to stay !  
 No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—  
 But see ! look up—on Flodden bent  
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."  
 And sudden, as he spoke,  
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
 All downward to the banks of Till,  
     Was wreathed in sable smoke.  
 Volumed and fast, and rolling far, 750  
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
     As down the hill they broke ;  
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
 Announced their march ; their tread alone,  
 At times one warning trumpet blown,  
     At times a stifled hum,  
 Told England, from his mountain-throne  
 King James did rushing come.—  
 Scarce could they hear, or see their foes.  
     Until at weapon-point they close.— 760

They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,  
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust :  
 And such a yell was there,  
 Of sudden and portentous birth,  
 As if men fought upon the earth,  
 And fiends in upper air ;  
 O life and death were in the shout,  
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,  
 And triumph and despair.  
 Long look'd the anxious squires ; their eye 770  
 Could in the darkness nought descry.

## XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast  
 Aside the shroud of battle cast,  
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
 Above the brightening cloud appears,  
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.  
 Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,  
 The broken billows of the war,  
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave, 780  
 Floating like foam upon the wave ;  
 But nought distinct they see :  
 Wide raged the battle on the plain ;  
 Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain ;  
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;  
 Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,  
 Wild and disorderly.  
 Amid the scene of tumult, high  
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly .  
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white, 790  
 And Edmund Howard's lion bright,  
 Still bear them bravely in the fight :  
 Although against them come,  
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,



And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,  
 And many a rugged Border clan,  
 With Huntly, and with Home.

## XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,  
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;  
 Though there the western mountaineer 800  
 Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,  
 And flung the feeble targe aside,  
 And with both hands the broadsword plied.  
 'Twas vain — But Fortune, on the right  
 With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight,  
 Then fell that spotless banner white,  
 The Howard's lion fell ;  
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
 Around the battle-yell. 810  
 The Border slogan rent the sky !  
 A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :  
 Loud were the clanging blows ,  
 Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,  
 The pennon sunk and rose ;  
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
 It waver'd 'mid the foes.  
 No longer Blount the view could bear :  
 " By Heaven, and all its saints ! I swear 820  
 I will not see it lost !  
 Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare  
 May bid your beads, and patter prayer,—  
 I gallop to the host."  
 And to the fray he rode amain,  
 Follow'd by all the archer train.  
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,  
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—  
 The rescued banner rose,—

But darkly closed the war around,                   830  
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,  
 It sunk among the foes.  
 Then Eustace mounted too :—yet staid  
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,  
 When, fast as shaft can fly,  
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
 The loose rein dangling from his head,  
 Housing and saddle bloody red,  
 Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by ,  
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,                   840  
 A look and sign to Clara cast  
 To mark he would return in haste,  
 Then plunged into the fight.

## XXVIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
 Left in that dreadful hour alone :  
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;  
 Perchance a courage, not her own,  
 Braces her mind to desperate tone.—  
 The scatter'd van of England wheels,—  
 She only said, as loud in air                   850  
 The tumult roar'd, “Is Wilton there ?”—  
 They fly, or, madden'd by despair,  
 Fight but to die,—“Is Wilton there ?”  
 With that, straight up the hill there rode  
 Two horsemen drench'd with gore,  
 And in their arms, a helpless load,  
 A wounded knight they bore.  
 His hand still strain'd the broken brand ;  
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand :  
 Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,                   860  
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,  
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,  
 Can that be haughty Marmion !  
 Young Blount his armour tid unlace,  
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,

Said—"By Saint George, he's gone !  
That spear-wound has our master sped,  
And see the deep cut on his head !"

Good-night to Marmion." —  
"Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease : 870  
He opes his eyes," said Eustace , "peace !"

## XXIX.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,  
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—  
"Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?  
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare !  
Redeem my pennon,—charge again !  
Cry—"Marmion to the rescue !" —Vain !  
Last of my race, on battle-plain  
That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—  
Yet my last thought is England's—fly, 880

To Dacre bear my signet-ring :  
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—  
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;  
Tunstall lies dead upon the field,  
His life-blood stains the spotless shield :  
Edmund is down :—my life is reft ;  
The Admiral alone is left.

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
Full upon Scotland's central host, 890  
Or victory and England's lost.—  
Must I bid twice ?—hence, varlets ! fly !  
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted, and alone he lay ;  
Clare drew her from the sight away,  
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
And half he murmur'd,—"Is there none,

Of all my halls have nurst,  
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
Of blessed water from the spring, 900  
To slake my dying thirst !"

## XXX.

O, Woman ! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made,  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministering angel thou !—  
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid  
 To the nigh streamlet ran 910  
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears,  
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
 Sees but the dying man.  
 She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,  
 But in abhorrence backward drew ;  
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,  
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide  
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
 Where shall she turn ?—behold her mark  
 A little fountain cell, 920  
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,  
 In a stone basin fell.  
 Above, some half-worn letters say,  
~~Drink weary pilgrim. drink and pray.~~  
~~For the kind soul of Sybil Grey~~  
~~Who built this cross and well~~  
 She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,  
 And with surprise and joy espied  
 A monk supporting Marmion's head :  
 A pious man, whom duty brought 930  
 To dubious verge of battle fought,  
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

## XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—  
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?"

Then, as remembrance rose,—  
 “Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !  
 I must redress her woes.  
 Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;      940  
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare ! ”—  
 “ Alas ! ” she said, “ the while,—  
 O, think of your immortal weal !  
 In vain for Constance is your zeal ;  
 She———died at Holy Isle.”—  
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,  
 As light as if he felt no wound,  
 Though in the action burst the tide,  
 In torrents, from his wounded side.  
 “ Then it was truth,”—he said—“ I knew      950  
 That the dark presage must be true.—  
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs  
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
 Would spare me but a day !  
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,  
 And priests slain on the altar stone,  
 Might bribe him for delay.  
 It may not be !—this dizzy trance  
 Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,  
 And doubly cursed my failing brand !      960  
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”  
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,  
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

## XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,  
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound :  
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,  
 Exhausted all the Church’s prayers.  
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,  
 A lady’s voice was in his ear,  
 And that the priest he could not hear ;      970  
 For that she ever sung,

*“ In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
Where mingles war’s rattle with groans of the dying ! ”*

So the notes rung ;—

“ Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,  
Shake not the dying sinner’s sand !—

O, look, my son, upon yon sign  
Of the Redeemer’s grace divine ;

O, think on faith and bliss !—

By many a death-bed I have been, 980  
And many a sinner’s parting seen,

But never aught like this.”—

The war, that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swell’d the gale,

And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;

A light on Marmion’s visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye :

With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted “ Victory !—” 990

Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on ! ”  
Were the last words of Marmion.

## XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fell,  
Still rose the battle’s deadly swell,  
For still the Scots, around their King,  
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.  
Where’s now their victor vaward wing,

Where Huntly, and where Home ?—

O, for a blast of that dread horn,  
On Fontarabian echoes borne, 1000

That to King Charles did come,

When Rowland brave, and Olivier,  
And every paladin and peer,

On Roncesvalles died !

Such blast might warn them, not in war,

To quit the plunder of the slain,  
 And turn the doubtful day again,  
 While yet on Flodden side,  
 Afar, the Royal Standard flies,  
 And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies, 1010  
 Our Caledonian pride !  
 In vain the wish—for far away,  
 While spoil and havoc mark their way,  
 Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray  
 "O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away !"  
 And placed her on her steed,  
 And led her to the chapel fair,  
 Of Tilmouth upon Tweed.  
 There all the night they spent in prayer,  
 And at the dawn of morning, there 1020  
 She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

## XXXIV.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,  
 More desperate grew the strife of death.  
 The English shafts in volleys hail'd,  
 In headlong charge their horse assail'd ;  
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep  
 To break the Scottish circle deep,  
 That fought around their King.  
 But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go, 1030  
 Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,  
 Unbroken was the ring ;  
 The stubborn spear-men still made good  
 Their dark impenetrable wood,  
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,  
 The instant that he fell.  
 No thought was there of dastard flight ;  
 Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,  
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
 As fearlessly and well ; 1040

Till utter darkness closed her wing  
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.  
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands  
 Led back from strife his shatter'd bands ;  
 And from the charge they drew,  
 As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,  
     Sweep back to ocean blue.  
 Then did their loss his foemen know ;  
 Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,  
 They melted from the field as snow,      1050  
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,  
     Dissolves in silent dew.  
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,  
     While many a broken band,  
 Disorder'd, through her currents dash,  
     To gain the Scottish land ;  
 To town and tower, to down and dale,  
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
 And raise the universal wail.  
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,      1060  
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :  
 Still from the sire the son shall hear  
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
     Of Flodden's fatal field,  
 Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,  
     And broken was her shield !

## XXXV.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side :—  
 There, Scotland ! lay thy bravest pride,  
 Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one.  
 The sad survivors all are gone.      1070  
 View not that corpse mistrustfully,  
 Defaced and mangled though it be ;  
 Nor to yon Border castle high,  
 Look northward with upbraiding eye ;  
     Nor cherish hope in vain,



That, journeying far on foreign strand,  
 The Royal Pilgrim to his land  
 May yet return again.  
 He saw the wreck his rashness wrought ;  
 Reckless of life, he desperate fought, 1080  
 And fell on Flodden plain :  
 And well in death his trusty brand,  
 Firm clench'd within his manly hand,  
 Beseem'd the monarch slain.  
 But, O ! how changed since yon blithe night !—  
 Gladly I turn me from the sight,  
 Unto my tale again.

## XXXVI.

Short is my tale :—Fitz-Eustace' care,  
 A pierced and mangled body bare  
 To moated Lichfield's lofty pile ; 1090  
 And there, beneath the southern aisle,  
 A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,  
 Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,  
 (Now vainly for its sight you look ;  
 'Twas levell'd when fanatic Brook  
 The fair cathedral storm'd and took ;  
 But, thanks to Heaven and good Saint Chad,  
 A guerdon meet the spoiler had !)  
 There erst was martial Marmion found,  
 His feet upon a couchant hound, 1100  
 His hands to heaven upraised :  
 And all around, on scutcheon rich,  
 And tablet carved, and fretted niche,  
 His arms and feats were blazed.  
 And yet, though all was carved so fair,  
 And priest for Marmion breathed the prayer,  
 The last Lord Marmion lay not there.  
 From Ettrick woods a peasant swain  
 Follow'd his lord to Flodden's plain,—  
 One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay 1110  
 In Scotland mourns as "wede, away :"

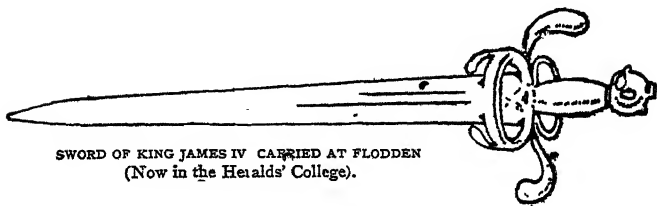
Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied,  
 And dragg'd him to its foot, and died,  
 Close by the noble Marmion's side.  
 The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain,  
 And thus their corpses were mista'en ;  
 And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb,  
 The lowly woodsman took the room.

## XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show  
 Lord Marmion's nameless grave, and low. 1120  
     They dug his grave e'en where he lay,  
     But every mark is gone ;  
     Time's wasting hand has done away  
     The simple Cross of Sybil Grey,  
     And broke her font of stone :  
 But yet from out the little hill  
 Oozes the slender springlet still.  
     Oft halts the stranger there,  
 For thence may best his curious eye  
 The memorable field descry ; 1130  
     And shepherd boys repair  
 To seek the water-flag and rush,  
 And rest them by the hazel bush,  
     And plait their garlands fair ;  
 Nor dream they sit upon the grave,  
 That holds the bones of Marmion brave.—  
 When thou shalt find the little hill,  
 With thy heart commune, and be still.  
 If ever, in temptation strong,  
 Thou left'st the right path for the wrong ; 1140  
 If every devious step, thus trod,  
 Still led thee farther from the road ;  
 Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom  
 On noble Marmion's lowly tomb.  
 But say, " He died a gallant knight,  
 With sword in hand, for England's right."

## XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf,  
 Who cannot image to himself,  
 That all through Flodden's dismal night,  
 Wilton was foremost in the fight ; 1150  
 That, when brave Surrey's steed was slain,  
 'Twas Wilton mounted him again ;  
 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest hew'd,  
 Amid the spearmen's stubborn wood :  
 Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall,  
 He was the living soul of all :  
 That, after fight, his faith made plain,  
 He won his rank and lands again ;  
 And charged his old paternal shield  
 With bearings won on Flodden Field. 1160  
 Nor sing I to that simple maid,  
 To whom it must in terms be said,  
 That King and kinsmen did agree,  
 To bless fair Clara's constancy ;  
 Who cannot, unless I relate,  
 Paint to her mind the bridal's state ;  
 That Wolsey's voice the blessing spoke,  
 More, Sands, and Denny, pass'd the joke :  
 That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,  
 And Catherine's hand the stocking threw , 1170  
 And afterwards, for many a day,  
 That it was held enough to say,  
 In blessing to a wedded pair,  
 "Love they like Wilton and like Clare !"



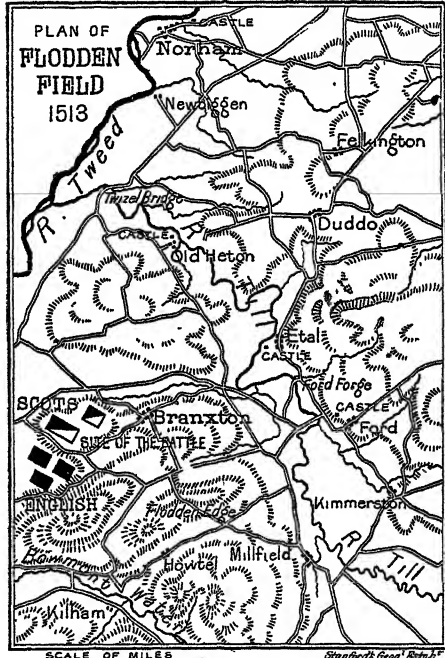
SWORD OF KING JAMES IV. CARRIED AT FLODDEN  
 (Now in the Heralds' College).

## L'ENVOY

TO THE READER

WHY then a final note prolong,  
Or lengthen out a closing song,  
Unless to bid the gentles speed,  
Who long have listened to my rede ?  
To Statesmen grave, if such may deign  
To read the Minstrel's idle strain, 1180  
Sound head, clean hand, and piercing wit,  
And patriotic heart—as PITT !  
A garland for the hero's crest,  
And twined by her he loves the best ;  
To every lovely lady bright,  
What can I wish but faithful knight ?  
To every faithful lover too,  
What can I wish but lady true ?  
And knowledge to the studious sage ;  
And pillow to the head of age. 1190  
To thee, dear school-boy, whom my lay  
Has cheated of thy hour of play,  
Light task, and merry holiday !  
To all, to each, a fair good-night,  
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light !

PLAN OF  
FLODDEN  
FIELD  
1513



English Army  
Scots Army

# Notes

## ABBREVIATIONS

The six Introductory Epistles are referred to by A, B, C, D, E and F; the Cantos by I II III, etc

cf = compare                      l = line  
v. Gl = see Glossary

## INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE to CANTO FIRST

**Rose**, a literary friend of Scott, resident in Hampshire  
**Ashestiel**, in Selkirkshire on the Tweed, Scott's residence from 1804-1812 See Illustration, page ix

**Ettrick Forest** formerly embraced Peeblesshire, Selkirkshire and part of Midlothian.

2. **Sear**, dry, withered.                      3. **linn**, waterfall.

6. **ken**, know, see, v. Gl                      21 **russet**, v Gl

22. **Yair**, the ancient seat of the Pringle family, on the Tweed, near Galashiels.

37. **imps**, children.

57. **wint'ry state**, the depression caused in England by Napoleon's victories at Austerlitz (1805) and Jena (1806).

60 **warlike**, refers to Nelson; **wise**, to Pitt.

66 **Nelson** won the battles of the Nile or Aboukir Bay (1798), Copenhagen (1801), and Trafalgar (1806), where he was killed.

68 **Pitt**, younger son of the Earl of Chatham, was Prime Minister at twenty-four in 1784. He directed the war against revolutionary France and Napoleon and died in 1806

72. **Gadite**, of Gades (Lat. for Cadiz), referring to Trafalgar, fought off the neighbouring coast.

73. **levin**, lightning

82. **Egypt** refers to the battle of the Nile, **Hafnia** is another name for Copenhagen; v. note on l. 66.

83. **emprize**, enterprise; v Gl.

84 **early wise**; v. note on l 68.

91-7. The country was alive with excitement, breaking out in riots and mutinies. Pitt turned this wild energy into healthier channels; for example, he organised a volunteer force.

111. **Palinure**, Palinurus, Aeneas's steersman in Virgil's *Aeneid*.

120 **tocsin**, an alarm-bell; frequently the signal of massacre during the French Revolution; *v* Gl.

128 **requiescat** (Lat.), let him rest, a wish for the dead.

129 **Fox** Charles James Fox, a Whig, Pitt's opponent, died in September 1806 and was buried close to Pitt in Westminster Abbey. Scott's intense patriotism was acutely hostile to Fox's lukewarm support of the war against Napoleon. Scott does justice to his eloquence, wit and wonderful charm.

146 **fretted**, ornamented with carved work.

154 **France's yoke** Napoleon's empire covered a large part of Europe.

155 **Austria bent**, at the battle of Austerlitz in 1805. **Prussia broke**, at the battle of Jena in 1806.

156. **firm Russian**, Alexander I, who repudiated a treaty made by D'Oubril, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, with Napoleon. D'Oubril is the *immorous slave*.

158 Fox, who had become Foreign Secretary after Pitt's death, soon found that an honourable peace with Napoleon was impossible, and continued the war.

159 **olive-branch**, a symbol of peace.

176-7 Thessaly, in North Greece, was considered by the ancients the special home of sorcerers and magicians.

181. **lees**, dregs that settle at the bottom of liquor; *v* Gl.

188 **requiem**, a hymn or mass sung for the rest of the dead, so-called from the initial word of the introit, *Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine*, "Give eternal rest to them, O Lord!"

201 **tributary strain**, words of respectful praise.

203 **Border Minstrel**, Scott himself, in reference to his two earlier works, *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

204. **Gothic**, romantic as opposed to classical.

206 **illusion** The poet sees in imagination a great cathedral, which he would fain describe, but his powers fail him, and he finds himself again gazing on the familiar scenery of his Tweedside home.

207 **wilder'd**, bewildered.

229 **frolic**, adj., merry.

243 **carn**, a heap of stones raised for a memorial over a grave or on a hill for a landmark.

255 **doughty**, valiant, *v* Gl.

256. **steely weeds**, steel armour, *v* Gl. for *weeds*.

258 **Champion of the Lake**, Lancelot de Lake, the chief of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, and the father of Galahad.

259 **Morgana**, Morgan le Fay, Arthur's witch half-sister, who tried to imprison Lancelot

260 **Chapel Perilous**, where Lancelot carried off a sword from a dead man's side despite the opposition of a crowd of knights and the craft of the damsel Ellawes

263 **Ganore**, Guinevere, Arthur's queen.

265 **Tarquin** or **Turquin**, a knight slain by Lancelot.

268 **Sangreal**, in mediæval legend the "holy cup" supposed to have been used at the Last Supper and brought to Britain by Joseph of Arimathea. Sought by Lancelot and Arthur's knights, it was fully revealed to Galahad alone, as the only one free from all evil. Lancelot had only a vision of it in his sleep.

273. **Spenser's elfin dream**, the *Faerie Queene* of Edmund Spenser (1553-1599)

274 **Milton's heavenly theme**, the *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* of John Milton, the Puritan poet (1608-1674).

275 **Dryden**, John (1631-1700), meditated an epic on King Arthur, but received no encouragement from Charles II., who patronised rather satire and licentious drama

282 **world**, is obj

289. **talisman**, a charm; *v* Gl.

294 **prick**, spur.

297. **fay**, fairy; *v* Gl

299 **errant maid**, referring to Una in Spenser's poem.

311 **meed**, wages, reward, *v* Gl.

312 **Ytene**, old name of the New Forest in Hampshire

314 **Ascapart**, a mythical English giant conquered by Sir Bevis of Southampton

315. **Red King**, William II (Rufus) of England, killed by Sir Walter Tyrrell while hunting in the New Forest.

320-1 **Amadis**, of Gaul, the hero of a romance originally written in Portuguese and afterwards expanded by French storytellers. Amadis rescues his beloved, Oriana, from the enchanter, Archalaus.

325 "**Partenopex de Blois**," a poem by W S. Rose

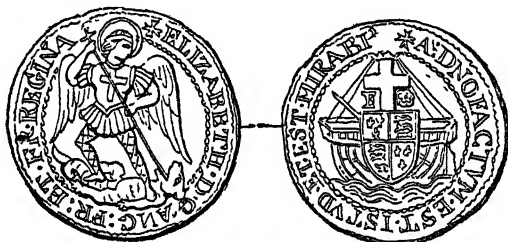
## CANTO FIRST

1 **Northam Castle**, founded in 1121, the Border fortress of the Bishops of Durham, on the Tweed's English side, 8 miles from Berwick. It has memories of Henry II, John, and Edward I. The great square keep, 70 feet high, still stands. See Illustration on page xxxii

4. **battled**, crowned with battlements. **donjon keep**, a strong central tower in ancient castles to which the garrison retreated when



- 95 **gilded spurs**, mark of full knighthood  
 98 **bear the ring** In tilting the object was to ride rapidly, spear  
 in hand, and carry off with it a ring suspended at some height.  
 106 **sumpter-mules**, mules for carrying burdens, *v* Gl  
 108. **him listed**, (it) pleased him, *v*. Gl.  
 113. **blazon'd**, displayed  
 116. **hosen**, stockings Obsolete plural surviving in *children*,  
*oxen*, *brethren*, *kin*. **jerkins**, jackets  
 118 **behest**, command, *v* Gl  
 120 **craft**, knowledge, now generally in a bad sense, "cunning"  
 130. **morion**, steel cap, *v* Gl.  
 134 **linstock**, a staff holding a lighted match for firing cannon,  
*v* Gl. **yare**, ready; *v*. Gl.  
 139 **morrice-pikes**, Moonsh pikes.  
 146 **angels**. The angel was an old English coin, worth 10s, so  
 called because stamped with the image of Michael the Archangel  
*See Illustration.*



ANGEL (From a specimen of the time of Elizabeth)

- 149 **brook**, control; *v* Gl.  
 151 **pursuivants**, attendants on heralds; *v* Gl. **tabards**, loose sleeveless coats which heralds wore, *v* Gl.  
 152 **scutcheon**, same as *escutcheon*, shield with device Lat *scutum*  
 156. **Lord Marmion**. For his titles *v*. Introduction, p xiii  
 157-159<sup>e</sup> **Fontenaye**, in Normandy **Lutterward** or **Lutterworth**, in Leicestershire. **Scrybbaye** or **Scrivelsby**, in Lincolnshire. **Tamworth**, in Staffordshire  
 161. **mark**, was (1) an obsolete English coin, worth 13s 4d , (2) 8 oz. weight of silver.  
 163. **largesse**, the cry with which a knight's bounty was acknowledged. Lat *largitio*.

- 167 **marshall'd**, led ; said of heralds.  
 171 **lordings**, dim. of "lords"; used by minstrels in trying to secure a hearing  
 174 **Cottiswold**, Cotswold.  
 179 listed, enclosed for a tournament.  
 188 **gentles** (obs.), persons of good family.  
 192 **Sir Hugh the Heron**, *v.* Introduction, p. xviii., and note on Canto V l. 260  
 193 **Twisell and Ford**, Northumbrian villages near Norham.  
 195 **deas**, dais, raised platform at the end of the hall; *v.* Gl.  
 201-206 Quoted from an imitation-antique ballad, included in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.  
 207 **brook**, endure; *cf.* l. 149  
 219 **giust**, joust, tilting contest; *v.* Gl.  
 231 **wassail-bowl**, a bowl from which healths were drunk, *v.* Gi  
 232 Filled it full  
 238 Raby Castle, in Durham, near Barnard Castle.  
 262 Could not bear  
 264 **Lindisfarne**, or Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland.  
 272 **unreck'd**, disregarded.  
 277 **fosse**, ditch.  
 281 **Queen Margaret**, James IV.'s wife and Henry VIII.'s sister.  
 284 **leash**, a line to hold a hound. Lat. *laxus*, loose.  
 287. **stoop**, of the fall of the falcon on her prey  
 298 **Perkin Warbeck**, a Flemish impostor who claimed to be Richard IV, the younger of the two princes murdered in the Tower. With Scotland's support he marched into England, but Surrey defeated him, then retaliated on James IV by demolishing Ayton Castle in Berwickshire (1496)  
 305 **Dunbar**, in Haddingtonshire, 28 miles from Edinburgh.  
 306. **St. Bothan, Bathan, or Baithan**, Columba's successor, has left his name in the parish of Abbey St. Bathan's in Berwickshire.  
 307. **beeves**, cattle; pl. of beef. Lat. *bos, bovis*, ox. **Lauderdale**, the valley of the Leader, which runs from the Lammermuir Hills south into the Tweed.  
 308. **Greenlaw**, small Berwickshire town on the Blackadder.  
 309. Fired their houses, and so gave them light to put on their hoods.  
 310 **sooth**, truth. A.S. *sōth*, true  
 311. **wise**, manner.  
 323 **friar**, a member of one of the mendicant Roman Catholic monastic orders. Lat. *frater*, brother.

- 324 **pardoner**, one authorised to sell papal pardons or indulgences.  
 334 **ween**, think, imagine  
 336 **mass**, R C communion service; *v.* Gl.  
 341 Too portly to ride  
 351 **Holy-rood**, royal palace in Edinburgh.  
 354 **Vigil of St. Bede**, the evening before St. Bede's Day  
 "The Venerable Bede" was a Jarrow monk, born 637, who translated St John's Gospel and wrote a history of the English Church  
 359 **sans**, without Fr.  
 360 **churl**, countryman, *v.* Gl **swore**; note Scott's loose grammar

362 **shrieve**, shrive, to hear confession from and give absolution to; *v.* Gl.

372 **tables**, backgammon

384. **erabs**, crab-apples

387 **fay**, faith Lat *fides*.

389 **Palmer**, a pilgrim from the Holy Land, so called because carrying a branch of palm See Illustration.

390 **Salem**, Jerusalem

394. **Armenia**, in which is Mt. Ararat, the legendary resting-place of the Ark

402 **St. James's cockle-shell** Legend tells that the relics of St James, first Bishop of Jerusalem, were borne to Compostella in North-west Spain in a marble ship The horse of a knight on the shore took fright and carried him into the sea He was rescued with his clothes covered with scallop shells. Pilgrims therefore fixed cockle shells on their hats to show they had visited the shrine at Compostella.

403. **Montserrat**, a Benedictine abbey in North-east Spain, with a wonder-working image of the Virgin.

404. **Grot**, grotto, cave.

407. **St. Rosalie**, a noble Palermo lady, forsook her father's house and was never more heard of till her body was found in the cleft of a rock on an inaccessible mountain.



PALMER.

*Canto I stan xxiii.*

409. **St. Thomas**, Thomas à Becket, assassinated in Canterbury Cathedral (1170), which became the most popular shrine in England

410 **Cuthbert of Durham**, St Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne  
See Canto II l 14 *sqq* and notes

420. **kens**, knows

421 **Gramercy**, great thanks Fr *grand merci*.

424 **jeopardy**, danger, *v* Gl

427 **meed**, reward, *v* Gl

428 **beads**, little balls strung on a rosary or paternoster, used in counting the prayers recited, *ong.* a prayer, *v* Gl

430 **still**, always.

439 **lore**, learning, *v* Gl.

444 **howe'er**, although

447. **as**, as if.

449 **wrote**, *v.* note on l. 360.

453 **ave**, a prayer to the Virgin beginning "Ave Maria" (Hail Mary), **creed**, so called from its first word *Credo* (I believe). The small beads on the rosary were for the aves, every tenth bead was of larger size for Paternosters (The Lord's Prayer) It is inaccurate to associate the Creed with the rosary

461 **cowl**, a monk's hood

463. **Peter's keys**, the symbol of St. Peter, and also of the Pope, his representative taken from St. Matt. xvi 18, 19

465. **scallop shell**; *v* note on l 402, and Gl.

467. **Loretto**, in Italy, near Ancona, noticeable as the site of the Santa Casa, Holy House, reputed to be the cottage in which the Virgin lived in Nazareth

468 **tore**; *cf* ll 360, 449.

469 **budget**, a bag; *v* Gl **scrip**, food-bag.

479 **peer**, equal Lat. *par*, equal

491 **blanch**, whiten, *v* Gl

504 **St Andrews** Legend assigns the origin of this Fife town to St. Regulus or Rule, who brought hither some relics of St Andrew from Patras in the fourth century, and founded the chapel and tower. His cave is near the castle ruins. The town was first called Killrule, the cell of Rule.

509 **St Fillan**, a monk, giving his name to several wells in Perthshire.

534. **hasty mass**, an abbreviated service, also called "hunting mass."

538. **stirrup cup**, cup drunk by one departing on horseback.

553. **Cleared the air**.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND

The Rev J Mañriott was tutor of Lord Scott, eldest son of the Earl of Dalkeith, the heir of the Duke of Buccleuch

15 **rowan**, mountain-ash

25. **dingle**, a little hollow

32. **Newark**, a ruined Selkirkshire tower on the Yarrow, four miles from Selkirk; used sometimes in former days as a royal hunting-residence

41 **gaze-hounds**, a hound pursuing by sight rather than scent

42 **bratchet**, blood-hound

44 **slip**, let go

45 **quarry**, the hunted animal, *v* Gl

48 **harquebuss**, arquebuse, an old-fashioned hand-gun, *v* Gl

54 **Ettrick and Yarrow**, two rivers which join above Selkirk the former enters the Tweed near Melrose

55. **erst**, formerly, *v* Gl **outlaw**, Murray of Philiphaugh, a member of the great local family, who held the forest against the royal power The story is told in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

61 **holt**, wood, *v* Gl.

73 **Bowhill**, one of the Duke of Buccleuch's houses, near Newark.

83 **Carterhaugh**, a plain at the confluence of Yarrow and Ettrick, where Janet meets Tamlane in the ballad; *v* "The Young Tamlane" in the *Minstrelsy*

84. **Baron**, Lord Scott, who died young in 1808

85. **Forest-Sheriff**, Scott himself, Sheriff-Substitute of Selkirk.

87 **Oberon**, king of the Fairies.

88 **she**, Harriet, Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch.

90 **Sylphid Queen**, queen of the sylphs or fairies

106 Alexander Pringle, owner of Yair, had lately died. *v*. note on A 22

113. **Wallace**, Sir William, a great Scottish patriot, fought against Edward I After many successes and some reverses was betrayed and beheaded in the Tower (1305) **wight**, brave; here an adj; *v* Gl

114, 115 **airy mound, ramparts**, a ditch on high ground above Ashestiel is called Wallace's Trench

133 **bent**, slope

147 **St Mary's Loch**, from which issues the Yarrow, *hes*

among high hills, and is connected with the smaller Loch of the Lowes.

177. **Our Lady's Chapel**, on the east side of the Loch of the Lowes, was destroyed by the Scotts (1557) during their feud with the Cranstouns

186, 187. **hermitage** —

"And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage"

(MILTON'S *Il Penseroso*, ll 167, 168)

189. **Bourhope** or Bowelhope, on the east side of St Mary's Loch

195 **Dryhope**, a ruined tower near the lower end of St Mary's Loch, birthplace of Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow," the wife of Walter Scott of Harden, an ancestor of Scott.

203 **Wizard-Priest** "At one corner of the burial-ground of the chapel, but without its precincts, is a small mound, called 'Binram's Corse,' where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest."—SCOTT.

236 **elemental war**, war of the elements, storms

239 **Loch Skene**, at the head of the Moffat water in Dumfriesshire, 1680 ft. above sea-level, has its outlet by a waterfall, the Grey Mare's Tail, the "dark abyss" (l 247)

243 **infect**, taint, befoul.

261. **Giant's Grave**, a trench at the bottom of the fall.

264 **Isis**, the Thames at Oxford

## CANTO SECOND

9. **Whitby's cloister'd pile**. This monastery, founded on the Yorkshire coast by St. Hilda in 657, ruined by the Danes in 867, was refounded in 1078 as a Benedictine Abbey for monks. Thus there were no nuns there in Henry VIII's time nor long before it.

10. **St Cuthbert's Holy Isle** Lindisfarne, off Northumberland, an island except at low water, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the See of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. Cuthbert was the most famous of its saints and was bishop from 685-688.

30 **benedicite**, blessing Lat.

33. **sea-dog**, seal

44. **Novice**, an inmate of a convent or nunnery who has not yet taken the vows; at the conclusion of this period of probation she could retire without breaking them.

63 **quaint**, curious; v Gl.

•65 **relic-shrine**, the holy place where relics of saints were stored.  
**of cost**, costly

69 **rigid rule** The Benedictine order (founder, St Benedict of Nursia, 543 A D) had rules of exceptional severity, *e.g.*, besides the customary injunctions, its members were bound to abstain from laughter and to prosecute unremitting industry.

72 **vigils**, watches at night.

82 **Tynemouth's Prioress** At Tynemouth, on the Northumberland coast, a nunnery had existed since Cuthbert's day

83 **chapter**, an assembly of the heads of a religious order Lat *caput*

85 **apostates**, renegades; *v.* Gl.

89 **unprofess'd**, not having taken the vows

96 **vestal vow**, solemn promise not to marry The six Vestal Virgins in ancient Rome were consecrated to Vesta, the goddess of domestic life, and were bound by the sternest rules to remain unmarried.

103 **seeming**, a noun

115 **poets told** Spenser tells how the maiden Una's purity and innocence changed the lion's ferocity into gentleness, so that he began to lick her hands (*Faerie Queene*)

124. **bowl and knife**, by poison and assassination.

132 **Monk-Wearmouth** near Sunderland.

136. **Blythe and Wansbeck** are Northumberland rivers

138 **Widderington**, or Witherington, from which came the hero, quaintly celebrated in the ballad of Chevy Chase.—

“For Witherington needs must I wayle,  
 As one in doleful dumps,  
 For when his leggs were smitten off,  
 He fought upon his stumps”

140. **Coquet-isle**, off the mouth of the River Coquet.

142 **Alne**, a Northumberland stream, on which stands Alnwick.

143. **Warkworth**, on the Coquet. The Percies' castle dates from the twelfth century

147. **Dunstanborough**, a stronghold on the Northumbrian coast, dating from 1365

148 **Bamborough Castle**, a fortress on the Northumbrian Coast, founded on a rock 150 ft high by Ida, first King of Northumbria, in the sixth century.

154. **flood-mark**, high water mark.

156. **style**, name

157. **continent**, mainland.

164. **Castle**, on a steep conical rock, fifty feet high

168 **Saxon strength** The arches of the Abbey are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them short, strong and massy. Some pointed windows indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation.

172 **the art**, the Gothic, and especially the Early English style.

174 **arcades**, arched avenues; **alley'd walk**, cloister

176 **heathen Dane**, the Danes or Northmen made frequent raids on the north-east coasts of Britain during the eighth and ninth centuries.

211 **hale**, drag; a variant of *haul*.

217 **dome**, building

233-241 **Three Barons bold** "The three barons, we are told, did, on the 16th October 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar in a certain wood belonging to the Abbot of Whitby. Then these young gentlemen being met, and having found a great wild boar, the hounds ran him well there about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was near a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar, being very sorely pursued and dead-run, took in at the chapel-door, there laid him down, and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel and resumed his prayers. The gentlemen just followed the cry of their hounds, and called on the hermit, who opened the door, and within they found the boar lying dead, for which the gentlemen, in a very great fury, assaulted the hermit till he died. As punishment the three barons and their heirs had to go once a year to a wood, cut some stakes 'with a knife of one penny price,' bear them on their backs to the town of Whitby, and if it was 'low-water set their stakes to the brim . . . so that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof.' 'You shall faithfully do this,' said the hermit when on the point of death, 'in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow, "Out on you! Out on you! Out on you!" for this heinous crime'" (ll 235, 236). "'If you or your successors shall refuse this service, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the abbot of Whitby, or his successors'"—SCOTT

234. **menial**, servile; *v* Gl.

244 **Edelfied**, "the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for a great victory against Penda in 655, dedicated Edelfieda to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which Hilda was then abbess. She afterward adorned the place of her education with great magnificence."—SCOTT.



246 **coil of stone** The snakes were killed while coiled. The fossil Ammonites, which are spual in form and are found near Whitby, may explain this miracle

250 **sea-fowls pinions fail.** After a storm crowds of sea-gulls collect near Whitby

263 **Melrose**, on the Tweed, famous for its Abbey, where St Cuthbert first became a monk

269 **gossamer**, fine spider-threads seen floating in the air in fine weather, *v* Gl

270 **Tilnouth**, junction of the Tweed and the Till, near Coldstream

273 **Chester-le-Street**, between Durham and Newcastle, on an old Roman road. Chester from Lat *castra* and Street from Lat. *strata* **Rippon**, or Ripon, a cathedral city in the West Riding of Yorkshire

274-280. **Wardilaw** . . Durham (on the river **Wear**). "At Wardilaw, to the east of Durham, the vehicle in which the coffin of the saint was conveyed became riveted to the earth, and in that state it continued, notwithstanding the united efforts of the whole body of men by whom it was attended. It now became apparent to all that the saint was unwilling to be carried back again to his former resting-place, and yet no one could surmise where it was his pleasure to abide. In this emergency the bishop enjoined fasting and prayer for three days; and no sooner had this period of time elapsed than Cuthbert was pleased to communicate to one of the clergy his determination to be conveyed to Dunhelm (= Durham), the place of his future abode."—RAINE, p. 54-57, and notes.

283-284 In 1827 a walled grave was opened in the shrine of St Cuthbert, containing three coffins, the outer of 1541, the second of 1041; the third, of 698, was found to contain the skeleton of the saint

287 **king, and heir.** "When David I and his son Henry invaded England in 1138 the English host marched against them under the holy banner of St. Cuthbert, to the efficacy of which was imputed the great victory which they obtained in the bloody battle of Northallerton," hence known as the Battle of the Standard —SCOTT.

289 **Galwegians**, men from Galloway, a name covering Wigtownshire and Kirkcudbrightshire.

290 **Lodon**, Lothian, including the counties of Haddington, Edinburgh and Linlithgow.

291. **Teviotdale.** The Teviot runs north-eastward from above Hawick, and joins the Tweed at Kelso.

294. **Alfred's falchion.** St. Cuthbert appeared in a vision to Alfred, when lurking in the marshes of Glastonbury, and promised

him assistance and victory over his heathen enemies Alfred, reigned from 871-901

295 **Conqueror**. "William's march northward forced the monks to fly once more to Holy Island with the body of the Saint. The Conqueror, having intimated an indiscreet curiosity to view the Saint's body, was, while in the act of commanding the shrine to be opened, seized with heat and sickness, accompanied with such a

panic terror that, notwithstanding there was a sumptuous dinner prepared for him, he fled without eating a morsel"—SCOTT.

296 **bowyer**, archer; prop. "one who makes bows" Cf "sawyer."

298 **fain**, gladly

301 **sea-born beads**. "Those entrochi which are found among the rocks of Holy Island. While at his task of forging them, St Cuthbert was supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock and use another as his anvil."—SCOTT The entrochi are the jointed stems of the Encrinurites, a fossil crinoid, often known as Stone-lily, occurring very abundantly in limestone and marble beds.

306. but, only.

316 **Colwulf**, a Northumbrian king of the eighth century, who abdicated and ended his days in a cell in Holy Island

339 **clew**, a thread that guides through a labyrinth or to a secret spot.

350. **cresset**, an open lamp See Illustration

355 **conclave**, properly a meeting of cardinals, hence, any close assembly Lat. *conclave*, a room

376 **ruth**, pity, *v.* Gl

384 **belied**, gave the lie to

385 **doublet**, an inner close-fitting, double-folded garment.

394 **bonnet**, Scottish for a man's cap

397. **Beverley**, chief town of the East Riding of Yorkshire, famous for its superb Gothic minster.

398 **profess'd**, a nun who has finished her novitiate and taken the vows, see note on l. 44 **Fontevraud**, or Fontevrault, a town in the French department of Maine-et-Loire The abbey was founded in 1099, and the twelfth century church contains sepulchral monuments to Henry II. and Richard I.

408. but, except that



CRESSET  
(From  
a specimen  
preserved in  
the Tower of  
London)

- 411 lacks, for lacked, by exigencies of rhyme.  
 415 sordid, vile  
 437 two niches "It is not likely that in later times the punishment was often resorted to, but among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skelëton, which, from the shape of the niche and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun"—SCOTT For *niche*, *v* Gl  
 448 cement, accent on first syllable  
 454 grace, salvation  
 486 hectic streak, the bright red spots which appear on the cheeks of a fevered patient, *v* Gl.  
 506 my, equal-of me; antecedent of *who* in l 507  
 520 plight, pledged  
 521 attaints, accuses Lat *attingere*, to touch.  
 523 mortal lists, duel to the death, before which each party made a solemn protestation either of innocence or concerning the justice of his cause.  
 526 rest, a projection from the curass to support the lance  
 531 In such duels heaven was believed to protect the righteous combatant  
 544 "Is this her expedient?" Henry, Henry VIII.  
 551 caitiff, wretch, *v* Gl.  
 555 dastard, coward; *v* Gl.  
 575 darker hour Constance prophesies Henry's dissolution of the monasteries in England (1536 and 1539)  
 576 crosier, pastoral staff or crook of a bishop or abbot, *v* Gl  
 590 voice is dative.  
 601 part in peace, *vade in pace* Lat  
 618 vesper, bell for evening prayer. Lat.  
 620 passing knell, a bell tolled immediately after death formerly supposed to ward off demons from the departing soul  
 631 listed, listened.

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD

Scott's friends urged him to write a poem in the Epic style, to choose some grandiose theme and treat it in the manner of Homer or Milton. He preferred, however, romantic tales of love and war, and in this introduction he shows that the simple narrative or ballad style is most suitable for such subjects, while the classic style would be out of place

**W Erskine**, a great friend and literary adviser of Scott, was a successful advocate. He afterwards became a judge and assumed the title of Lord Kinnedder, *v.* Introduction, p. x

4 chequer'd, varied; *v.* Gl.

24 license, freedom

26 desultory, rambling, *v.* Gl.

45 **elegiac verse**, poetry in commemoration of the dead, *e.g.*, Milton's *Lycidas*. Latin and Greek, or classical, elegy was written in alternate hexameter and pentameter; English is generally written in pentameter or ten-syllabled lines

46 **Brunswick**. The Duke of Brunswick was father of Caroline, wife of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. He fought in the Seven Years' War (1756-63) under Frederick the Great, and fell mortally wounded fighting against Napoleon at Auerstadt (1806)

51-54, Austria, Russia and France combined against Prussia in the Seven Years' War. **Brandenburgh**, in the centre of modern Prussia, was Frederick the Great's ancestral possession

56. **Jena**. The Battle of Jena comprises two separate engagements fought on the same day, 14th October 1806, one at Auerstadt, fourteen miles to the north; the other, on the hills above Jena, where Napoleon commanded in person. The Prussians were signally defeated in both.

59 **dragon**, revolutionary France.

67. *seem'd*, it would have been very unfitting to.

69-70 After the Battle of Jena, Napoleon deprived many German princes of their dominions. He put brothers on the thrones of Holland, Spain and Westphalia.

78. **Arminius** (Ger. Hermann), the leader of the Germans, totally defeated the legions of Augustus under Varus in 9 A.D.

81-92. These lines describe the wonderful and varied career of Sir Sydney Smith. He was a member of the order of Knights Templars, hence the *Red Cross*. His exploits covered both land and sea. He was a prisoner of war in Paris for two years (*daimless in dungeon*). he fought for Sweden against Russia on the Baltic (*the polar lake*). his greatest feat, however, was his defence, with Turkish aid, of Acre in Palestine against Napoleon (*the Invincible*) in 1799. French ambitions in the East received a severe check. Napoleon said of him, "That man made me miss my destiny."

89. *or that, &c.*, war.

92 *warped*, ruffled.

94 **father of the fight**. Sir Ralph Abercromby defeated the French at Alexandria in 1801, but was mortally wounded in the battle.

100. **wild harp**, cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 133, 134 :—

“Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild”

101. **Avon's holy shore** Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in Warwickshire

103. **Enchantress**, Joanna Baillie, authoress of *Plays on the Passions* (1798), which include those on *Basil* and *Simon de Montfort* (1808) Scott's eulogy is extravagant, as these plays are now entirely forgotten

111. Scott's own friendship for Joanna Baillie wronged his judgment of her dramas.

116. **secret power**, natural or inherited likes and dislikes.

117. **warps**, twists from its shape.

129. **Belgian**, used loosely for the Dutch

130. **Batavia**, capital of the Dutch East Indian possessions, is situated on the north-west coast of Java, and resembles a Dutch town in being intersected with a network of canals.

131. **eager**, adverb.

137. **hind**, a cattle-drover; *v* Gl.

149. **Lochaber**, a district of south Inverness-shire.

151. **Ben Nevis**, highest mountain in the United Kingdom, close to Fort-William (4406 ft. high). **Garry's Lake**, Loch Garry, in south Inverness-shire.

158. **mountain tower**, Smailholm Tower near Kelso, near which, at Sandyknowe Farm, Scott passed five years of childhood; *v*. Introduction, p. vii.

161. **heroic song**, verse in a grand style.

183. **strength**, strong place.

197. **Bruce**. Robert Bruce fought against Edward I., defeated Edward II. at Bannockburn (1314); became King of Scotland and died 1329. Bruce and Wallace are the heroes of Scottish independence

201. **scarlet ranks** *E.g.*, at Killiecrankie (1689), where Viscount Dundee (Claverhouse) with the Highlanders defeated William III.'s troops under General Mackay.

211. **grey-haired sire**, Scott's grandfather, Robert Scott.

216. **doom**, judgment. This couplet is taken from Dryden.

218. **venerable Priest**, the minister of the parish of Smailholm.

### CANTO THIRD

5. **lowland road**, the road near the sea by Dunbar.

6. Merse, Berwickshire, lit. "the march," *i.e.*, border  
 16. wan, old form for "won"  
 17. ptarmigan, a species of grouse with feathered toes inhabiting the tops of mountains. Its winter plumage is white  
 19. Lammermoor, a broad range of moorish hills separating the shires of Berwick and Haddington.  
 22. Gifford, a Haddingtonshire village, about four miles from Haddington  
 31. bush, a bunch of ivy hung up as a tavern sign.  
 33. rude, rough  
 41. weighing, comparing.  
 44. hostel, inn, *v* Gl  
 48. solands, solan geese, still found on the Bass Rock near North Berwick.  
 49. gammons, hams; *v* Gl.  
 56. buckler, shield; *v* Gl  
 78. buxom, yielding, elastic, hence gay or jolly, *v* Gl  
 79. Zembla, Nova Zembla, an Arctic island to the north-east of Russia  
 106. as, as if  
 117. Constant, masculine equivalent of Constance, who assumed it while serving as Marmion's page  
 120. Saint Valentine, patron of lovers, his day being February 14  
 129. roundelay, a song in which parts are repeated, *v* Gl  
 134. mountaineer. The Highlanders used to find employment in the Lowlands as harvest-hands  
 143. Susquehana, a shallow, rapid, mountain river in the United States, flowing into Chesapeake Bay  
 144. Kentucky, a state of the American Union in the Mississippi Valley.  
 145. Ontario, the lowest lake on the St. Lawrence.  
 188. plain'd, sounded sadly.  
 207. civil, internal.  
 218. Marmion is left without a verb.  
 228. strook, struck. An archaic form.  
 234. vail, lower; *v* Gl.  
 238. augured of, had foreboding of; *v* Gl.  
 243. practised on, plotted against.  
 244. the Church is dæive.  
 251. mulct, a fine to take the place of penance Lat. *multa*.  
 263. boding say, speech prophetic of ill  
 297. scourge, of penance.

298. **Sovereign's mandate** · his commission to the Scottish king  
 307. **Loch Vennachar** in Perthshire, in the Trossachs region  
 321. **the vulgar**, the common people.  
 322. **license com**, haughty permission.  
 324. **Clerk**, a learned person; *v.* Gl.  
 325. **Alexander III**, King of Scotland in the thirteenth century.  
 333. **Goblin Hall** A capacious cavern in the castle of Hugo Gifford de Yester (died 1267), said to have been formed by magical art, and called in the country Bo-Hall, *z e*, Hobgoblin Hall  
 354. **Haco**, King of Norway, was signally defeated by Alexander III in 1263 at Largs, on the coast of Ayrshire  
 358. **Bute and Arran**, islands in the Firth of Clyde. **Cunninghame**, Kyle, north and central divisions of Ayrshire, the southern is named Carrick.  
 367. **Magi**, the wise men, magicians.  
 369. **Pentacle**. "A piece of fine linen, folded with five corners, which the magician extends towards the spirits whom he invokes when they are stubborn and rebellious" Gk *πέντε*, five  
 370. **zone**, belt **virgin**, new  
 372. **planetary sign** The movements of the planets were much studied by the astrologers of the Middle Ages, and the terms in l. 373 describe the position of planets relative to the sun  
 373. **Combust**, in conjunction with the sun, or apparently very near it, so as to be obscured by its light Lat *combustus*, burnt retrograde, moving westward relative to the fixed stars **trine**, a planet is in trine when distant from another a third part of the zodiac Lat. *trini*, three each, *tres*, three  
 390. **liege**, feudal lord, *v.* Gl  
 395. **racking**, driven before the wind  
 396. **wandering star**, planet (Gk *πλανητής*, wanderer).  
 407. **blessed night** Those born on Christmas or Good Friday were supposed to have the power of seeing, and even of commanding, spirits.  
 415. **Cœur-de-Lion**, Lion-heart, cognomen of Richard I. of England (died 1199); *v.* Introduction, pp xviii, xix  
 416. **tide what tide**, let happen what may happen.  
 420. **Malcolm III**, surnamed Canmore, succeeded Macbeth (1056).  
 425. **wind**, blow.  
 431. **sprites**, spirits  
 438. **Pictish race**, the pre-Celtic inhabitants of Scotland.  
 449. Criticise the grammar of this line.

453 **England's King, Edward I** Scott is here unhistorical, as Edward was not king till 1272, nor did he go on his crusade till

1270, seven years later than the Battle of Largs

457 **leopards.** The lions on the arms of England are really leopards See Illustration.

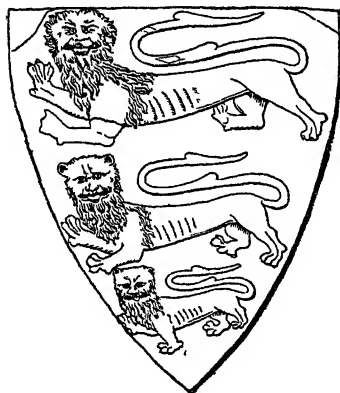
459 **length of limb** His nickname was Longshanks

461 **Edward I** made a great effort to subdue Scotland

464 **career,** meeting of knights on horseback

467 **visor,** or vizor, part of the helmet covering the face, movable, and perforated to see through, v. Gl See Illustration

479. **ravens,** on the arms of Denmark.



ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND IN THE TIME OF KING JOHN

483. **northern war** In September 1807 the English, to prevent the Danish fleet from falling into the power of Napoleon, bombarded Copenhagen for five days. Thereafter the Danish fleet was conveyed to England.

497. **start, fright.**

498 **Dunfermline,** in Fife, was for more than two centuries the burial-place of the Scottish kings.

506 **fouly sped,** fared disastrously

508. **Gilbert Hay,** one of Bruce's warriors

510 **quaighs,** cups usually of wood; v. Gl.

512. Would have discussed



VISOR (From Whitney's Emblems, 1586)



- 518 **targe**, target, a small buckler or shield See Illustration  
 551 **darkling**, in the dark, an adverb, but an adj. in E 23;  
 v Gl  
 553 **good my youth**, an inversion  
 common in Shakespeare  
 570 **abroad**, outside  
 588 **fond**, foolish  
 592 **pricked**, spurred  
 597 **yode**, went, old past tense of  
 the verb "to go"  
 599 **señe**, saddle Lat *sella*

#### INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH

**James Skene**, of Rubislaw, Aberdeen, was a fellow-officer with Scott in the Edinburgh volunteer cavalry regiment

1 **Minstrel**, Shakespeare, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, quoting an old song

3 **motley clown in Arden wood**, the clown Touchstone in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, the scene of which is laid in the Forest of Arden (Arden) on the borders of Belgium and France. Jesters were dressed in clothes made of different-coloured pieces (*motley*). Touchstone moralises in the play on the subject of Time

4 **Jacques**, a humorously melancholy noble in attendance on the Duke in *As You Like It*

10 **voluntary brand**, the sword of a volunteer

20 An echo of a line in Homer

37. **Blackhouse Heights**, hills near the Yarrow's exit from St. Mary's Loch and the scene of the "Douglas Tragedy." **Etttrick Pen**, a mountain more than 2000 ft high at the head of the Etttrick Valley

42 **rack**, broken and drifting clouds

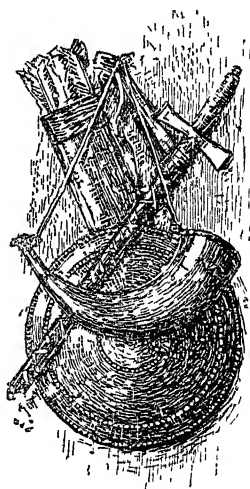
43 **shepherd has no verb**

52. **lessen'd tide**, the river when low

101. **kirn**, the Scottish harvest-home

104. **oaten reed**, the rough pipe of Arcadian shepherds.

105. **Arcadia**, central province of the ancient Peloponnesus (now



TARGE

Morea) in Greece, which always remained pastoral and peaceful **golden creed**, the ancients believed in a primeval "golden age" or millennium, with Arcadia as its scene

112 **Chief of Troy**, Priam was very old when the mythical Siege of Troy by the Greeks began.

125. **cypress**, the symbol of death; **myiue**, of marriage. Skene's father-in-law, Sir William Forbes, had died shortly after his daughter's marriage

129 **affection's filial tear**, the tears shed by the loving daughter.

131 **speak**, show

133 **Minstrel**, James Beattie, a Scottish poet, whose life Forbes had written.

142 **grateful dew**, tears of gratitude.

147 *See* Psalm lxxviii 5.

151. *See* Proverbs xlviii. 10

172 **Tirante**, a hero of mediæval Spanish romance **yclep'd**, called; from p p of A S *clepan*, to call *Cf* Milton's

"In heaven yclept Euphrosyne" (*L Allegro*, 12)

174. **Pandour** was Skene's dog, **Camp**, Scott's

177 **laverock**, lark

181. **Ariel**, the aerial spirit in Shakespeare's *Tempest*. The reference is to his song:—

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough" (V 1 93)

191 **Colin Mackenzie**, an important Scottish lawyer of the time

194 **Rae**, Sir W., became Lord Advocate.

195. **one**, the son of Sir W. Forbes.

196 **Mimosa**, the sensitive plant.

202 **buxom**, gay; *v* Gl.

206 **mad Tom**. Edgar, in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, assumes this character and in one place says. "Poor Tom who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear."

#### CANTO FOURTH

13. **Becket's bones** Thomas à Becket's relics at Canterbury were regarded with great awe

25. **ruth**, pity

31 **Friar Rush**, or **Friar's Lantern**, the *ignis fatuus* or Will-o'-the-wisp

43. **of course**, in the ordinary run of events.

44. **clarion**, a clear-sounding horn *Lat clarus*, clear.

- 52 **conjuring**, forcing spirits to obey them  
 53 **English cross**, St George's Cross  
 69. **Humbie, Saltoun**, Haddingtonshire villages  
 75. **errant knight**, or **knight-errant**, knight wandering in search of adventure Lat. *errāre*, to wander  
 88 **romantic tome**, volume of romance  
 90. **dome**, house  
 91 **Caxton**, the first English printer (1412-1491). **Wynkyn de Worde** was his successor  
 99 **point of war**, signal of war  
 103 **rode**, grammar weak  
 110 **trumpets**, trumpeteers  
 117 These are the titles of the heralds, taken from Scottish localities.  
 119 **gules**, in heraldry, a red colour, marked in engraved figures

by perpendicular lines;

*v* Gl. **argent**, the white or silver colour in armorial bearings Lat. *argentum*, silver or, gold colour Lat. *aurum*, gold **azure**, blue; *v* Gl

#### 120. **King-at-arms**

Here the chief officer of the Herald's College of Scotland with the designation **Lion or Lion**. His inauguration was most solemn. It was the mimicry of a royal coronation. His person was sacred, it was treason to strike him. It was often his office to receive foreign ambassadors, also to go on royal messages and embassies.

121 **truncheon**, short staff

130. **satiric rage** Sir David Lindsay wrote a satiric play, *The Satyre of Three Estates*, attacking the abuses in the pre-Reformation



SIR DAVID LYNDESAY, BART, LORD LION KING-AT-ARMS (From an old painting in Holyrood Palace)

*Canto IV stanza vii*

Church of Rome    Landesay did not become King-at-arms till after Flodden Field, as Scott well knew, so that here, for purposes of effect, he commits a conscious anachronism.

133 **keys** are the symbol of the Pope, *v* note on Canto I l. 463

135 **cap of maintenance**, a cap of dignity borne in royal processions

141-144. **double tressure** In heraldry the *tressure* means the bordering round the shield    Chailemagne is fabled to have allowed the mythical *Achais* (king of the Scots in 787) to place the *double tressure* with the *fleur-de-lys* (lilies, lit lily-flower) of France round the lion on the Scottish arms    The same Achais is said to have founded the Order of the *Thistle*    The *unicorn* was added to the Royal Arms by James I of England

153 **The Mount**, Landesay's property in Fife

162 The King-at-Arms was crowned with the actual royal crown, and anointed with wine, while the King was anointed with oil

164 **emblematic gem**, a ruby in the ring placed on the king's finger at his coronation; for *emblematic*, *v* Gl

179 **inly**, inwardly

188. **Lady Heron** was collecting information for the English    See Canto V. l. 261 and note.

191 **decline**, go down

192. **Tyne**, a Haddingtonshire stream.

194 **Crichtoun Castle**, a fine ruined castle in the county of Edinburgh, on the Tyne, five miles from Dalkeith    Built by Sir W Crichton in 1440, it passed to the Hepburns (*z e*, Earls of Bothwell) and finally to the Buccleuch or Scott family,

208 The Crichtons and Douglasses were at feud.

214. **mystic sense**, hidden meaning

215 **A scutcheon of pretence** is a small shield, sometimes borne in the centre of a nobleman's larger shield, bearing the coat-arms of his wife.

216 **quartered**. "Quartering is the bearing of two or more coats-of-arms on a shield divided by horizontal and perpendicular lines, denoting the alliances of the family, also, one of the divisions thus formed"

220 **unbraced**, unloosed.

226 **facets**, a small surface, as of a cut diamond.

231. **whilom**, formerly, *v* Gl.

232 **Massy More**, the dungeon    Derived from the Moorish Mazmorra

248. **Earl Adam Hepburn**, second Earl of Bothwell, fell at

Flodden in a furious attempt to save the day **Hated Bothwell**  
(l. 254), third husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, was his grandson

260 **Borough Moor**, now a part of south Edinburgh.

282 **tale**, based on a story from the Scottish chronicler, Pit-scottie

287 **Linlithgow**, sixteen miles west of Edinburgh The castle, on a height close to the loch, was a royal residence, and the birth-place of James V. and Mary Stuart.

291. **bells**, to bellow, roar (of a stag)

295 **June** James III was killed at Sauchieburn, June 1488  
The rebellion against him was signalled by the cruel circumstance of his son's presence in the hostile army When the King saw his son in the faction of his enemies, he fled, but his horse was frightened by a woman drawing water, and threw him A man, disguised as a priest, murdered him during confession James IV was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances, e.g., the constant wearing of an iron belt (l. 313).

302 **offices**, prayers and services

312. **Katharine** of Siena, in Italy, born 1347, of great piety and charity, was believed to bear the marks of the Crucifixion (called stigmata)

313 **iron belt**. James was said to make it heavier every year

316. **Thistle's Knight-Companions**, the members of the Order of the Thistle See note on ll. 141-144

325 **cincture**, girdle. Lat *cinctura*—*cingere*, *cinctum*, to surround.

334 **limner**, painter, *v* Gl.

346. **my mother**, the Virgin Mary. John was her adopted son

351. **doubly** (1) against war; (2) against "woman fair"

357. **cast**, planned

361-362. Pitscottie has, "This man vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun or a whip of the whirlwind" but, merely

375. **sceptic**, doubting, *v* Gl.

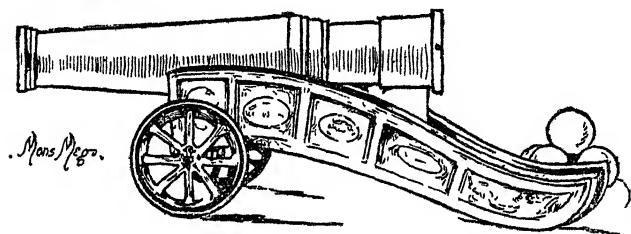
393 **delirious goad**, impulse of delirium.

397. **wold**, down, *v* Gl

411. **mix'd affray** or *mêlée*, a tournament in which a body of knights were matched against an equal number on the other side.

461. **Bulmer**. Brian Bulmer, while hunting, meets a fiend disguised as a knight. They fight and Brian is overthrown and wounded. His foe offers to heal him if he will promise neither to name or think of any holy thing He agrees, but in his wonder at his cure murmurs the name of Jesus Christ, whereat the spectre vanishes.

467. **Rothiemurcus**, in Inverness-shire  
 469. **Tomantoul**, in Banffshire **Auchnaslaud**, in Inverness-shire.  
 470 **Dromouchty**, between Inverness-shire and Perthshire  
**Glenmore**, the Highland depression now traversed by the Caledonian Canal  
 487 **bowne**, get ready, *v* Gl  
 490 **Dun-Edin**, Edinburgh, lit Edwin's Fort Gaelic *Dun* means height, rise, *e g*, *Dumbarton*, *Dunbar*, etc  
 497 **Braid Hills**, a low range south of Edinburgh  
 500 **Blackford Hill**, a spur of the Braid Hills, houses are now built right up to its north base  
 508 **St Giles's Cathedral** in the High Street; the old parish church of Edinburgh, dating mostly from the fifteenth century; restored tastefully in 1883  
 519 **bent**, coarse grass, moor of coarse grass.  
 520. **pavilions**, tents, *v* Gl.  
 535 **Hebudes**, the Hebrides.  
 536 **Lodon**, Lothian.  
 537 **Redswire edge** in the Cheviots  
 538. **Rosse**, Ross-shire.  
 557. **Borthwick**, an engineer, cast seven pieces of cannon (the Seven Sisters).



MONS MEG *Canto IV stan xxvii*  
 (Specimen of the cannon of the period of James IV "The Seven Sisters of Borthwick" were like this)

558. **culverin**, a long thin cannon, so named from its shape; *v* Gl.  
 564. **sanguine**, blood colour. Lat *sanguis*, *nis*, blood  
 566. **scroll**, a flag on which the motto of the family was inscribed  
**pennon**, a double-pointed streamer; *v* Gl **pennon** = pennoncel, pennoncelle, dim. of *pennon*, **bandrol**, **banderol** or **banderole**, a streamer, generally borne at the end of a lance.  
 571, **massive stone**, "the Hare-Stane (Har or Army Stone), a

high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid"—SCOTT

578 **ruddy lion ramp'd in gold** The red lion of the Scottish royal arms rampant on a yellow ground

600 The description of Edinburgh came straight off Scott's pen without erasure or blot

619 **Ochil** (prɛn Oa'-hil) Hills, extending from near Stirling to the Firth of Tay, highest point, 2363 ft

621. **amethyst**, bluish-violet colour The substance is a quartz from which drinking-cups used to be made, which the ancients supposed prevented drunkenness; *v* G1

623 **Preston-Bay**, some nine miles east of Edinburgh **Berwick-Law**, a hill near North Berwick, some twenty miles east of Edinburgh

632 **demi-volte**, a half turn of a horse, the fore-legs being raised in the air.

640. **sackbut**, a kind of trumpet, the predecessor of the trombone, *v* G1 **psaltery**, a stringed instrument of the harp kind

646. **prime**, a religious service during the first hour after sunrise Lat. *primus*, first

650. St. Katharine; *v* note of l 312

651 **St Rocque**, the patron saint of the plague-stricken.

655 **Falkland Palace**, a royal residence in Fifeshire

669. **larum**, alarum or alarm; *v* G1

673-674. Though I have sad forebodings, do not expect victory will be easy for you

679 **stowre**, dust, confusion

## INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH

**George Ellis**, a friend of Scott's and a student of the Early English Romances

23 **darkling**, an adj; *v* G1

41 **laky flood**, the Nor' Loch, which was drained and is now Prince's Street Gardens

44 **embattled port**, fortified gate.

51 **wicket**, a small door in the centre of the great gate The "ports" or gates were regularly shut at night.

57. This metaphor was borrowed from Mason, an eighteenth century poet

58 **for**, instead of **umber'd lower**, with dark-coloured frown.

"Umber" is a brown earthy mineral used as a pigment. So called because originally obtained from Umbria in Italy

60 gleam'st, transitive, "makest gleam"

62 **Championess**, Britomarte, the heroine representing Chastity in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*

67 **Malbecco**, a crabbed, jealous and inhospitable old man in Spenser's poem

72 **aventayle** or aventail, -e, the flap of a helmet in front, for the admission of air, *v* Gl

78. "For every one her liked, and every one her loved"—

SPENSER

81 **Squire of Dames**, **Columbella**, **Sir Satyrane**, **Paridel**, all characters in Spenser

100 **voluntary line**. The volunteer movement already referred to

105 **mural crown**, crown consisting of walls Lat *murus*, a wall

106 **knosp**, knob, projection, *v* Gl

109-113 See Genesis xviii.

118. **Henry VI.** with his queen, his heir, and the chiefs of his family, fled to Scotland after the fatal battle of Towton (1461), where he was defeated by Edward of York, afterwards Edward IV

120. **Bourbon**. The Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X, lived at Holyrood from 1796-1799, and again after the 1830 revolution till 1832



TROUBADOUR.

138. **romantic strain** Mr Ellis proved that the courts of our Anglo-Norman kings produced the Romance literature. **Marie** translated the Armorican (Breton) originals into Norman-French, or romance language

140. **Henry I.**, surnamed **Beauclerc** (fine scholar).

145 **Breton**, a Celtic language spoken in Brittany

146 **Blondel**, Richard I.'s troubadour, who discovered the place of his master's captivity in the following manner. He sang

one verse of a song outside, and the prisoner within answered with a second. See Illustration

149-154 **Time's scythe** mows down men's lives, his hour-glass



measures their span Ellis brought the forgotten poetry before the world again

180-181 Scott read part of *Marmion* to Ellis at his house at Sunninghill, near Windsor and Ascot

185 storied pane, stained-glass windows

## CANTO FIFTH

2-4 barrier guard The guards made an entrance into the camp by pulling up some of the stakes which formed the palisade

5. warders, captains of the entrance guard

6 carried pikes, presented arms; "pikes" were long spears

12 mighty bows. The yeomen of England were famous for their "six-foot bows" and arrows a yard long

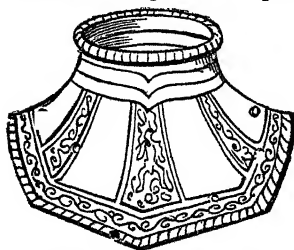
26 Flemish, from Flanders

32 croupe, a particular leap in the *manège* or riding-school, v Gl

33 curvett, a leap in which the horse raises his fore-legs together, next the hind-legs, with a spring before the fore-legs touch the



BOWMAN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY



GORGET (From a specimen in the  
Londesborough Collection)

vest, dark dress (viz. the steel-jack).'

ground; v Gl

40 corslet, corselet, a pistol-proof cuirass Lat *corpus*, body.

41 brigantine or *brigandine*, a linen or leather coat-of-mail, with steel plates sewed upon it; v. Gl gorget, throat-piece; v. Gl

48 steel-jack, a sort of leathern doublet covered with plates of iron v. Gl swarthy

51 **forty days' provision.** "When the feudal army of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days' provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course"—SCOTT

54 **hagbut, hackbut, an arquebuse, musket.** Same derivation as *harquebuss*

56 **cheer, countenance; v Gl**

59 **musng, wondering**

73 **slogan, war-cry of a clan, contr from Gael, *sluaigh-gairm*, army-cry**

96 The **Euse** and the **Liddell** are both tributaries of the Border Esk.

98 **fangless lion, Lindesay, whose escort rode unarmed**

100 **Maudlin, Magdalen pied, variegated; v Gl**

101 **kirtle, skirt**

102 **Celtic race, &c the Highland clansmen, who spoke Gaelic, a speech of the Celtic family**

106 **garish, glaring, gaudy, v Gl**

107. **trews, trousers of tartan cloth worn by the Gaelic horsemen; v Gl**

119 **buskins, leggings**

120 **bonnet, the so-called "Glengarry bonnet," rising to a point in front with ribbons hanging down behind**

124 The **targe** or shield was studded with nails.

128. **Isles-men, men from the Western Isles or Hebrides.**

161. **vesper-tide, evening time.**

162 **Holy-Rood, about a mile east of the castle, founded as an abbey by David I. in 1128, became a royal palace in the reign of James V. (A rood is a figure of Christ's cross, and often of the crucifix, often placed at the entrance to the choir in mediæval churches)**

168. **peaceful weeds, garments worn during peace**

182. **maskers, actors who performed in the "masque," a kind of allegorical play. Milton's *Comus* is an example.**

200 **her heart, can view, the heart of her who can view.**

213 **piled. The pile is the nap or fine woolly surface of cloth**

214 **martin, marten, a kind of weasel**

215 **sheen, bright; v Gl**

220 **Toledo, in Spain, on the Tagus, famous for its sword-steel.**

221 **baldric, belt.**

261 **Sir Hugh the Heron's wife. In actual history Lady**

Heron in 1513 was not at James's court in Holyrood at all, but at Ford near Flodden, while her husband, William (not Sir Hugh) was at the time a prisoner in Scotland. James did not meet Lady Heron till after crossing the Border, *v* Introduction, p. lviii.

264 **Cessford**, Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, Warden of the Central Border, had been murdered by Heron, a brother of Heron of Ford, who was in some sort accessory.

265 **make accord**, effect a reconciliation.

269-272 Anne of Brittany, wife of Charles VIII of France, and after his death of Louis XII, sent James "a ring off her finger, with 14,000 French crowns to pay his expenses." The story is in Pitscottie.

287 **Lithgow**, Lamlithgow.

302 **wimple**, a scarf; *v* Gl.

321. **Netherby**, on the Border Esk, in Cumberland.

332 **Solway Firth**, separating Cumberland from Scotland, remarkable for the suddenness and speed of its tides.

342 **measure**, dance.

344 **galliard**, a lively dance.

353 **scaur**, a precipitous bank or rock; *v* Gl.

357. **Cannobie**, Canonbie, a Dumfriesshire village on the Border Esk.

361 **siren**, a fascinating, deceptive woman. The *Sirens*, in Greek mythology, sang with such bewitching sweetness that sailors on the west coast of Italy were allured to draw near, but only to their destruction. Ulysses alone succeeded in passing them by stopping his men's ears with wax and having himself bound fast to the mast.

381 **liegemen**, vassals.

382 **Warden**, *v* note on l. 264.

383. **Barton**, Andrew Barton, a Scottish privateer who had been killed in battle with an English ship in 1511.

388. **Douglas** Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, obtained his surname, Bell-the-cat (l. 398) in this way. The nobility, who did not sympathise with James III. in his love of the fine arts, were extremely incensed at the honours conferred on artists and musicians. One of these, Cochrane, had been made Earl of Mar. The nobles held a midnight council in the church of Lauder, where the national levy had assembled to invade England, and there deliberated on the best means of removing these minions from the King's person. Lord Gray told the fable of the mice who voted that a bell be attached to the cat's neck to give them warning of her approach.

"I understand the moral," said Angus, "and, that what we purpose may not lack execution, I will *bell the cat*." Hence his nickname Cochrane was seized and hanged from the bridge of Lauder.

391 Angus, another name for Forfarshire

400 Hermitage Castle, in Roxburghshire, not far from the Border. This stronghold had to be exchanged by Angus for Bothwell Castle in Lanarkshire, as a punishment for slaying a courtier in a duel; *v* note on Canto VI. l. 343

429 Tantallon Castle, three miles east of North Berwick on the coast of Haddingtonshire, a stronghold of the Douglasses, resisted James V. in 1528, in 1639 was demolished by the Covenanters. See Illustration, p. 145.

432 "A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas bears two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the Good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land"—SCOTT blazon The *red heart*, or *Bloody Heart*, in memorial of the heart of Bruce

439. maids of heaven, *i. e.*, the nuns of St. Hilda.

501. A hall! The old cry to make room for a dance

517. told her chaplet, counted the beads on her rosary; *i. e.*, said her prayers over and over again.

587 Martin Swart, a German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel, who pretended to be the Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence. Swart was defeated and killed at Stokefield (1487).

591. He threw down the glove as a challenge

594. Gueldres, in Holland.

596. Some mere letters of courtesy.

610 ordeal. Sometimes a disputed question was referred to the judgment of God by lot, fire, water, or, as here, by combat; *v* Gl

612. recreant, a coward, a disgraced man; *v* Gl

616. drenched, drugged

622. vestal vot'ress, votaress, one bound or consecrated by a vow never to marry, *v* note on Canto II. l. 96.

633 Tame, a river of Stafford- and Warwick-shires flowing into the Trent

672. Special directions written and sealed by Marmion

691. Wolsey, Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII.'s great minister.

704. St. Withold, St. Vitalis, supposed to give protection against nightmares and bad dreams.

709 Dun-Edin's Cross, an ancient and curious structure Above

75. Scott means that this acting recalls the old *Mysteries* or Mystery Plays, a kind of rude drama founded on the historical parts of the Bible and the lives of the Saints, performed during the Middle Ages, first in churches, and afterwards in the streets.

78 ~~light~~, died.

89 We set great store by blood-relationship.

90 *far-fetch'd claim* Scottish people are fond of claiming kin, however remote the connection

95 *great- grandsire* "He contrived," says Scott, "to lose the small property he had by engaging in the civil wars and intrigues of the House of Stuart. His veneration for the exiled family was so great that he swore he would not shave his beard till they were restored"

111 *fair dame*, Mrs Scott of Harden.

120 *clips*, embraces. The Tweed winds considerably near Mertoun

131 *Noll Bluff*, a character in Congreve's play, *The Old Bachelor*.

135 *Profane*! An imaginary protest by Heber.

136 *Latian*, of Latium, *i e*, Latin

139 *Limbo*, with R C theologians a place on the borders of Hell in which the souls of the pre-Christian pious await the coming of Christ, and where the souls of unbaptised infants remain, hence the word is often applied to any place of confinement, or to any place into which things are thrown aside Lat *limbus*, border

143 *John Leyden*, a Borderer, assisted Scott in the *Border Minstrelsy*. He became an eminent Oriental scholar, and died at thirty-five

146 *Ulysses*, Lat name for Odysseus, who during his visit to the world below, as described by Homer, meets the ghost (*wraith*) of Hercules (*Alcides*)

147, 148 In Virgil's *Aeneid*, *Aeneas*, the Trojan hero, hears the voice of *Polydorus*, who had been murdered by Polymnestor for his treasure.

149 *Livy* Titus Livius, a Roman historian of the last century B.C., wrote the history of his country in 150 books, only a fraction of which survive.

150. *locutus Bos* (Lat), an ox spoke One of many omens and wonders which Livy relates in his history as presaging a great event

154 *common-councilman*, town-councillor, alderman.

157 *Camoria*, Wales.

159. "The Spirit's Blasted Tree" The enmity between the two Welshmen, Howel Sele and Owen Glendwr (*Glendower*) was ex-

treme Howel heard sounds of hunting in his land and went in search of the trespasser For ten years he was not heard of The trespasser had been Glendower, at that time a fugitive from Henry IV The enemies fought and Howel was killed Glendower hid the body in the hollow stem of a blasted oak, where it was found Popular belief asserted that the tree was haunted and often made a groaning sound

161 **Maida**, in South Italy, where a Highland regiment under Sir John Stuart routed the French under Regnier in 1806

162 The Highlanders believed in malevolent fairies who were especially powerful and active on Fridays

169 **Franchémont**, near Spa in Belgium The castle stands on a tributary of the Maas (Meuse) and was destroyed by the Bishop of Liège in 1145.

188. **necromantic**, relating to or practising necromancy, called the "Black Art." Gk. *nekros*, corpse and *magus*, soothsayer Thus it meant one who called up departed spirits

205 **Pitscottie** Lindesay of Pitscottie, in Fife, lived and wrote in the last half of the sixteenth century His chronicle covered the period from James II's time till his own

210. **Monk of Durham's tale**, the legend of Brian Bulmer

212. **Fordun** John of Fordun, who lived at the end of the fourteenth century, worked at a history of Scotland, called *Scotichronicon*

220 **griffle**, grasping; *v.* Gl

## CANTO SIXTH

This Canto shows the high-water mark of Scott's poetry His description of Flodden is perhaps the best battle-piece in the language. It could only have been written by one who knew every inch of the ground and every turn in the varying fight

8. **Terouenne**. Henry VIII, now at war with France, was besieging Terouenne, a town thirty miles from Calais

9. **leaguer**, camp; *v.* Gl

12. **Dame**, Countess of Angus.

34. **Bloody Heart**, *v.* note on Canto V. l 433. **Field**, *i.e.*, the centre of the shield

35 **chief**, upper part of the shield Through O Fr.—Lat *caput*, head **mulleys**; in heraldry a five-pointed star, indicating the third son

36 **cognizance**, that by which a knight was known when in full armour; viz the devices on his shield

45 **bartizan**, **bartisan**, a small overhanging turret; *v* Gl

46 **bastion**, a projecting rampart; *v* Gl **vantage-coign**, a projecting corner from which one could look out in several directions, *v* **coign**, in Gl

71 **frontlet**, nun's white band worn on the forehead

85 **breviary**, an abridged R C Prayer-Book Lat *breviarius*, short.

110 **very form** At certain seasons it was believed that the pious could see St. Hilda in a window of Whitby Abbey. The effect was really due to reflection during a bright sun

128 **Red de Clare**, Earl of Clare, Hertford and Gloucester in Edward I's time

137. **blood-gouts**, drops of bloods  
Lat *gutta*, a drop

212 There were different reports of my destiny

218 **slough**, cast-off covering, generally used of the skin which a snake sheds annually

240 **postern door**, a small door at the back

261 **featly**, cleverly Lat *facère actum*. to do.

268 **won**; criticise the grammar

271. **Otterburne**, near Flodden, where a battle was fought in 1388 between William Douglas and Harry Percy, known as Hotspur. Douglas won but fell in the fight. Percy was captured. The story forms the subject of the ballad of Chevy Chase

280 **Twisel**, at the junction of Tweed and Till, where James encamped before occupying Flodden

281 **watch my armour** A candidate for knighthood watched for a whole night beside his arms. In the morning he knelt in them before the king or noble who was conferring the honour, and was dubbed knight by a sword-touch on the shoulder

P



KNIGHT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

314. **embrasure, embrasure**, a door or window with the sides slanted on the inside, an opening in a wall for cannon

327 **bishop** Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, Angus's son. He translated part of *Vigil* into Scots

329 **rocquet**, a surplice of plaited lawn worn by bishops

335 **Dunkeld**, on the Tay, in Perthshire

343 Spens of Kilsperdie, a favourite of James IV, had insulted Angus, who met him and with one blow cut asunder his thigh it was for this offence he had to exchange Hermitage for Bothwell Castle, *v* note on Canto V l 400

379 May evil happen to him who is the first to flinch **Blench**; *v* GI

389 **stoop, swoop**

412 **An**, if

435 **St Bride, St Bridget**, an Irish saint.

456 May St Jude help me! The oath is appropriate, as the Epistle of St Jude denounces those who have fallen away from faith and duty

460. **St Bothan**, see note on Canto I l 388

500. **Master**, his eldest son, the Master of Angus

540 **Lennel's convent**, near Coldstream, and so close to Flodden. Lennel House was the residence of Patrick Brydone, Esq, author of *A Tour through Sicily and Malta (reverend pilgrim)*.

546 **Bernardine**, St Bernard of Clairvaux was the leading light of the Cistercian order, to which Lennel's monastery belonged.

573 "On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's headquarters were at Barmore-wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden Hill. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the two armies. On the morning of the 9th September 1513, Surrey moved in a north-west direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel Bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rearguard column passing about a mile higher by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But, as the passage, both over the river and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural obstacles. I know not if we are to impute James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottie puts into his mouth, 'that he was determined to have his



enemies before him on a plain field,' and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river."—SCOTT

609 **Douglas**, Lord James Douglas, the friend and supporter of Robert Bruce, helping him to win the Battle of Bannockburn, near Stirling, in 1314

610 **Randolph** Murray, also did good service at Bannockburn. After Bruce's death he became Regent and died in 1332.

626 **hap what hap**, let happen what may

627. **basnet**, a light steel helmet, *v.* Gl **prentice cap**, the cap worn by an apprentice

636 "You had better cease from your babbling"

640 **river**, the Tweed, Marmion's party were still on the left bank.

653 **daw**, *i. e.*, the Abbot

657 **Leat**, a small tributary of the Tweed.

713. For the tactics of the battle *see* Introduction, pp xxviii . xxx.

715 **Stanley**, Sir Edward Stanley

716. **my sons**, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund Howard, Knight Marshal of England. **vaward**, vanguard; *v.* Gl

717. **Brian Tunstall**, Tunstall "the Undeified," so called from his white armour and banner, as well as from his spotless character and unswerving loyalty

730 Only halted when he got to the van.

743 **gilded spurs**, the mark of knighthood

795 **Badenoch**, a district in south-east Inverness-shire

848. **tone**, pitch

867. **sped**, despatched

892. **varlet**, first meant a youth; then obtained a bad sense, a groom, a low fellow; *v.* Gl.

920. **fountain cell**, a covered-in well

931. **dubious verge**, perilous edge

951. **presage**, the Palmer's foreboding remark — "the death of a dear friend," in Canto II. l 217

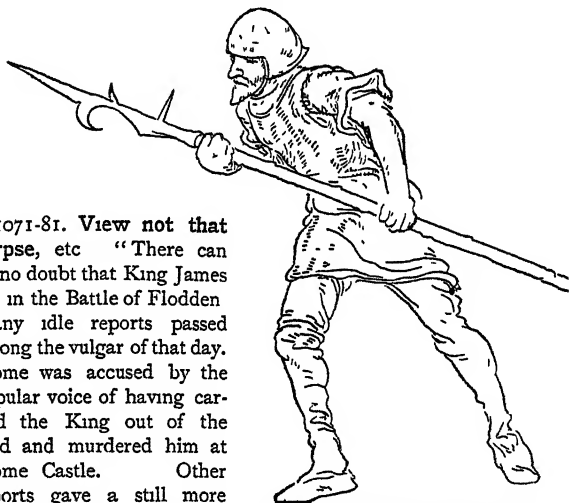
977. **Sign**, the cross near which they were

999-1004. **Roncesvalles** (pron. Ron'se-val'les), a hamlet in the Pyrenees, near **Fontarabia** or Fuenterrabia, an old frontier town of Spain, at the mouth of the Bidassoa, not far from St Sebastian. Charlemagne's rearguard in the retreat from Spain, commanded by **Roland**, or Rowland, the chief of the **Paladins** of France, was attacked at Roncesvalles. Roland blew his magic horn for aid with

such vigour that it cracked in two, buds fell dead, and Charlemagne heard the blast at a distance of twenty miles. Before rescue could come, Roland, Olivier and almost all the paladins were killed.

1031 The *bill* was a kind of concave battle-axe with a long wooden handle. See Illustration.

1038 *serried phalanx*, compact body. *Serried*, crowded, pressed together, traceable to Lat *seria*, a bar. *Phalanx* is a Greek word and means a square battalion of heavy-armed infantry drawn up in ranks and files close and deep.



BILLMAN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

1071-81. View not that corpse, etc. "There can be no doubt that King James fell in the Battle of Flodden. Many idle reports passed among the vulgar of that day. Home was accused by the popular voice of having carried the King out of the field and murdered him at Home Castle. Other reports gave a still more romantic turn to the King's fate, and averred that James,

weary of greatness after the carnage among his nobles, had gone on a pilgrimage to merit absolution for the death of his father and the breach of his oath of amity to Henry."—SCOTT.

1090. Lichfield's lofty pile, the Cathedral of Lichfield, on the Trent, in Staffordshire.

1095-98 "This storm of Lichfield Cathedral took place in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook commanded the attacking Roundheads, and was shot with a musket-ball through the visor of his helmet. The Royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's Cathedral and upon St. Chad's Day, and received his

death-wound in the very eye with which, he had said, he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England"—SCOTT **St Chad**, a Benedictine, was first Bishop of Mercia, with his centre at Lichfield, died 672.

1100 **couchant**,<sup>a</sup> lying.

1111 **wede away**, weeded out Scott refers to *The Flowers of the Forest*, a modern ballad with certain ancient elements describing the desolation of Ettrick Forest after Flodden. The refrain is: "The flowers o' the Forest are a' wede awa"

1147 **elf**, simpleton

1155 **Hollinshed and Hall**, two chroniclers of Elizabeth's reign Shakespeare used their records for his historical plays

1162 **in terms**, at length, in full

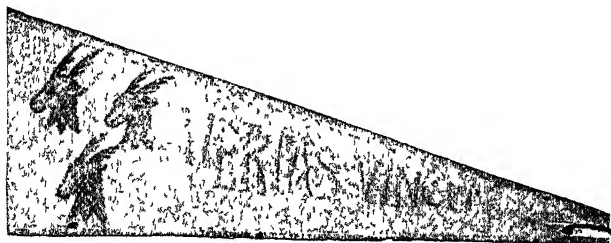
1168 Sir Thomas **More**, author of *Utopia*, executed for refusing to take the oath of Supremacy, 1535 **Sands and Denny** were courtiers of Henry VIII

1170 **Catherine of Aragon**, Henry VIII's first wife

#### L'ENVOY

**Envoy, Envoi**, the author's final words, a postscript, often containing advice, and sometimes, as here, merely recommending the poem to the reader

1178 **rede**, story, prop "advice", v Gl.



STANDARD OF THE EARL MARESCHAL CARRIED AT FLODDEN  
(From the original in the Advocate Library, Edin.)



# Glossary

## ABBREVIATIONS

A S = Anglo-Saxon	Scand = Scandinavian
M-E = Middle English	Ice = Icelandic
E = English	It = Italian
Dut = Dutch	Sp = Spanish
O. H. Ger = Old High German	adj = adjective
Ger = German	adv = adverb
O Fr = Old French	cf = compare
Fr = French	dim = diminutive
Gk = Greek	lit = literally
Lat = Latin	n = noun
Low Lat = Low Latin	pfx = prefix

### A

**adept**, a proficient Lat. *adeptus*, having obtained, p p of *adipisci*  
**aghaſt** properly *agaſt*, p p from A S *agæſtan*, *a*, intens pfx, and *gæſtan*, to frighten  
**aisle**, any lateral diſiſion of any part of a church Lat *ala*, a wing ſpeiling due to early conſuſion with *iſle*  
**amethyſt**, Gk *a*, neg, and *methueu*, to be drunk, *methu*, wine, cognate with E *mead*.  
**apotaſte**, Gk, from *apo*, away, and *ſtênai*, to ſtand.  
**arch**; from the pfx *arch-*, in *archduke*, biſhop, etc. Gk. *archo*, to rule.  
**artillery**, O Fr, from Lat. *ars*, *artis*, art  
**augur**; orig. "to foretell by the cries of birds"; from Lat *avis*, bird, and the root of *augur*, to chatter.  
**avail**, Fr.; from Lat. *ad*, to, and *valere* to be ſtrong.  
**aventayle**, O Fr. *esventail*; Lat. *ex-*, out, and *ventus* wind.

**azure**, through Fr and Low Lat. from the Arabic word for lapis-lazuli

### B

**baldric**, Low Lat *baldringus*, which is poſſibly from Lat *balteus*, a belt.  
**bartiſan**, adapted by Scott from Scottiſh *bertiſene*, from an O Fr word, *bertesche*, a wood parapet  
**baſnet**, **baſinet**, origin dubious, perhaps a Celtic word  
**baſtion**; from O Fr *baſtir* (Fr *bâtiſ*), to build. Cf. the *Baſtile*, at Paris.  
**battled**, ſame origin as "baſtion"  
**bead**, A S *bed*, *gebed*, a prayer, *biddan*, to pray Cf Ger *beten*, to pray, and *Gebet*, prayer  
**beheſt**, A S from pfx *be-* and *hæſ*, command, *hâtan*, to command.  
**bent**, A S *beonet*, found in place names; e.g. *Beonetleah*, Bentley. Perhaps Ger *Binſe*, a ruſh, is from the ſame origin  
**betide**, A S. pfx *be-* and *tîd*, time (Ger. *Zeit*), cf. the proverb "Time and tide wait for no man."

**chéquered**, variegated like a chess board. The verb *check*, from which it is formed, comes through O Fr *eschec*, *eschac* through Arabic, from Persian *shah*, king (as in chess).

**chief**, Fr, from Lat *caput*, a head.  
**churl**, A S *ceorl*. Cf Scottish *carl*, *carold* rustic. The word has become degraded in meaning like *villain*. Among the Anglo-Saxons the *ceorls* were the ordinary freemen as opposed to the *eorls*, or nobles. As time went on the *eorls* grew more powerful, and the *ceorls* sank to be serfs. The name also got a baser meaning.

**claymore**. The word is Gaelic and means "great sword." More is great, is seen in Ben More, i.e., great mountain.

**clerk**, A S, from Low Lat *clericus*, from Gk κληρος, lot, inheritance, used by Church writers for "the clergy," because "the Lord is their inheritance," or portion.

**claw** or clue, A S *clawen*. Cf Ger. *Knauel*. The word is perhaps related to Lat. *glomus*, *globus*.

**clip**, embrace, encircle, A S *clyppan*, to embrace. Cf. Ger. *Kluppe*, pincers.

**coign**, corner, occurring chiefly in the phrase "coign of vantage." The word is a doublet of *coin* and comes through Fr. from Lat. *cuneus*, a wedge.

**con**, to study carefully, A S *cunnan*, to know. Cognate with E. *know* and *ken*.

**couch** (of a spear), to lay it on the rest preparatory to charging, Fr; from L *collocare*, to place.

**couchant**, orig. pres. part. of Fr *coucher*, to previous word.

**cowl**; A S *cufle*. Allied to Lat.  *cucullus*, a hood.

**coy**, Fr. *coi*, from Lat. *quietus*, quiet, calm.

**craven**, cowardly, spiritless. O. Fr. *cravante* (cf. Fr. *craver*), from Lat.

*crepant-em*, accusative of the pres. part. of *crepāre*, to rattle, crack. Others connect with E. *recreant*, renegade, which see.

**crimson**. The word is from O Fr. *cramoisin*, from Arabic *qermazi*, the cochineal insect, from which the colour is made.

**crosier**, **crozier**, O Fr., from Lat. *crux*, *crucis*, a cross.

**croupe**, **croup**, O Fr. "A protuberance." Closely allied to E. *crop*, the produce of a field of grain, also "the craw of a bird," the primary meaning being the "top or prominent part" of anything.

**culverin**, O Fr. *couleuvre*, from Lat. *colubra* (fem), serpent, adder. See note on Canto IV l. 558.

**cumber**, retard, trouble. O. Fr. *combrer*, from Low Lat. *cumbrus*, a heap, a mutilation of Lat. *cumulus*, a heap. The adj. *cumbrous* means "troublesome," "obstructing," "heavy."

**curvett**. It *corvett*, dim. of *corvo*, from Lat. *curvus*, bent, crooked.

**cymbal**. Lat. *cymbalum*, from Gk κύβαλον—κύβη, the hollow of a vessel.

## D

**darkling**, adj. and adv., in the dark, also *darklings* (adv.). Suffix *-ling* is closely related to the suffix *-long*, as in *sidelong*.

**dastard**, a cowardly fellow. The *-ard* is a Fr. suffix seen in *drunkard*, *coward*, etc. The first part is from a Scand. stem, *dast* = E. *dazed*.

**deas** or **daïs** (more usual), the raised floor where the high table stood. Orig. "the table" itself, and is through O. Fr. from Lat. *discus*, quoit; from Gk δίσκος. *Dish* and *disc* are doublets.

**despiteously**, with bitter hatred. O. Fr. *despit* (Fr. *dépit*), from Lat.

*despectus*, p p of *despicere*, to despise, *de*, down, and *spicare*, to look  
**desultory**, hasty, loose, unconnected  
 Lat *desultorius*, pertaining to a vaulter or circus-performer, *desultor*, a vaulter, *de*, from, and *salire*, *salum*, to leap  
**device**, emblem borne upon a shield  
 Low Lat *divisa*, a mark made in proof of division of goods, Lat *dividere*, *divisum*, to divide  
**diadem**, a crown O Fr through Lat from Gk διάδημα, δια, across and δειν, to bind  
**dight**, prepared, doomed A S *dihian*, to arrange, from Lat *dicare*, to dictate. Cf Ger *dichten*, to write poetry, and Scottish *dight*, to dress, used of stones, flour, etc Lat *dictare* is a frequentative of *dicere*, *dictum*, to say  
**dirge**, funeral hymn Contracted from *dirige*, the first word of an antiphon for the dead, the words being taken from the Vulgate, the Latin Bible used in the R.C Church, Psalm v 8 Lat *dirigere*, to guide  
**ditty** (pl *ditties*), a poem to be sung Lat *dictare*, to dictate See *Dight*.  
**doff**, to take off. Contracted from "do off." Opposite of "don."  
**domain**, what one has control of, estate, Fr; from Lat. *dominus*, master.  
**donjon**, **dungeon**; O Fr; from Low Lat *dominio*, -onis; Lat. *dominus*, lord Cf previous word and see note on Canto I. l. 4  
**doom**, judgment, condemnation, ruin, A S *dom*, judgment From *domes* the verb *déman*, to judge, deem; cf. *Deemster*, *Dempster*, a judge in the Isle of Man  
**doughty**, A S *dyhtig*, valiant, from *dugan*, to be strong. Cf. Ger. *tuchtig*, solid, able, *taugen*, to be strong  
**dub**, to confer knighthood by striking the shoulder with the flat of the

sword A S *dubban* Connected ultimately with E *dab*, to strike gently

## E

**eke**, likewise. A S *éac*, also Cf Ger *auch*  
**elf** (pl *elves*), a dwarfish supernatural being, more malignant than the fairy A S *oelf*  
**emblematic**, symbolical Lat *emblema*, inlaid word, from Gk. *en*, in, and *βάλλειν*, to throw, lay  
**embroider**, O Fr *embroder*, formed from *em*, in, and *broder*, to pierce, which is prob Celtic in origin  
**emerald**, O Fr *esmeralde*, through Lat from Gk σμάραγδος  
**emprise**, enterprise O Fr, from Lat *m*, and *prehendere*, to take  
**erst**, formerly A S *ærest*, superlative of *ær*, ere, sooner.

## F

**falchion**, O Fr *fauchon*, through Low Lat from Lat *falx*, *falcis*, a sickle  
**fanatic**, extravagantly zealous, esp. in religion Lat *fanaticus*, belonging to a temple, *fanum*, a fane, temple  
**fantasy**, **phantasy**, **fancy**; all the same word Through O Fr and Low Lat from Gk φαντάζεω, to make visible; *φαίνω*, to shew  
**fay**, a fairy O Fr *fee*, from Lat *fatum*, fate.  
**faith**, faith Lat. *fides*  
**fealty**, loyalty Lat *fidelitas*, -atis, faithfulness, *fidelis*, faithful, *fidere*, to trust *Fidelity* is a doublet.  
**fiend**, devil A S *feond*, pr p. of *feon*, to hate Cf. Ger. *Femad*.  
**flaunt**, wave gaily in the wind. Ety dub; probably formed imitatively  
**foray**, sudden raid in hostile country

The word is a form of *Forage* and both are from Fi *fouirage* through Low Lat from a Teutonic root seen in Ger. *Futter*, E *fodder*  
**furlong**, A S *furlang*, *furh*, turrew, and *lang*, long

## G

**gammon**, a ham. O Fr *gambon*, *gambe*, a leg (Fr *jambe*)  
**garb**, O H Ger *garawen*, to get ready, from *gavo*, ready, cf A S *gearu*, ready, and see *yare*  
**garish**, traceable to O H Ger *garion*, to take heed. Connected with E *ware*, *aware*, *wary*, connection with E. *gaze* is improbable.

**gaudy**; Lat *gaudium*, joy, *gaudēre*, to rejoice

**giust, joust, just**, O Fr *jouste*, *joste*, from Lat *juxta*, close to, neighbouring

**gorget**, Lat *gurgus*, -itis, whirlpool  
**gospel**; A S *godspell*. Two derivations are suggested either (1) from A.S. *god*, God and *spell*, a story, i.e., story of God, or (2) from A.S. *god*, good and *spell*, and so = "good-story" and thus equivalent to the Greek for gospel, viz, *εὐ-αγγέλιον* = good-news The first is supported by the fact that some other Teutonic languages undoubtedly form their corresponding word in this way

**gossamer** This word is of obscure origin Perhaps = goose-summer, i.e., summer goose, so-called from the downy appearance of the film

**gossip** The early form was *godsib* = God and *sibb* the A S for "relationship." The word therefore means "related in the service of God" and was often used of the godparents in baptism.

**griple** (found also in Spenser), greedy, grasping A.S. *gripan*, to seize Cf. Ger *greifen*.

**grisly**, A S *gryslīc* Cf Ger *grässlich*, hideous

**guerdon**, reward Through O Fr from Low Lat *uiderdonum*, for which two explanations are given, viz (1) from O. H Ger *uider*, against, and *lon*, reward (Ger *Lohn*), or (2) from O. H Ger *uider*, as before, and a form corrupted from Lat *donum*, a gift In the latter case the word would be a hybrid

**gules**, red. This word is doubtful in origin. Brachet traces to Pers *ghul*, a rose, others to Lat *gu'a*, the throat, probably from the colour of the open mouth of the lion in heraldry.

## H

**hagbut**, see *harquebuss*

**harquebuss, harquebus, -e, arquebuse**, Dut *haakbus*, from *haak*, hook, and *bus*, gun-barrel Cf Ger *Buchse*

**hectic**, Gk. *ἥξις*, habit, *ἔχειν*, to have.

**hind**, A S *hīna* = *hīwuna*, gen. pl of *hīwan*, servant

**holt**, A.S. *holt* Cf Ger *Holz*.

**hostage**, O. Fr *hostage* (Fr. *otage*), from Lat *obses, obsidis*, a hostage

**hostel, hotel**, O. Fr., from Lat *hospes, -itis*, a guest.

## J

**jack** (in steel-jack), *jacket*. O. Fr *jaquette*, a sleeveless coat, prob so called because worn by the French peasant in the 16th century, derisively called *Jacques*

Goodman Jack

**jeopardy**, Fr *jeu parti*, lit. "game divided," i.e., a game of even chances, from Lat. *jocus*, game, and *partiri*, *partitus*, to divide

**jovial, mirthful** Lat *Jupiter, Jovis*. According to astrology, anyone born during the ascendancy of the



planet jupiter was certain to have a happy destiny and a bright tempera-ment.

## K

**ken**, Ice. *kenna*, cognate with *can*, *know*, and *con*, see **con**  
**knosp**, the unopened bud of a flower, an architectural ornament resembling such Ger *Knospe*

## L

**larum, alarm, alarum** It *all'arme*, to arms, Lat *ad arma*  
**laverock, lark**, A S. *lāwerce* Cf Ger *Leiche*  
**leaguer**, a camp, esp of a besieging army. Dut *leger*, a bed, camp = E *lair*, cf. Ger *legen*, to lay, and also E *beleaguer*, to besiege  
**Lent**, forty days' fast ending at Easter, commemorative of our Lord's fasting and temptation A S *lencen*, the spring Cf Ger. *Lenz*.  
**liege**, *adj*, free, except so far as bound by feudal claims, *n* a vassal, a lord, one who has lieges. Etymology is uncertain, but many trace to O H. Ger *ledic* (Ger. *ledig*), free, unfettered, and explain that the liege-lord was master of freemen, his lieges, whose duty was to him alone.  
**limner**, corrupted from Lat *illuminare*.  
**linstock**, Dut. *lontstok*, *lont*, a match and *stok*, a stick.  
**list**, to choose, desire Impersonal verb from A.S. *lystan*, to desire, from *lust*, pleasure Cf Ger *Lust*  
**lists**, ground enclosed for a tournament. O Fr.; from Low Lat. *liciae*, barrier, perhaps from Lat *licium*, a thread, a small girdle.  
**lore**, learning, doctrine. A S *lār* The root is the same as in E *learn*

and Ger *lernen*, to teach, *lernen* to learn

## M

**maraud**, to rove in quest of plunder The word perhaps orig. meant to "hinder," and so is cognate with E *mar*  
**mass**, A S *maesse*, through Low Lat *missa*, from Lat *mittere*, *missum*, to send away At the end of the communion service the priest said — "Ite, *missa* est (ecclesia)," "Go, the congregation is dismissed". Hence the whole service got the name of *mass* from the word *missa*  
**meed**, A S *méd*, cog with Ger *Miethe*, hire, and Gk *μισθος*, pay  
**menial**, *adj*, pertaining to servants, low, *n*. a domestic servant one of servile disposition. M E *meine*, a household, derivable from the stem of Lat. *mansio*, a dwelling; *manere*, to remain.  
**mettled**, high-spirited; lit "full of metal," a metaphor from the metal of a blade  
**minion**, a fawning favourite. Fr. *mignon*, a darling; from O H. Ger *minna*, *minne*, memory, love. Cf the *Minnesingers*, a school of German lyric love poets of the 12th and 13th centuries  
**mitre**, head-dress worn by archbishops and bishops, and some times by abbots. Gk. *μίτρα*, belt, fillet.  
**morion**, *morrión*, prob from Sp *morrión*, from *morra*, crown of the head  
**mullet**, the rowel of a spur. hence (a here) a five-pointed star in heraldry. O Fr. *molette*, the rowel of a spur; from Lat. *mola*, a mill. The word meant first the mill-wheel, then came to apply to any wheel, and so to rowel.  
**mumm**, to, make sport with mask on O Dut *monnen*,

*nom*, a mask, prob originating in the interjection *mum*, used to frighten children while covering the face

**myriad**, Gk *μυριάς*, -άδος, ten thousand

## N

**niche**, orig "a shell-like recess in a wall" It *nicchia*, a niche, *nicchio*, a shell, from Lat *mytilus*, *mitulus*, a sea-mussel. For the change of Lat. *m* to E *n* cf. *naphin*, from Lat *mappa*

## O

**ordeal**, A S *or-dél*; cog. with Ger *Urtheil*, judgment. Pfx *or-* = out and *-deal* is from A S *dáel*, a part (cf Ger. *Theil*) from which come E. *deal* and *dole*

## P

**pageant**, orig a scaffolding for the performing of plays. The final *-t* is intrusive as the word is from Low Lat. *pagina*, a stage; Lat *pangere*, to fix. E *page* is of identical origin

**paladin**; Lat. *palatinus*, belonging to the palace

**palfrey**, a saddle-horse, especially for a lady. Fr *palefroi*, from Low Lat *paraveredus*, lit "extra-posthorse". The word is a hybrid, being made up from Gk *παρά*, beside, extra, and Low Lat *veredus*, a post-horse; which is from Lat *vehere*, to draw, and *rheda*, a four-wheeled chariot. The word is thus abbr from *παρά* + *vehere* + *rheda*. Ger *ferd* further abbreviates the word

**parapet**; lit. "protection for the breast." It *parapetto*, in which *para* is from Lat *parare*, to adorn, protect; and *petto* from Lat *pectus*, breast.

**parchment**; Fr *parchemin*, through Lat adj *pergamena* (*charta*, paper), from *Pergamus* in Asia Minor, where the material was made

**pavilion**, Lit "a tent spread out like the wings of a butterfly," through Fr *pavillon*, from Lat *papilio* -onis, a butterfly

**pennon**, Lat *penna*, wing, feather. *Pennant* (with intrusive *-t*) is a doublet

**pied**, most prob orig "variegated like a magpie or pie," which is through Fr, from Lat *pica*. Cf E *piebald*

**portcullis**, O Fr *portecoulisse*, *porte*, gate, from Lat *porta*, and *coulisse*, groove, from Lat *colare*, to strain, slide. Cf E *percolate*

**postern**, Lat *posterula*, dim of *posterus*, coming after, *post*, after.

**puny**; a doublet of *puisne*, and derived from O Fr *puisne* (Fr *puîné*). *Puis-* is from Lat *post*, after and *-ne* (cf *né*, p p of Fr *naître*); is from Lat *nasci* (*natus*, to be born). The word therefore meant orig "late-born."

**pursuivant**; Fr *poursuivant*, from Lat *prosequi*, *prosequens*, *pro*, on wards and *sequi*, to follow. The word therefore meant a "follower," then "an attendant on heralds"

## Q

**quaff**, properly to drink out of a quach

**quagh**; Gael *cuach*, a cup

**quant**; O Fr *coint*, neat, from Lat *cognitus*, known p p of *cognoscere*, to know. Some point to a confusion with Lat. *comptus*, neat, but for the change of meaning from "known" to "known," "neat," cf E *uncouth*, clumsy, untidy, which orig meant "unknown"

**quarry** The origin of this word is much disputed. It first meant "the entrails of game," given to the dogs after the chase. Some refer to Low Lat *corata*, the inwards of a slain animal, including the heart; from Lat *cor*, heart. Littré, on the other hand, derives through O. Fr *cuvée* (Fr *cuir*), from Lrt *corum*, the skin, in which the entrails were wrapped and thrown to the dogs

## R

**rack**, broken clouds drifting across the sky Ice *rek*, drift E *wreak* orig meant "to drive." Lat *urgere* is related in root.

**ramp**, to climb as a plant, to leap or bound, hence *rampant* in heraldry = standing on the hind legs. Fr *rampier*, to creep; the root is Teutonic Cf Ger *raffen*, to snatch.

**recreant**; O Fr pr. p of *recroire*, to change belief Low Lat (*se*) *re-credere*, to be [vanquished in the ordeal and] forced to acknowledge one's self wrong; Lat *re-*, backwards, and *credere*, to believe

**rede**, advice, a phrase, motto. A S *raedan*, to distinguish, read, cog with Ger *raten*, to advise

**repine**, to feel discontent, murmur, envy Lit. "to pine again" Lat *re-*, again, and A.S. *pin*, pain

**rocquet, rochet**; O Fr, from O H. Ger *roch*, a coat. Cf Ger *Rock*

**rosemary**, frequently found on the sea-coast and lit = "marine-spray." Lat *ros*, dew, and *marinus*, adj from sea

**roundelay**; Fr. *rondel-et*, dim of O Fr *rondel*, dim of *rond*, round N.B. The last syllable of roundelay has no conn with E *lay*, a song

**russet**, rusty or reddish-brown O Fr. *rousset*, from Lat *russus*, red.

**ruth**, pity, sorrow, A Scand word Cf E *rut*, Ger *Reue*, repentance.

**sackbut**. The word is traceable to Sp *sacabuche*, *acaci*, to draw out (with reference to the tube of the instrument), and *buche*, the stomach, referring perhaps to the strain on the stomach in playing the instrument, a kind of trombone

**scallop**, O Dut *schelp*, a shell. Cf Ger *Schelfe*, a husk. E *scale* (of fish) is cognate.

**scaur**, a Scottish form of *scar*, and traceable to the Ice *skeia*, to cut E *shear* is cognate

**sceptic**, Gk *σκέπτεσθαι, σκοπεῖν*, to reflect, inquire

**seneschal**, O Fr, from Low Lat *simiscalcus*, from Gothic, *sim*, old (cf Lat. *senex*, *senior*), and *skalks*, a servant

**sewer**; O Fr *asseour*, *aseour*, to set down; from Lat *ad*, to, and *sedere*, to sit Others derive from A S *seaw*, juice, soup

**sheen**, A S *scēne*, fair; cog. with Ger *schon*, beautiful

**shrieve, shrive**, A.S. *scrifan*, to write, prescribe penance; from Lat. *scribere*, to write Cf *Shrove-Tuesday*, the day before Ash-Wednesday, when *shrift* or confession was made in preparation for Lent

**shrine**; Lat *scrinium*, a bookcase, receptacle for valuables

**sirloin**, the upper part of the loin of beef Fr. *surlonge-sur* (at super, above) and *longe*, loin (Lat *lumbus*). An absurd etymology connects the first part of the word with E. *Sir*

**squire**, a knight's attendant. Contr from *Esquire*, which is from O Fr. *esquier* (Fr *écuyer*); from

Lat *scutarius*, shield-bearer, *scutum*,  
 7 shield

**stunt**, to cease, be sparing A.S.  
*stuntar*—*stunt*, stupid, blunt - E  
*stunted* is of the same origin

**summons**, a call to appear Lat  
*summonere*, *sub*, secretly, by hint,  
 and *monere*, to warn

**sumpter**, O.Fr *sumier*, from Low  
 Lat *sagmarius*, from Gk *σάγμα*, a  
 pack-saddle, *σάτρευ*, to pack

**swain**, a young countryman, a rustic  
 lover Ice *sveinn*, young man

**swarthy**, dark-skinned, black. A.S.  
*sweart* Cf Ger *schwarz* Lat.  
*sordidus*, filthy, is also related

## T

**tabard**; Low Lat *tabardum* perhaps  
 derived like *tapstry*—Lat *tapete*,  
 cloth, hangings, from Gk *τάπης*,  
 carpet, rug

**talisman**; Arabic *tilsam*, from Late  
 Gk *τέλεσμα*, consecration, Gk  
*τελεῖν*, to initiate

**tocsin**, O.Fr *toquesin*, formed from  
*toquer*, to strike, and *sign* (Lat *sig-  
 num*, a sign)

**tome**, part of a book, a large volume  
 Gk *τόμος*, *τέμνειν*, to cut

**tressure** s of the same origin as *treas*,  
 through Fr from Low Lat *tricia*,  
*trica*, threefold (of a plait), which  
 again is from Gk *τρίχια*, threefold,  
 from *τρεῖς*, three

**trews, trousers**, O.Fr *trosser*,  
*toiser*, to bind together; from Lat.  
*torquere*, *tortus*, to twist

**throw**, to hold as true A.S. *treowian*,  
*treowe*, true Cf Ger *trauen* and *trieu*.

**turquoise**, -e, an opaque greenish-blue  
 precious Persian mineral Lit =  
 "Turkish," so called because it was  
 first imported from Persia through  
 Turkey

## U

**unscathed**, unharmed Un-, not, and  
 A.S. *sceathu*, harm. Cog. with  
 Ger. *Schade*, injury

## V

**vail**, lower: original form is *avale*  
 Lat *ad*, to, and *vallis*, valley Cf  
*avalanche*, a mass of snow descend-  
 ing on the valley

**varlet**, O.Fr *varlet* from an old  
 form *vaslet*, a dim of Low Lat  
*vassalis* see next word *Valet* is  
 a doublet

**vassal**, one holding land from and  
 dependent on a superior, retainer,  
 dependant, Low Lat *vassalis*,  
 from Breton, *gwaz*, a servant,  
 youth

**vaward, vanward, vanguard**,  
 O.Fr *avant-garde*, -*garde*, where  
*avant* is formed from Lat *ab* +  
*ante*, from before *Ward* and *guard*  
 are in origin the same word Cf  
 Ger *warten*, to watch For *guard*  
 and *ward*, cf *wile* and *guile*, *wise*  
 and *guise*, etc

**visor, vizor**, Fr *visière*, from *vis*,  
 countenance, from Lat *videre*,  
*visum*, to see.

## W

**wain**, doublet of *wagon* A.S. *waegen*,  
*waen*, *wegan*, to carry Cf Ger.  
*Wagen*, wagon; Lat. *veh-ere*, to  
 carry

**ward** see *vaward* Derivatives are  
*warder* and *warden*

**warp**, A.S. *weorpan*, *werpan* Cog  
 with Ger *werfen*, to throw

**warrant**; O.Fr *warancier* (fr  
*garantir*), perhaps conn with O.H.  
 Ger. *warjan*, to protect

**wassel, wassail**, A.S. *wes hal*,  
 "may you be in health,"  
 words used in pledging another,  
 transferred by the Normans to  
 mean a "drinking-bout," "carousal"  
*Wes* in A.S. is 2nd pers sing  
 imperat of *wesan*, to be, and  
*hal*=sound, healthy, seen in *hale*  
 and *whole*.

**weed**, garment, esp. in pl a widow's mourning apparel. A S *wād*, clothing

**whilom**, formerly Orig dat pl of A S *hwil*, time, while

**wight**, n, a creature, person A S *wiht*, prob. conn with *wogan*, to carry *Whit* is another form of the same word

**wight**, adj, swift, courageous Ice *wigr*, warlike, *wig*, war

**wimple**; A S *wimpel*, neckerchief

Cf Ger *Wimpel*, a pennon, E

*gimp*, a kind of cloth for trimming

**wold**, A S *weald*, *wald*, a wood

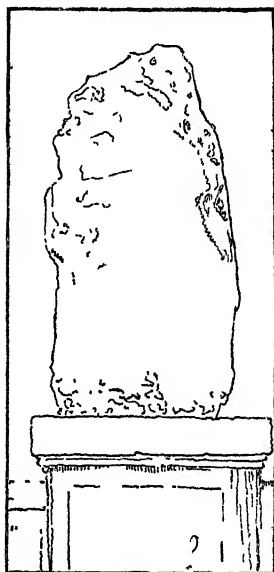
Cf Ger *Wald*, a forest the *Wolds* of Yorkshue, the *Wald* of Kent.

## Y

**yare**, ready, manageable, dexterous.

A S *gearu*, ready Cog with Ger *gar*, entirely

**yeoman**; M E *yoman* No A S original has survived, but we see the root in Old Frisian *gāman*, a villager; from *ga*, a village and *man*, man Cf. Ger *Gau*, a district, as in Breisgau, Rheingau, etc.



PORE OR HARE STONE, IN WHICH THE SCOTTISH  
STANDARD WAS FIXED

*Canto IV st. 217*

## Questions

The following questions are only some that may be set on the poem, and are to be regarded more as a guide to what is important than as a complete list of all possible points of difficulty and interest. At the beginning have been placed a few general questions, and afterwards six papers are set, covering the six Cantos, with their Introductory Epistles, respectively.

### GENERAL

1. What had Scott written before *Marmion*? Show from the poem what other occupations he had during its composition.
2. Why is *Marmion* considered Scott's best poem?
3. Enumerate *Marmion*'s titles, and discuss the question of his historical character.
4. Point out any anachronisms and historical inaccuracies, showing how far Scott was conscious of them.
5. Mention and comment on the use of the supernatural in the poem.
6. Discuss, with illustrations from *Marmion*, the grammar of Scott as a poet.
7. State what you know of the historians and chroniclers mentioned by Scott.
8. Illustrate from *Marmion* Scott's (a) patriotism, (b) politics, (c) love of sport.
9. Contrast the characters of Blount and Fitz-Eustace.
10. "Scott describes more by colour than by outline." Explain and criticise.
11. Draw a map in illustration of *Marmion*'s journey.
12. Illustrate Scott's use of (a) Personification, (b) Apostrophe.
13. Discuss Scott's Versification.
14. Illustrate the poetical skill with which Scott uses proper names.
15. How far can Scott be called the Homer of Scotland?
16. In what sense is *Marmion* a less patriotic poem than the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*?

CANTO FIRST

- 1 Reproduce the description of Marmion as he entered Norham
- 2 Describe the Palmer's appearance, and mention the places and shrines he had visited, with the relics he had brought from each
- 3 How does Sir Hugh the Heron describe the page-boy?
- 4 Write explanatory notes of the following, giving contexts —
  - (a) Who victor died on Gadite wave (A, 72)
  - (b) Now is the stately column broke (A, 105)  
(Complete the four lines)
  - (c) And Austria bent and Prussia broke (A, 155).
  - (d) Spells of such force no wizard grave  
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave (A, 176, 177)
  - (e) He took the Sangreal's holy quest (A, 268)
  - (f) Who checks at me, to death is dight (I 88)
  - (g) The gunner held his linstock yare (I. 134).
  - (h) that Flemish counterfeit (I. 298)
  - (i) . . . still sleeps before his beads  
Have marked ten aves and two creeds (I 452, 453).
5. Explain the following words and phrases.—Palnure, Chapel Perilous, Milton's heavenly theme, St. George's banner, lower ward, gilded spurs, largesse, Peter's keys, hasty mass, Malvoisie.
- 6 Derive and give context of the following words.—brook, churl, deas, donjon, jeopardy, seneschal, shrieve, wassail.

CANTO SECOND

- 1 Describe the voyage of the nuns of St Hilda from Whitby to Lindisfarne, mentioning places passed on the route
2. Reproduce in your own words the description of the Abbess of St Hilda.
- 3 Detail the legendary wanderings of St Cuthbert's body
- 4 Sketch the scene in the hidden chamber at Lindisfarne Give the substance of Constance's speech.
5. Explain and give the contexts of the following :—
  - (a) Then oft from Newark's riven tower  
Saluted a Scottish monarch's power (B, 32, 33)
  - (b) . . . in feudal strife a foe  
Hath laid our Lady's chapel low. (B, 176, 177).
  - (c) Dryhope's ruined tower (B, 195)
  - (d) high Whitby's cloistered pile (II 9)
  - (e) a chapter of St. Benedict (II 83).

The shaggy monarch of the wood,  
 Before a virgin, fair and good,  
 Hath pacified his savage mood (II 117-119).

(g) King Ida's castle, huge and square (II. 149)

(h) Sister professed of Fontevraud (II 398)

(i) The altars quake, the crosier bends (II 576)

6 Write note on the following—gazehound, novice, vestal vow, the lovely Edelfled, sea-born beads, passing knell, dastard, ruth

7 Give the position and context of —Cartelhaugh, Yair, Loch Skene, Widderington, Chester-le-Street, Lodon, Warkworth.

## CANTO THIRD

1 Give the chief points in Scott's defence of his romantic poetry

2. Describe the effect on Marmion of Fitz-Eustace's song

3 Reproduce in your own words the Host's Tale

4 Explain with contexts :—

(a) Brunswick's venerable hearse (C, 46)

(b) The Red-Cross hero (C, 81)

(c) Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,  
 Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour (C, 158, 159)

(d) Susquehana's swampy ground (III 143)

(e) Norwegian warriors grim

Threatening both continent and isle (III. 355, 357)

(f) Pharaoh's Magi (III 367)

(g) the Pictish race (III 438)

(h) Denmark's grim ravens cower'd their wings (III. 479)

(i) the scene of elfin chivalry (III 542)

5. Write notes on the following words and phrases—the star of, Brandenburgh, Arminius, the bold Enchantress, the lowland road, Zembla's frost, Cunninghame, pentacle, mulct of penance-gold, upon that blessed night, Wallace wight,

6. Explain and derive the following.—buxom, gammon, racking, roundelay, wight (2), yode

## CANTO FOURTH

1. What does the introduction tell us of Scott's favourite occupations?

2. Reproduce in your own words the description of Sir David Landsay and his retinue



3. Locate Crichton's Castle, and describe it after Scott.
4. "Sir David Lindesay's Tale"
5. Quote the passage describing Edinburgh from Black and Hill.
6. Explain with notes and contexts —
  - (a) That motley clown in Arden wood (D, 3)
  - (b) Arcadia's golden creed (D, 105)
  - (c) Imprinted at the antique dome  
Of Carlton, or De Worde (IV 90, 91)
  - (d) Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing (IV 109)
  - (e) 'Twas a brave race, before the name  
Of hated Bothwell stained their fame (IV 253, 254)
  - (f) But June is to our sovereign dear  
The heaviest month of all the year (IV 295, 296)
  - (g) The Thistle's Knight-Companions sate (IV 316)
  - (h) James Stuart, doubly warned, beware! (IV 351)
  - (i) And there were Borthwick's Sisters Seven,  
And culveins which France had given (IV 557, 558)
  - (j) The ruddy lion ramped in gold (IV. 578)
  - (k) Or to St Katharine's of Sienne,  
Or Chapel of Saint Rocque (IV. 650, 651).
7. Explain, with etymologies where necessary —the voluntary brand, mad Tom, gules, double tressure, bowne, pensil, demi-volte, stowre.

### CANTO FIFTH

1. Describe the composition of the Scottish army, with the different arms of the contingents
2. Reproduce the description of King James's person and dress.
3. Discuss the character of Angus
4. Why did Constance forge the documents incriminating De Wilton?
5. How is Tantallon Castle described? At what point did Clare and De Wilton meet?
6. Explain and give contexts.—
  - (a) Jealous revolved the studded gate,  
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,  
A wicket churlishly supplied (E, 49-51).
  - (b) Flinging thy white arms to the sea (E, 57)
  - (c) the Championess of old (E, 62)
  - (d) Great Bourbon's relics sad she saw (E, 120).

- (e) But was the Borderer's game (V 79).  
 (f) That fangless lion (V 90).  
 (g) Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored (V. 264).  
 (h) On day of truce our warden slain,  
     Stout Barton killed (V. 382, 383)  
 (i) his minions led to die  
     On Luder's dreary flat (V 394, 395)  
 (j) Giles's steeple tall (V. 558)  
 (k) his rebel aid on Stokefield's plain (V 590).  
 (l) curse with candle, bell, and book (V 899).  
 (m) the grave Cistercian (V 900)  
 (n) one of his own ancestry  
     Drove forth the monks of Coventry (V 913, 914).  
 (o) Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,  
     And not a history (V 1013, 1014).  
 7 Locate and write notes on — Toledo, Lathgow, Netherby,  
 Hermitage Castle, Tamworth, Wark, Millfield Plain  
 8 Give the derivation of — brigantine, garish, jack, minion,  
 pageant, recreant, requiem, weeds

## CANTO SIXTH

1. Reproduce the description of old Christmas in the Introduction.
- 2 "De Wilton's History" Give the chief points in the Palmer's story.
3. Describe the chapel-scene on the eve before De Wilton was re-knighted.
- 4 Criticise the tactics of James IV. at Flodden.
5. Name, with a brief note on each, the chief English commanders at Flodden.
- 6 Quote the lines about the last Scottish stand at Flodden.
7. Show with quotations the life and reality of Scott's battle-picture of Flodden Field
8. Explain and refer to their contexts —
  - (a) The boisterous joys of Odin's hall (F, 23).
  - (b) Who lists may in their mumming see  
     Traces of ancient mystery (F, 74, 75).
  - (c) And lost his law — but kept his beard (F, 106).
  - (d) Ulysses meets Alcides' wrath (F, 146).
  - (e) The Bloody Heart was in the field (VI. 34).
  - (f) The veiled form of Hilda fair (VI. 110)
  - (g) When first our infant love began (VI. 177)

- (k) When the dead Douglas won the field (VI 273).  
 (l) He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page (VI 333).  
 (j) A letter forged ' Saint Jude to speed (VI 456).  
 (k) Well worth the whole Bernardine brood (VI 546).  
 (l) O, Douglas, for thy leading wand  
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed (VI 609, 610).  
 (m) A Home ' a Gordon ' was the cry (VI 812).  
 (n) And every paladin and peer,  
 On Roncesvalles died ' (VI 1003, 1004).  
 (o) Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless splash (VI 1053).  
 (p) But, thanks to Heaven and good St Chad,  
 A guerdon meet the spoiler had (VI 1097, 1098).  
 (q) More, Sands and Denny, passed the joke (VI 1168).  
 9 Write notes on.—Scalds, Noll Bluff, locutus Bos, the towers  
 of Franchémont, old Pitcottie, Red de Clare, beadsman, embrasure,  
 Saint Bride of Bothwell, the sullen Till, the vavaid post, dubious  
 verge of battle, phalanx tight, the Royal Pilgrim, Hymnshed.  
 10 Where are the following places, and in what connection do  
 they come?—Badenoch, Dunkeld, Gifford, Terouenne, Mertoun  
 11. Explain and derive.—blench, guerdon, leaguer, mullet,  
 rocquet, varlet.

